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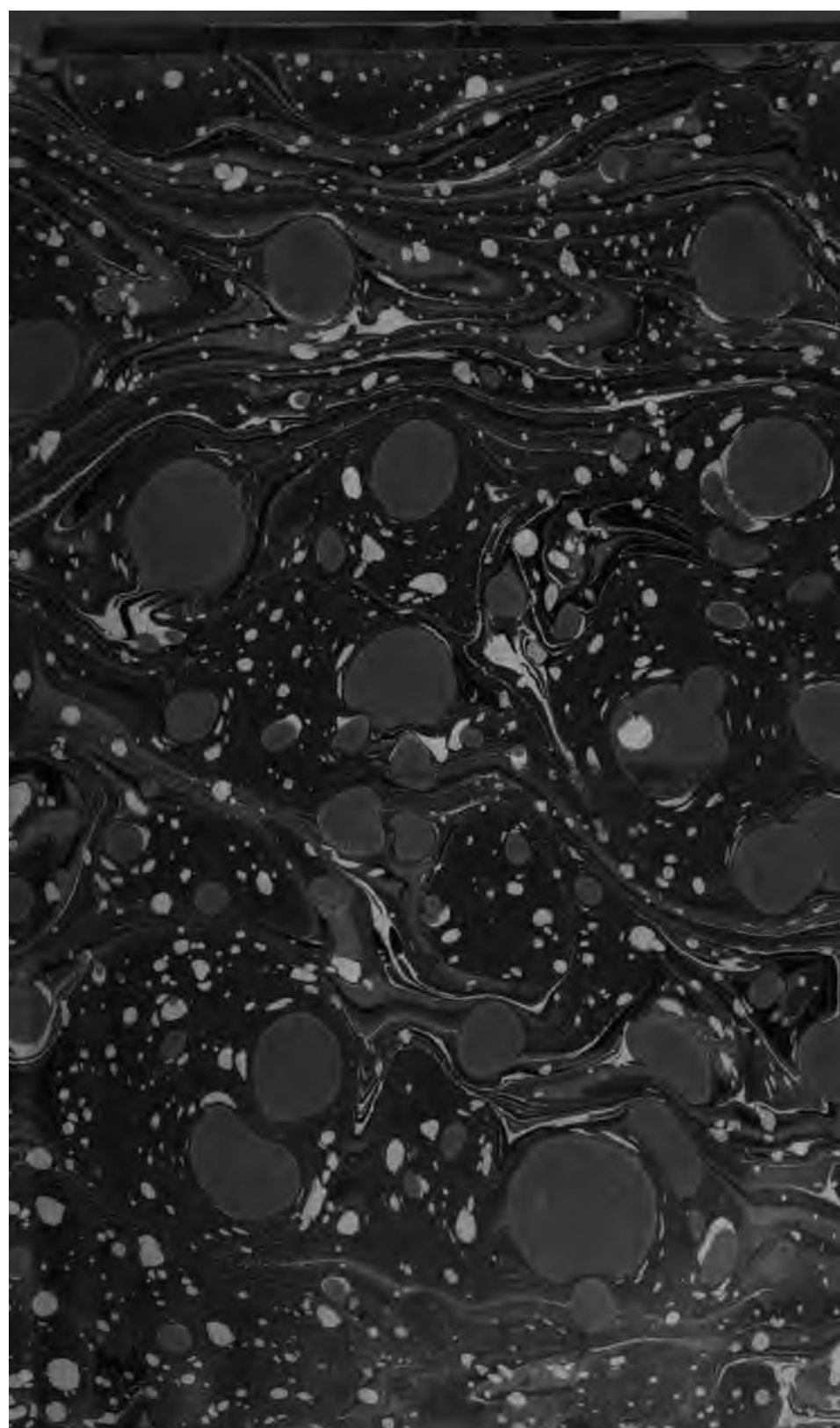
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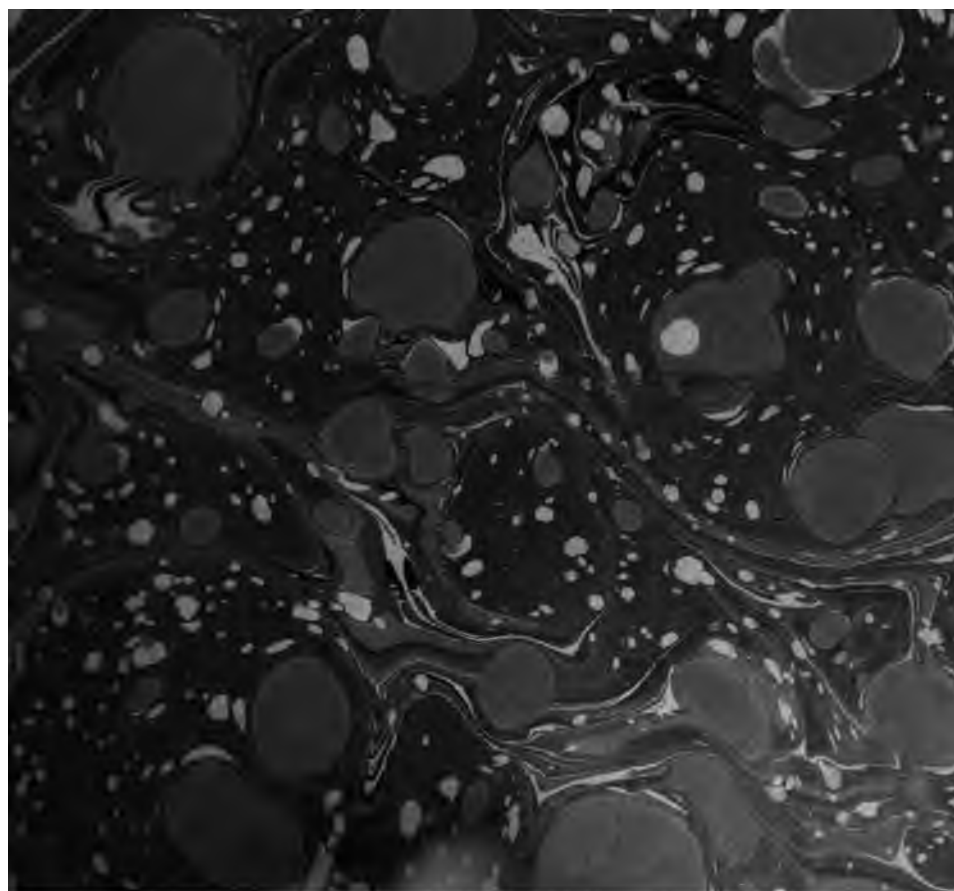
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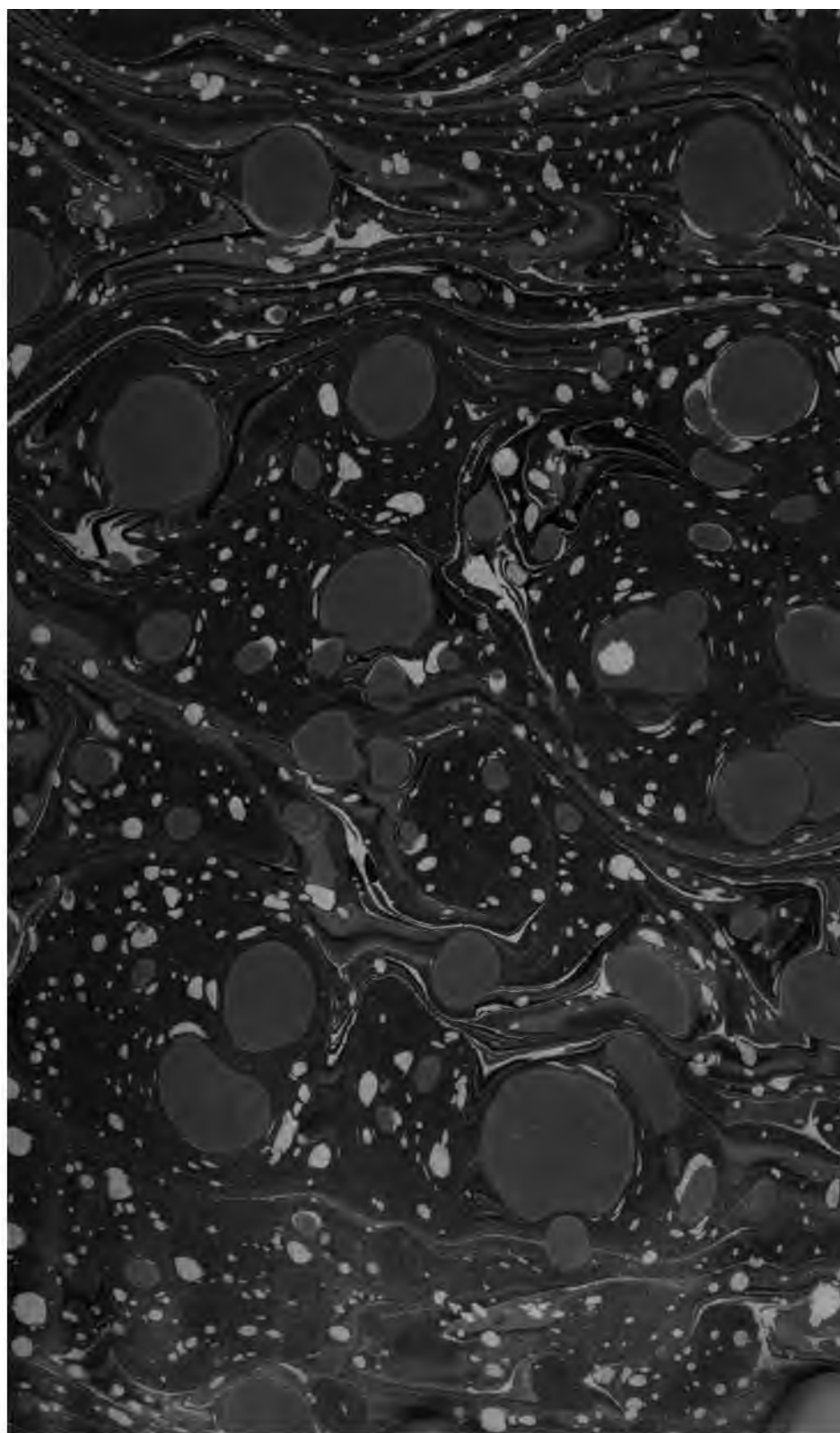












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Knickerbocker.

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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LIV.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. GRAY, 16 & 18 JACOB STREET.
1859.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1860.

IN order to increase the already large circulation of the KNICKER-BOCKER, we publish this month a splendid line engraving of FRITH'S picture of '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' which we shall present exclusively to the \$3 subscribers to the Magazine for 1860, whether old or new. The subject represents the pastimes of our ancestors, and is eminently of a genial, domestic character. The plate, engraved in England at an expense of \$2000, is entirely new, measures twenty-five by nineteen and a half inches in size, contains thirty-nine figures, and is beyond comparison the finest work of the kind ever offered as a premium in this country. The engravings are richly worth \$3 a piece, and will be sent to our subscribers for 1860 in the exact numerical order in which their \$3 subscriptions are received at the office of publication, the first impressions always being the best. As we give \$6 in return for \$3, our mail subscribers must inclose twelve cents extra in stamps, to pre-pay postage on the engraving, which will be sent them in strong paste-board tubes. We refer to the following description of the engraving, kindly furnished for our use by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq.

'THE engraving of FARN'S picture of *Merry-Making in the Olden Time*, represents the humors of an English holiday in the country in those good old times when the men wore cocked-hats and knee-breeches, and the women stays and hoops — a costume not essentially differing from the corset and crinoline of the present day. Almost in the centre of the picture and a little in the back-ground is a country dance on the green, with a hard-featured fiddler perched on a high seat, and another musician in a tie-wig standing by him, playing with all their might. On the right, two bouncing girls are gaily pulling toward the dance a gray-haired man, who seems vainly to remonstrate that his 'dancing days are over,' while a waggish little chit pushes him forward from behind, greatly to the amusement of his spouse, who is still sitting at the tea-table, from which he has been dragged. On the left, under a magnificent spreading oak, sit the 'squire and his wife, whom a countryman with his hat off is respectfully inviting to take part in the dance. To the left of the 'squire is a young couple on the grass, to whom a gipsy with an infant on her shoulder is telling their fortune. Over the shoulders of this couple is seen a group engaged in quoit-playing, and back of the whole is a landscape of gentle slopes and copses. The picture has the expression of gaiety throughout, and the engraving is splendidly executed. It is fresh from the burin of HOLL, not having yet been published in England.'

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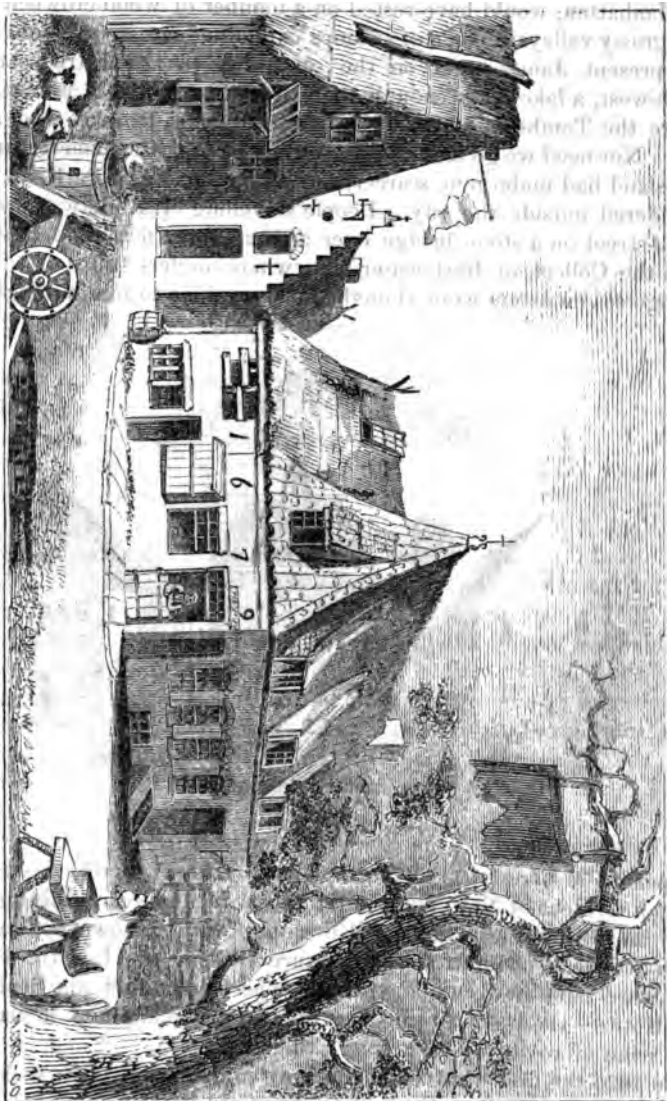
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seven hundred thousand souls, and at the present rate of increase, will have in 1900 not less than five millions.

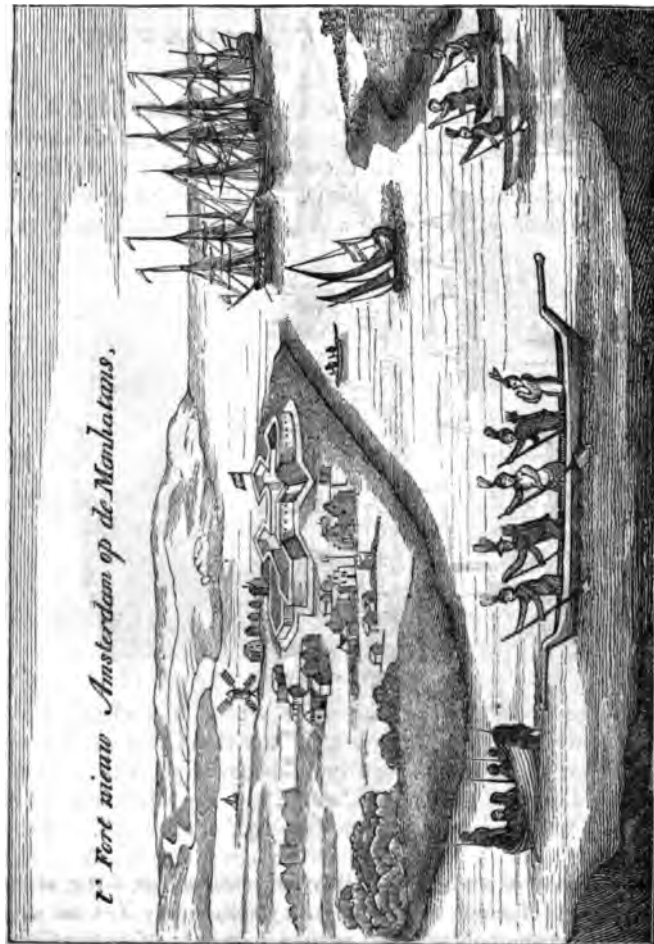
DUTCH COTTAGE IN BEAVER-STREET IN 1670.



In the year 1626, Peter Minuit purchased the whole Island of Manhattan of the Indians for twenty-four dollars' worth of cheap trinkets and utensils. In the earliest deed on record in the city, (about 1635,)

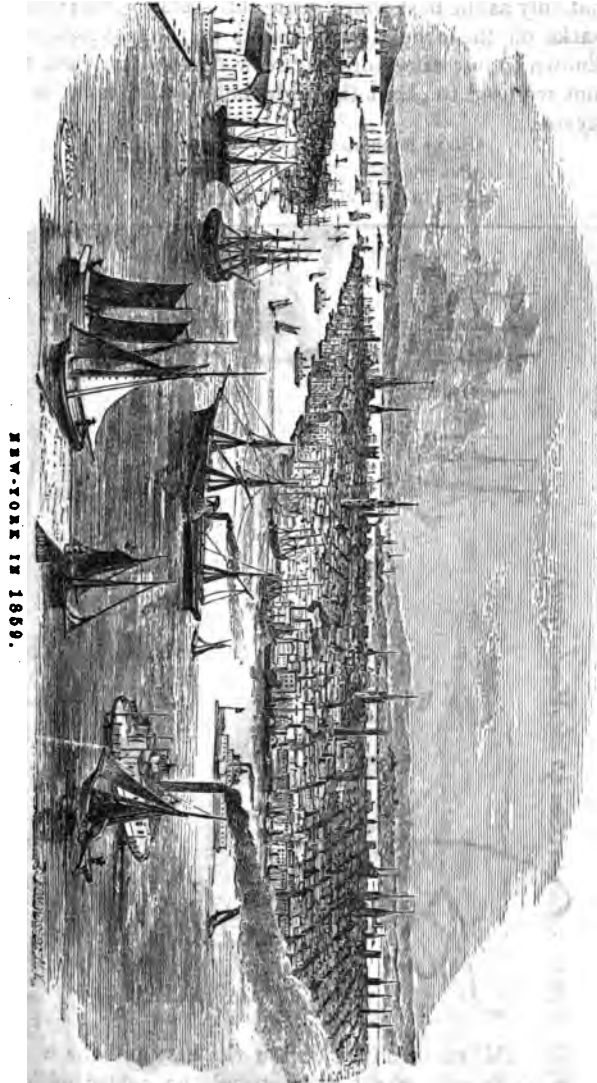
of Manhattan. In consideration of its age, however, the KNICKER-BOCKER, the Magazine of the Knickerbockers, in the beginning of its Fifty-fourth Volume — equally removed from the vanity of youth, and growing old only as the best wines grow old — may perhaps be allowed a few remarks on the collection of houses at the *embouchure* of the Hudson, known to our ancestors as 'New-Amsterdam,' and to whose Patron-Saint we used to chant the night before Christmas, in addition to our prayers :

'SAINT NICHOLAS, good, holy man,
Put your best Tabbard on you can,
And in it go to Amsterdam,' etc.



NEW-YORK IN ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT.

While a student of medicine in Vienna, before it was our (and our readers') misfortune to lay aside the scalpel for the pen, we remember counting on one occasion in the great *auditorium* of the University



NEW-YORK IN 1859.

the representatives of twenty-five different nations, speaking as many languages and professing almost as many religions. Yet no city in the world is so cosmopolitan, is so perfect a mosaic of nationalities as

A black and white engraving of a man with long, dark hair, wearing a dark, textured garment with a high collar. The background is light and textured.

Sprijersant

main, cast into this mart of the nation the best and the worst of her swarming millions, with the treasures and the refuse of her ancient civilizations. Pashas hold soirées at our hotels, and the expected Japanese envoy will be a lion, while pig-tailed Chinamen, the less fortunate representatives of the Flowery Kingdom, *chin-chin* for alms

in our streets ; and dark-eyed Gipsies wander unnoticed in the midst of us, though they speak a dialect of the Sanscrit, believe in the transmigration of souls, and retain in their shadowy faith traces of the ancient Fire Worship.



PETER STUYVESANT'S PEAR-TREE.

To a foreigner New-York is a standing, or rather, an ever-varying wonder, that has risen like a phoenix from the waves. Change is stamped on every thing. 'Let us pull down our ware-houses and build greater,' is the motto of her princely merchants. Boasting of the best government in the world, we have scarcely any ; jealous of our republican equality, the off-scouring of European nobility finds

ready acceptance in our society ; proud of our material achievements and our industry, the names at least of many articles in common use with us are manufactured abroad. 'Enterprise hath here an everlasting carnival ; fashion is often rampant ; financial crises sweep away fortunes ; reputations are made and lost with magical facility ; friends come and go ; life and death, toil and amusement, worth and folly, truth and error, poetry and matter of fact, alternate with more than dramatic celerity.'

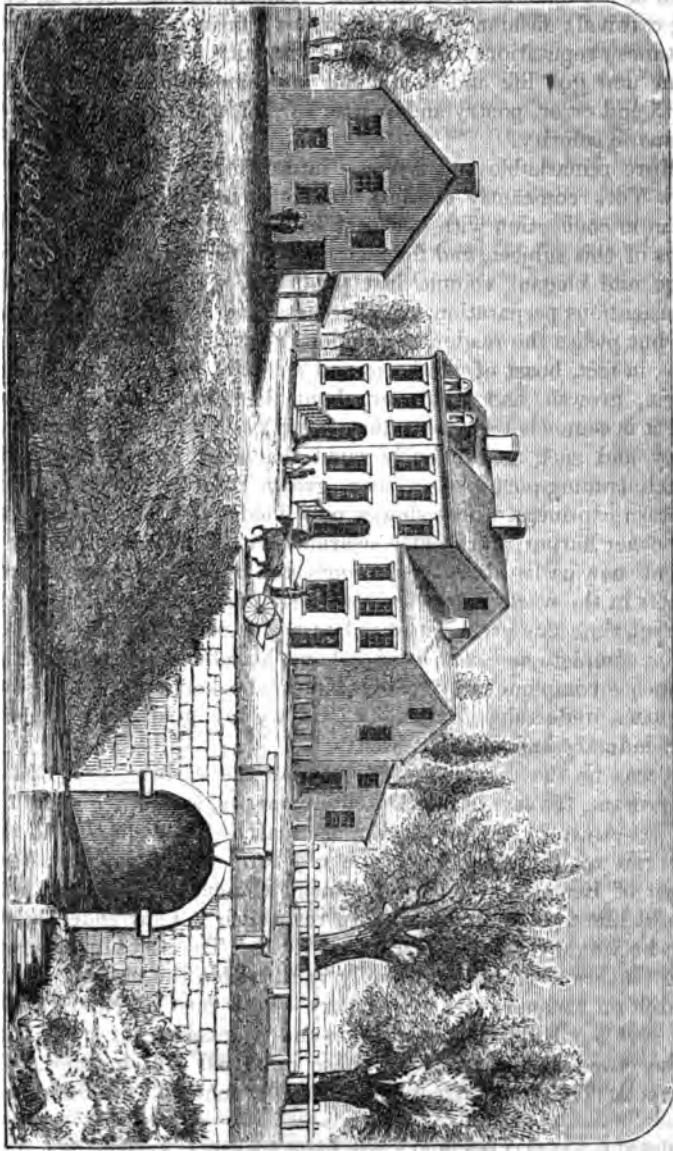
More remarkable and not less interesting are the changes which New-York constantly exhibits to her own citizens, especially when taken in connection with her past history. For our pictorial illustrations of this subject, and for many of our facts, we are indebted to a large and elegant volume just published, which, for its careful and conscientious preparation, completeness, and admirable execution cannot but please the reader.* London, Paris, all the great cities of Europe, in fact, boast of plethoric and splendid volumes recording their origin, growth, and whatever about them may interest the world ; and it is somewhat singular that New-York, which has undergone so many and such marvellously rapid changes, which from an obscure Dutch trading-port has so soon grown into the metropolis of the western continent, whose shores, now lined with more ships than enter any other harbor, so recently swarmed with Indian canoes, and whose recent cow-paths have been converted into the most magnificent streets in the world ; it is somewhat singular, we say, that up to the present time this great city has had no historian to collect and collate into a complete and connected volume, her abundant archives ; and by no means complimentary to our Knickerbocker writers that the task has been undertaken by a lady, and we are glad to say, performed with industry and singular fidelity.

It was on the morning of September the eighth, 1664, that Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch Governors, marched his soldiers out of Fort Amsterdam, and the English marched in triumph into the city and ran up their flag upon the old fort, which they christened in honor of King James. To the men, women, and children who besought him to desist from a useless resistance and surrender, he replied that he would rather be carried out dead. The ashes of the redoubtable Governor rest in the family vault within the church, erected by himself on his own extensive bowery — now the Church of St. Mark — but save our Knickerbocker names and Knickerbocker spirit, there remains only a single vestige of those good old Dutch times. On the corner of Thirteenth-street and Third Avenue still flourishes, bearing

* HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK : from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By MARY L. BOOTH. Illustrated with one hundred engravings. Royal octavo : pp. 850. New-York : W. R. C. CLARK AND MERRIN, 49 Walker-street.

both foliage and fruit, though in the two hundred and twenty-first year of its age, the pear-tree of Peter Stayvesant, brought by him,

CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CANAL-STREET IN 1812.



it is said, from Holland, and replanted where it now stands by his own hands, after having grown for a time within the walls of the old fort.

Had Hendrik Hudson ascended Ingleuberg (now Murray) Hill two hundred and fifty years ago, his eye glancing over the southern part of Manhattan, would have rested on a number of wood-crowned hills and grassy valleys, a chain of swamps extending across the island from the present James-street on the south-east to Canal-street at the north-west, a lake deep enough to float the largest ship in our navy where the Tombs now stands, and various ponds, marshes and sand-hills. Nor need we go so far back. Fifty years ago the main features of the island had undergone scarcely any alteration. The Park was then considered outside the city. People travelling up Broadway crossed Canal-street on a stone bridge over a canal, forty feet wide, that ran from the Collect, or fresh-water lake, where anglers still sported, and strange sea-monsters were thought by the vulgar to live, through the

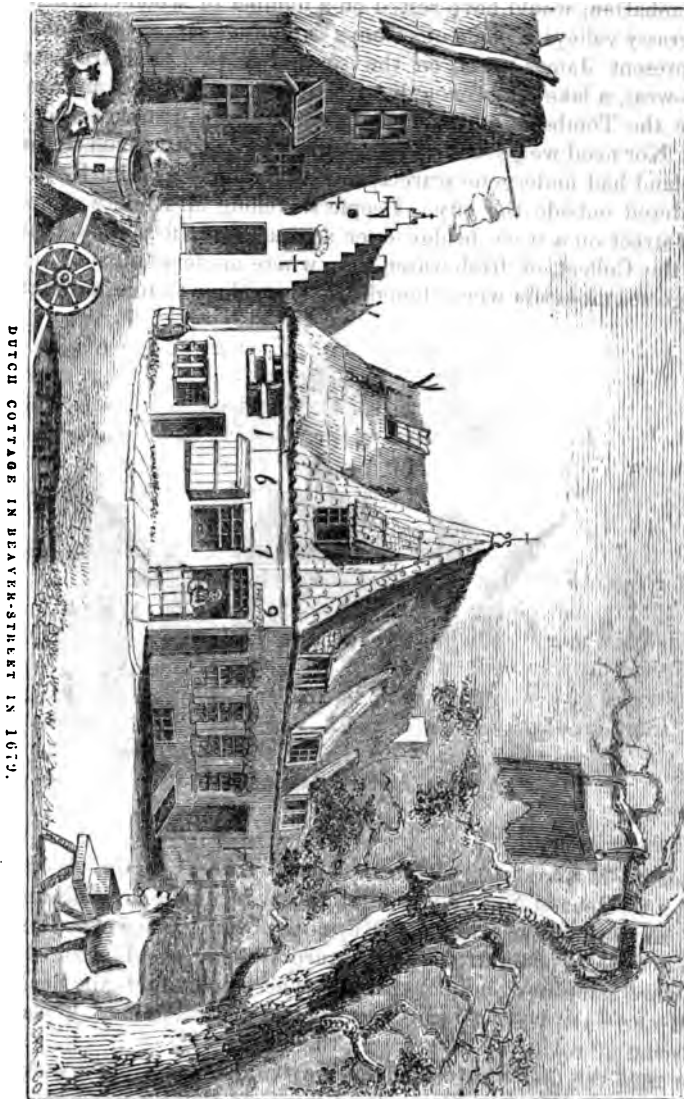


OLD 'STADT HUYS' AT THE HEAD OF COENTIES SLIP.

Lispenard Meadows to the North River. The venerable Isaac Bell, Sen., a resident of New-York, in the ninety-second year of his age, yet hale and hearty, who saw the Revolution with his own eyes, skated with Prince William Henry, the future William the Fourth, then an awkward sailor-boy on his first cruise, where now stands the St. Nicholas Hotel—the Collect being regarded as too dangerous a place for the scion of royalty.

In 1625 the first white child was born in the colony of New-Amsterdam. When Nicolls took the town from old Peter Stuyvesant it contained only about fifteen hundred inhabitants. At the time of the Revolution, the city had a population of less than twenty thousand, and in 1800 sixty thousand, while in this year of our Lord it contains over

seven hundred thousand souls, and at the present rate of increase, will have in 1900 not less than five millions.



In the year 1626, Peter Minuit purchased the whole Island of Manhattan of the Indians for twenty-four dollars' worth of cheap trinkets and utensils. In the earliest deed on record in the city, (about 1635,)

Abraham Van Steenwyck conveyed to Anthony Van Trees a lot on Bridge-street, thirty feet front by one hundred and ten feet deep, for the sum of nine dollars and sixty cents. Until 1642 city lots were unknown. Less than fifty years ago a Lutheran Church of New-York being involved in pecuniary difficulties, a friend proposed to assist in relieving its embarrassments by the donation of six acres of land near the corner of Broadway and Canal-street; but after mature deliberation the trustees refused the gift, alleging that the tract in question was not worth the trouble of fencing in. The valuation of real estate on the island is now five hundred million dollars; and in 1856 the city gave nearly five and a half millions for the Central Park — more than all Manhattan was worth a few years ago.

Pearl-street, the oldest in the city, was first built upon in 1633; and in honest Dutch times the respectable Dutch burghers kept their own cows and rode in their own wagons. Now there are hundreds of miles of streets under-laid with a perfect net-work of sewers, gas and water-pipes, and traversed by over five hundred omnibuses and two hundred cars for public conveyance, beside innumerable private equipages. When the city was confined to a few houses, scattered around old Fort Amsterdam, Cornelius Dircksen, who owned a farm near Peck Slip, came at the sound of the horn that hung against a tree and ferried the waiting passengers across the East-River in his little skiff for the moderate sum of three stivers in wampum.

In 1657 a mail went regularly twice a week from New-York to Philadelphia, making the journey in three days; and in 1673 Lovelace established the first mail to Boston, consisting of a single messenger, who was to go and return with letters and packages once a month for a 'more speedy intelligence and dispatch of affairs.' In the year 1817 the 'Black Ball Line' of packet ships to Liverpool was established; and twenty years later the steam-ships 'Sirius' and 'Great Western' first entered the harbor of New-York. Now almost every day brings its ocean-steamer, and every wind of heaven wafts tall ships to our port. Eleven telegraph-lines convey messages to distant cities with the rapidity of thought; seven lines of rail-road intersect the city, and eighteen steam-boat lines ply between its harbor and the transatlantic, southern and Californian ports.

William Bradford, in the year 1693, set up the first printing-office in New-York, executing as his first volume a small folio of the laws of the colony; and in 1725 he began the publication of the *New-York Gazette*. Now there are some three hundred and fifty periodical publications in the city, of every size and form, and representing every class and opinion. At the KNICKERBOCKER establishment, in the Swamp, the abode of the tanners of olden times and the substantial New-Yorkers of to-day, which was once leased to Rip Van Dam

for twenty-one years, at a yearly rent of twenty shillings, and in 1789 sold to Jacobus Roosevelt for two hundred pounds, in the **KNICKER-BOCKER** establishment alone, more than thirty magazines and news-



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

papers are regularly printed, and twenty-five steam-presses are insufficient to meet the wants of the reading public.

When Director Kieft had determined to build the first church erected on the island within the walls of Fort Amsterdam, notwithstanding the objection that it would intercept the south-east wind and obstruct the working of the wind-mill on the North-River, nothing was wanted but the necessary funds. Opportunely, at this juncture a daughter of Dominie Bogardus was married. The principal citizens were invited to the wedding; the wine circulated freely, and all were merry. The festivity having reached its height, the subscription-paper was produced, and the excited guests vied with each other in the amount of their donations; and there were some the next morning who would fain have recalled their reckless liberality. At the present time there are about three hundred churches in New-York; and two or three thousand dollars are not unfrequently laid on the plates as the collection of a congregation on a single Sabbath for the benefit of the missionary, or some other cause.

Equally marked have been the social changes in New-York. As Dr. Francis says: 'The Dutch gable-ends have disappeared; Yankees have driven out burgomasters; Cuban segars, Holland pipes; rail-ways,



OLD SUGAR HOUSE.

old-fashioned gigs, and omnibuses, family chariots; the ton-sorial occupation is all but superseded by the perpetual holiday of beards; and skirts, instead of being gathered up as of old, sway in fixed expansion on the encroaching hoop; turbans, shoe-buckles, queues, the pillory, spinning-wheels, and short ruffles are obsolete, while the 'last of the cocked hats' is visible in our streets; but the good old Knickerbocker honesty and geniality may yet be found

by some fire-sides.' There are however, a few relics of colonial and revolutionary times, which have more than a local interest.

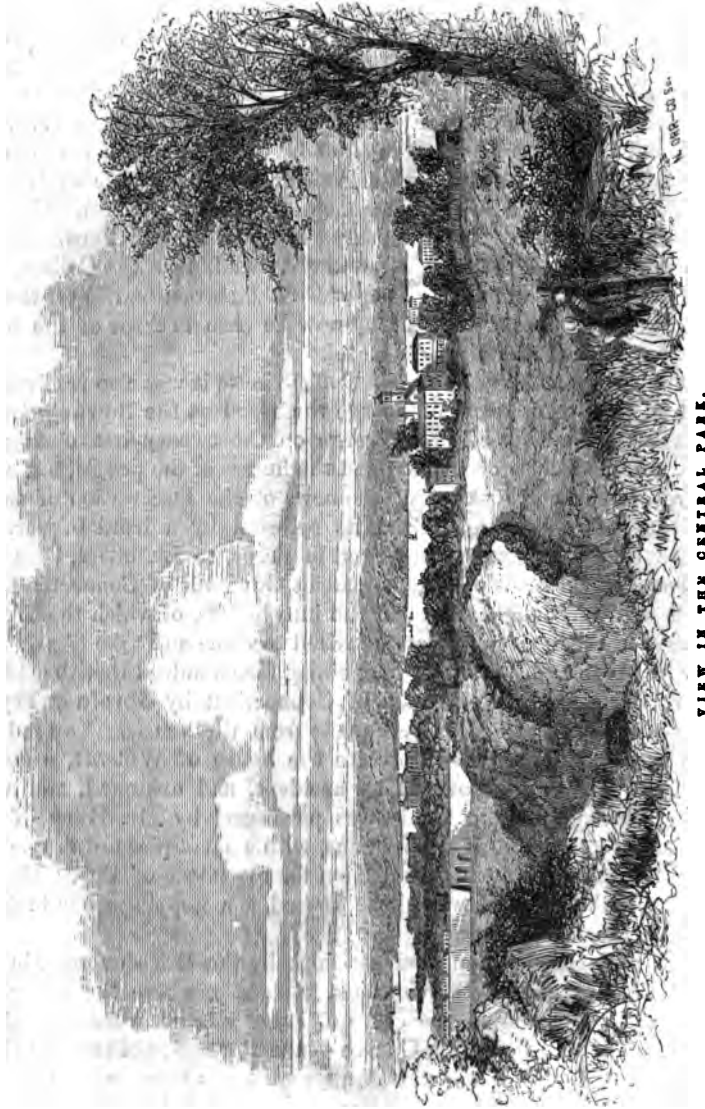
The repeal of the Stamp Act served, in New-York, in the first flush of victory, to cover a multitude of sins. Though the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies was asserted by Pitt, a large meeting of citizens assembled, at Burns' Coffee-House, on the twenty-third of June, 1766, and petitioned the Assembly to erect a statue in honor of 'the great Commoner,' the so-called champion of American liberty. The request was granted. The statue was of marble, and was set up in Wall-street on the seventh of September, 1770. The statesman was represented in a Roman toga, with a half-open scroll in his right hand,

on which were the words, *Articuli Magnæ Chartæ Libertatum*. The left hand was extended, as if in the act of delivering an oration. The pedestal wore the inscription: 'The Statue of the Right Honorable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was erected as a public testimony of the grateful sense the colony of New-York retains of the many eminent services he rendered to America, particularly in promoting the repeal of the Stamp Act, Anno Domini 1770.' It did not long retain its place. After the occupation of the city by the British in 1775, the head and right hand were struck off by the soldiery, in revenge for the insults before offered by the Americans to the statue of George the Third. The headless trunk remained standing until after the evacuation in 1783, when it was removed to the Bridewell Yard. It was thence transferred to the yard of the Arsenal, near the Collect, and finally found its way to the corner of Franklin-street and West-Broadway, where its headless trunk may now be seen in front of the basement entrance of the Museum Hotel.

At the same meeting at Burns' Coffee-House it was also resolved to erect an equestrian statue of George the Third on the Bowling-Green. It was set up in front of Fort George on the twenty-first of August, 1770, amid the noise of artillery and the huzzas of the people, but upon the reception in New-York of the news of the Declaration of Independence, it was dragged from its pedestal by a band of patriots headed by Belden, and sent, hewed in pieces, to Litchfield, then the residence of Oliver Wolcott, the patriot Governor of Connecticut, by whose wife and daughters it was run into bullets, of which the Whigs of the surrounding country were invited to come and take freely. In their hands they did good service, killing four hundred British soldiers during the subsequent invasion of Connecticut by Governor Tryon. Forty-two thousand bullets were made from the statue. The saddle-cloth was sunk in a marsh opposite the house of Wolcott, where it was quite recently discovered by accident, and exhumed, and after passing through various hands, was purchased by Mr. Riley of the Museum Hotel, where it still remains, with a small piece of the pedestal of the statue, a fitting companion for the statue of Pitt. The remainder of the pedestal, we believe, is used as a stepping-stone in front of a house in Jersey City.

During the occupation of New-York by the British forces, in the Revolution, several of the churches, especially where the congregations zealously espoused the cause of independence, were sadly desecrated. The Middle Dutch Church — the Post-office of the city since 1844 — was used as a prison, and afterward as a riding-school for the British officers and soldiers, and became the scene of habitual ribaldry, profanity, and dissipation. The whole of the interior, galleries and all, was destroyed, leaving the bare walls and roof. It is stated that a Mr.

Oothout obtained permission from Lord Howe to take down the bell, which had been cast in Amsterdam in 1731, and in the preparation of whose metal a number of the citizens of that place threw quantities of



V. 10
VIEW IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

silver coin. He stored the bell in a secure place until the British army evacuated the city. When the church was reopened, it was brought

forth from its hiding-place and restored to the old position. On Sabbath mornings it now rings out its clear silver tones from the belfry of the Dutch Reformed Church in Lafayette Place.

SEATING IN THE CENTRAL PARK.



To the many interesting historical localities in New-York, each of them worthy of a pilgrimage, we can scarcely more than refer. We should be happy to go with the reader to the old Walton House, in Pearl-street, the fame of whose splendor once extended to Europe, but which is now mainly used for an emigrant boarding-house, where Citizen Genet, the Minister of France, was married to the daughter of Governor Clinton; to the part of the old Sugar-House still standing near the Post-Office, built in the days of Leisler, and one of the gloomiest of the many prisons for American soldiers during the Revolution; to the site of the old Federal Hall, in whose balcony Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, and to the various places which he made his head-quarters while in the city, not omitting the now splendid Murray Hill, where the worthy Quaker

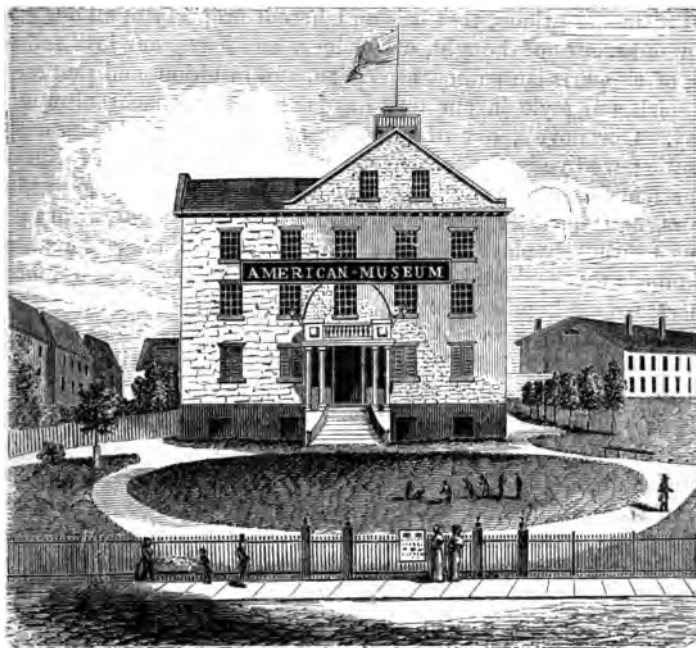


THE PARK THEATRE.

matron, mother of the grammarian, by her cordial hospitality detained the British generals long enough, on the day of the capture of the city, to enable the American brigade to escape to Harlem; to Richmond-Hill, occupied successively by Washington, Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, and Aaron Burr, whom Dr. Hosack found, a few hours after the death of Hamilton, calmly reading the 'Confessions of Rousseau' in his bath, as if totally oblivious of the terrible tragedy that had just shocked the citizens of New-York.

More interesting even than the above, are the Bowling Green and the Commons of earlier times, so intimately associated with the

struggle for American Liberty. On the Bowling Green, in the early history of the city, holidays were celebrated and May-poles erected. There also the British Treaty was burned. In the Kennedy House, now the Washington Hotel, lived Howe and Clinton during the Revolution, and there André commenced his correspondence with Arnold. Just above was the King's Arms Tavern, (now the Atlantic Garden,) the head-quarters of General Gage, and afterward known as the Burns' Coffee-House, the rendezvous of the Sons of Liberty, and where the first important step was taken toward the rebellion of the Colonies.



THE OLD AMERICAN MUSEUM.

The Commons, now the City-Hall Park, a mere plot of ground in comparison with the Central Park, (the largest in the world, and of which we give two splendid illustrations,) was the scene of many tumultuous meetings of the Liberty Boys, before the British occupation of the city. It was in these assemblages that Hamilton and Jay, of whom every New-Yorker is justly proud, first made themselves celebrated. It was on the Commons that Leisler suffered an unmerited death. There also stood the old Bridewell, or City Prison. At the north end was the old American Museum; and fronting it the Park Theatre, which long retained the theatrical monopoly of the city.

ROMANTIC ASPECTS OF CALIFORNIA AND INDIA.*

THE old dispute between the respective champions of the classic and the romantic has passed out of court by default. Classicality has entered a *nol. con.*, and has left the field to its younger, intenser, more jubilant, more elastic, and more dishevelled rival. The latest philosophy declares on ultimate and transcendental principles that romance belongs to the essence of Christianity, that it enters into the very life-blood of modern times, that it is an inherent property of all our civilization and modes of thought, of our loves and hates, our joys and sorrows, of all Christian pathos, aspiration, and intuition, and that a classical spirit and style in our own day is at once an anachronism and a heresy. Our novels, our dramas, our adventures, our habits are all romantic; we live in the focus and fiery furnace of an era of wild literary, scientific, and inventive exuberance; we love extravagant ideas, horrors, and splendor, and apotheosize the greatest absurdity; we throng to cousinly plays that would have driven Sophocles mad, and read novels that Quintilian would have declared the work of lunacy; in short, we are hopeless romanticists, and we rejoice in it.

Whence is the charm and secret power of romance? In the essential character of Christianity, says many a German philosopher. In the essential character of the Gothic mind, says another school of thinkers. In coffee, tea, and tobacco, says a shrewd physiological inquirer. In the rail-way, steam-ship, and telegraph, says some body enchanted by modern improvements. In the unwhipped and barbarous state of the public mind and social arrangements, says some unconverted pagan. But whatever the cause, the fact of the supremacy of romance in the ideas, sentiments, and literature of our age can hardly be disputed.

Romance is nearly akin to wit, for it implies the conjunction of remote ideas. It is the transfiguration of life, a sort of transcendental being, doing, and suffering. It is the eternal foe of the common-place, yet no one will pronounce it unreal who has felt and reflected how much of what is best in life is shadow and not substance. It is the natural language and the appropriate characteristic of a finite being placed amid the magnificent and evanishing spaces of an infinite universe. A far-reaching quality belongs to every romantic notion, with a sense also of mysterious distances, which the mind attempts in vain to penetrate; of mysterious divine qualities, which the heart struggles

* THE NEW AND THE OLD: OF California and India, in *Romantic Aspects*. By Dr. J. W. PALMER. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON. 1859.

in vain to take in. Life is real and earthly, but it is also a winged life in a spiritual universe. There is much of human experience, the best statistics of which are found in poems and novels. Romance must always enter largely into all highest moods of thought, but it belongs especially to an age of discovery, invention and momentous transitions, when new ideas are at work, new principles evoked, and new modes of civilization portended but not realized. The electricity fills the air, but the bolt has not yet struck, and the heavens are not yet cleared of the dishevelled and fleeting clouds of venerable tradition. Gravitation, changing, is about to go the other way, and bear with it the whole starry system of society, government, and religion, all the manners and instincts of public and private life. The world's history is but an account of the progress of man through a series of civilizations, as through a zodiac; and who will deny that the wonderful improvements in physical auxiliaries, the strange advances in practicable speculative opinions, which distinguish the period since the great French revolution, mark the slow and steady passage of the race into a new zodiacal sign? In such a time the mind vainly tries to grasp the shadows which flit about it, to foresee the new order which the astrologie heavens are working out. Alive with wild thought which will not be tamed, the author in despair produces from a disordered mind a disordered work—and writes a novel. This may be the secret of the present popularity of novels and romances: they are *à propos* to the times, the wisest thing we are capable of, a product congenial to every intellectually active age, but most especially to a period when science seems about to utter a new oracle, and Art to rise to a higher standpoint and dictate new laws to her votaries.

A happy illustration of these views of romance is furnished by the 'Romantic Aspects' of Dr. Palmer. Something of a philosopher as well as traveller, it has been his good fortune to see what may be called the two ends of the world, the eastern side of the Orient and the western side of the Occident. Why did he not avail himself of his travels as a text to write out a wise disquisition on the universe? Why did he not recall his scholastic mathematics, and using his birth-place, his home on the Irrawaddi, and his home on the Sacramento as the three sufficient points, draw the full circle of human destiny? Why, indeed, need a man circumnavigate the globe to produce a work which at first glance looks very much like a story-book? Why did he not reduce his experiences to a system, and give us a profound book with a final and finished view of all that need be known about the East and the West?

The answer is, simply that Dr. Palmer lives near the middle of the nineteenth century, when final views, complete expressions of any thing, are as unfashionable as they are impossible. He is a genuine

son of romance, and his travels will serve scientific or economic purposes only when Shakspeare shall be recognized as prince of statisticians. He gives us little of theory or history, and is inclined to let the world wag in future as it pleases without encouragement or hindrance from him; but merely reflects the romantic character of the age by binding up together his reminiscences of Californian and of Indian life, and casting them before us to twitch in a moment into two opposite hemispheres our minds already distracted by multitudes of other equally romantic books, in which we delight, and which are in spite of all that can be said against them the distinguishing and proper glory of the literature of our time. In Rome we should do as the Romans do, and in the nineteenth century we cannot do better than read and write as many novels as possible, and put all our observations and speculations into romantic forms.

From the series of sketches which make up the agreeable miscellany of Dr. Palmer's new book, we can notice but a few, which will be sufficient to convey some impression of its careful literary finish, and of its general composite character, as a work both of memory and imagination engaged upon most widely diversified materials.

He reached California in 1849, a physician by profession, with little to aid him but six letters of introduction. Five of these were deli-



vered, and as a result, 'Five gentlemen, friends of the family, were most happy to see me. Five gentlemen congratulated me on arriving so early; I had fortune by the forelock. Five gentlemen considered this a splendid country—great openings for young gentlemen of enterprise and talent, especially doctors'—half the population, they said, were ill—fees enormous—in a week would be overrun with patients—knew some lovely water-lots for investments—and numerous other conversational fragmentary items and suggestions, closing up with the assurance that they were very busy—getting up lumber—'Come and see them—take care of myself, old fellow—by-the-by, as I was new to the place, liable to be bewildered, tempted—would just throw in a friendly hint—gambling in San Francisco universal and without bounds—all classes fling themselves madly into the giddy whirl of drink and play—doctors, lawyers, editors, judges, professors, divines—faro, roulette, rondo, keeno, monk, lansequenet, bluff—soul-absorbing, dreadful, *lasciate ogni speranza voi chi v'entrate*—Dante, you know—Hell—splendid—all right—take care of myself. And that was all I got out of five of these friends of the family.'

With his sixth letter he fared better, and was soon in sufficient practice. The preceding design represents one of his first cases.

A ball-room heroine, a Creole girl from New-Orleans, was stabbed in the shoulder by a jealous Chilena. The doctor was called upon to attend the beautiful and now blaspheming vixen, who, between the sharp stitches of his suture-needle, cursed alternately her rival and her Adams' revolver that had hung fire. The wound was healed, but our author was no physician to so bad a mind as that of the Creole vengeful spit-fire, who had scarcely escaped from his hands, when at a dishevelled masked-ball she struck her Chilian enemy a fatal blow with a bowie-knife.

Introduced by this adventure to the orgies of the place, Dr. Palmer soon learned and witnessed the incidents of 'The Fate of the Farleighs.' Amid the revels he detected a tall and singularly graceful young English woman, who seemed strangely out of place there, and hopelessly wretched—who moved in the dance, grave, pale, and abstracted, with no apparent interest in it or consciousness of it. 'How like the very ghost of a bacchanal, with her motions merely, but not emotions, she flung herself desperately into the brave abandon of the Spanish dance, flashing her soft, white shoulders, beautifully balancing her pensile arms, proudly careering her conquering neck.' This woman, a refuse from the English home of her husband and from the society of her acquaintances, had come 'to see her fate out, to dazzle and dance her life away in all the rudeness of Californian adventure. Her proud spirit, however, remained to her, and when her husband also made his appearance in California, she found his approach intolerable. Whether

it were a sense of injury or of remorse, she only flamed with passion. But this was but for a moment; soon she turned ashen pale, with a deep, dangerous, and despairing hate; her health and beauty departed at once; arsenic was attempted, but the doctor came just in time to pump it up; but impatient for the end, the sequel soon came, and her corpse was recovered from the river.



'MAD, from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where,
Out of the world.'

The most interesting circumstance, which proves how curiously goodness and wickedness are sometimes blended together, remains to be stated. She left to her son, the offspring of her marriage, a large legacy, which she had industriously hoarded, signing the will with her assumed name and a fearful appendage—'Lucy Mason, the lost.'

In reflecting on the character of San-Franciscan society in 1849, Dr. Palmer remarks: 'It was strange how soon, and how surely, the original Satan in every new arrival asserted himself.' An amusing instance follows. One Gossage, who went to California in a white neck-cloth from an apostolic circuit in Alabama, and for a time dis-

pensed pious tracts from a green bag, had within a year become a notorious master of the gambler's games — brag, bluff, and poker. And reckless, too, as notorious; for one night, when his trunk in the attic was totally empty, he boasted in a company of congenial gentlemen, that it contained five thousand dollars in the famous gold coin known as 'Moffat's kine.' A young man, who was playing the part of an 'amused spectator,' questioned the statement; whereupon Gossage affirmed, in a grammatical style that we trust he had acquired since he left the pulpit, that 'facts is facts, and opinions as is opinions is worth backing.' The result was a bet, a matching of piles, and the deposition of four hundred dollars in the hands of a mutual friend: whereupon, the company started toward the roof of the house to explore the trunk. At the top of the first flight, Gossage stopped, and had scruples about going on and claiming the wager, because he was betting on positive certainty. His opponent made a facetious reply, and on they went up another flight. There Gossage stopped again, was overflowing with honorable sentiments, and wished to 'expostulate' with his young friend and brother, who was 'apperiently a person of feeling and refinery.' He told him that he was making a 'rather resky' entrance upon life in that new civilization, and he was 'agreeable to let him up.' The 'brother' returned thanks, confessed that he was touched by such tokens of kind consideration, but nevertheless preferred not to be let up from a bet, which at least had been so fortunate as to gain for him the acquaintance of his honorable friend. Thus compliments were exchanged as the third flight was mounted. There Gossage stopped again, changed his mood, and wished to know how far the gentleman meant to carry this joke. 'If the gentleman was in earnest, the gentleman must excuse him, but he considered the gentleman a damned fool.' He began to talk about 'insinewations,' and was evidently inclined to provoke a quarrel, which should introduce some *deus ex machina* to release him from the meshes which were drawing too closely about him. His young opponent made no other reply, than to ask him 'whether he lived inside the house, or out on the roof,' and on they went till the door of the chamber was reached. There Gossage again turned, and with his hand on the knob, declared entreatingly: 'You'd better not.' Another expostulation followed as the lid of the trunk was about to be raised, but at length the emptiness of the trunk and of its owner's boasting were alike exposed. What would a sage, a Plato, or a Macchiavelli have said, if he had been caught precisely in the circumstances of the baffled gambler? Would it have been any thing wiser than this? 'Boys,' said Gossage out of the corner of his eye, 'you've got me this time, where the hair's short!'

Among the adventurers who flocked to California, men of genius

were doubtless more frequent than they are in old and established countries, and there too genius was unrestrained from assuming the quality of eccentricity. Mr. Mill would not have complained in San-Francisco that there was no chance for individuality and peculiarity of character. In fact, there was no chance for any thing else. Mr. Karl Joseph Krafft is presented to us by Dr. Palmer as a sort of romantic hero, talented, interesting, odd, and of the sort which in novels of old-fashioned life we feel sure will do something wonderful, and die supernaturally. How will he succeed in a chaotic new world, a whirling eddy bordering the great oceanic course of empire?



He comes from Germany to San-Francisco, touching, however, on his way, at ports in every quarter of the globe, enters a mercantile house, becomes indispensable to his employer by detecting his tricks, marries his daughter, makes a fortune, loses it by one sublime failure — 'a sort of Paradise Lost among the epics of speculation,' is thrown upon his wits, and begins a new career by turning beggar for several invalids who are worse than himself. Thus he snaps his finger in announcing his plan :



Taking a ragged *protégé* on each arm, he marches straight up to the bench of his Honor the judge, in full court, and begins a remarkable speech as follows:

'Your Honor, and gentlemen: we are very sick and hungry, and

helpless and wretched. If some body does not do something for us, we shall die; and that will be hard, considering how far we have come, and how hard it was to get here, and how short a time we have been here, and that we have not had a fair chance.' He finally concludes a speech as pathetic as it was droll, by himself heading the subscription with fifty dollars, for what he terms

'our own relief.' He passes over the liberal sum thus obtained to the judge for disposition, and this was the first step toward the founding of a city hospital.

Having thus identified himself with paupers, he next displayed his universal genius by identifying himself with a crazy man — an Irishman, who had aspired to the post of contractor, and whose mind had run away with him as he was pursuing his magnificent contemplations. He sat down by the poor fellow, and began to talk of splendid contracts, expenditures of millions, picks and barrows for grading whole streets. The man's eye at length brightened, and he answered decidedly in a whisper: 'I'll do it.' Then Mr. Kraft took his patient into the street, where the police saved them from interruption, and began to dig away with the madman, who had flung off his coat and hat, and gone to work with wild eyes and set teeth. Thus reflected the most sane man of the two on his experiment: 'Beautiful! we are a trifle crack-brained, to be sure, but for digging we are worth a dozen philosophers yet. . . . When this is through with, we shall be hungry;

and then we shall eat ; after that, we shall feel congenial, and then we shall talk, shall talk ourselves to sleep, shall dream, and have memories soothing and saving — shall awake the sanest fellows in town, and never fash ourselves again about the devils that are cast out.'

The plan of the benevolent Mr. Krafft was doubtless a good one ; but its execution should have been intrusted to some body who was not a genius, to some body who would have saved the witless Irishman from falling beneath a sun-stroke.

We must skip the diverting heroisms of Mr. Krafft, till at length he returns to business, and plunges stupidly into speculations. The demon had got possession of him, and hardly again did he do a kind or wise thing. Desperate vices, followed by terrible avengements, make up the story of his life, till the taunt of a former friend became intolerable to him, and the romantic and mystic German was found in his chamber, the victim of his own pistol.

The age of cabalism is past. We are losing the consciousness of the mysterious relations of things, the mysterious meanings of every object. The world of divine symbols, which has been elaborated by so many thinkers, is almost unknown to us. The arts and sciences are no longer magical in our eyes. We are not surprised, therefore, that



the artist who illustrates this work, should have nearly failed in an attempt to produce a hieroglyph of California life : we are rather surprised that he should have attempted it at all.

The bottle, the glass, the spade, the pestle, the spurs, the dice, the cards, the mask, the slipper, the pistols, and the dirk, are all there ; but so plainly, that the artist could not himself have believed in the mystery of his design, and in such isolation and unsuggestive juxtaposition, that it is not impressed upon us that we are looking at the very elements which rioted on the shore of the Pacific, until the wild,

many-colored sprite of adventure was slowly confined in the bands of laws and institutions to obey the necessities of organized society. Would that the artist had availed himself of the opportunity to produce a more effective symbol of a run-away society, which in its relations suggests a topsy-turvy universe.

The latter part of the 'Romantic Aspects' passes from the new to the old, from California to India. Some of the finest specimens of composition in the volume, such as the kaleidoscopic vision of 'Mamoul,' are in this portion. Though we acknowledge the skill of the antithetic jugglery by which Dr. Palmer has bound the two parts of his book together, and recognize the fact that, in the realm of romance no law forbids an author to jump over a fly-leaf, and become the antipode of his former self; yet we conclude rather to admire than imitate the feat, and leave the very interesting and highly-finished sketches of Oriental scenery and character with only a commendation of them to the reader.

A L O N E .

If the eagle will build his lofty nest
Where no weaker wing can fly,
And lift his haughty, undazzled sight
Up to the glittering sky:
Why marvels the royal bird of heaven
That no companions to his are given?

If the lily will rear her graceful head
Where no humbler bud can soar,
And ope her corolla to meet such rays
As none but the sun can pour:
Why murmurs the stately regal flower
She dwells apart in the fragrant bower?

And mortal, imperious minds like thine,
Disdaining the beaten track,
And walking the hill-tops in commune high,
Must social endearments lack:
Oh! the heart that would joy in human love,
May not hold itself human hearts above!

THE SEAT OF WAR.

TEN years ago it seemed as if the set time of God to favor the nations had come. The spring of that memorable year was hailed as the dawn of universal liberty. The revolution in Paris was the morning gun that startled Europe, but even that hardly caused such astonishment as when an echo came back from Vienna. Then the people of Milan rose upon the Austrian troops. They fought from house to house, and from street to street, and even on the roof of the Cathedral, till the popular fury prevailed over a disciplined soldiery, and Radetzky, with his whole army, defiled out of the city-gates by night, and retreated across the plains of Lombardy. Then, indeed, it seemed that the great battle was won. ITALY WAS FREE, and the joy of the people knew no bounds. With exultant hearts they thronged to the Cathedral to give solemn thanks to God for their victory.

To swell the general triumph, hardly had Radetzky fled from Milan, before Charles Albert crossed the frontier with a Sardinian army in hot pursuit. At every step numbers were added to the invading host. The revolutionary enthusiasm had spread throughout the Peninsula. The watch-fires were blazing along the Apennines, and Tuscans and Romans and Neapolitans marched to join the glorious army of liberty. At the same time the Italian regiments in the Austrian army deserted their flag. Thus weakened in numbers, and dispirited by defeat, Radetzky withdrew his shattered troops within the walls of Mantua, while the King of Sardinia mustered an array of nearly a hundred thousand men, in all the confidence of victory. Little did he think that, in a few weeks, that magnificent army would be scattered like the autumn-leaves!

At that moment it seemed to human eye as if the power of Austria in Italy was broken forever. Indeed, the Cabinet of Vienna itself felt that the battle was lost, and sought, in terms almost abject and humiliating, to make peace with the victorious people. A commissioner from the Emperor appeared with a formal proposition to Charles Albert to give up the whole of Lombardy, if she would but assume her portion of the public debt. Austria offered to divide the territory of Northern Italy by the line of the Adige, surrendering Lombardy to Sardinia, while she retained only the Venetian territory. The King, who knew the hazards of battle, was strongly inclined to accept these terms; but the fiery Italians denounced the proposal as a betrayal of Venice. They would have all of Italy or none. And so, finally, they had none.

All this while the veteran Radetzky kept behind the walls of Mantua and Verona, biding his time. Charles Albert, distracted by these

negotiations, and not knowing very well how to conduct a vigorous campaign, sat down before the walls of Mantua. Now a siege of Mantua is about as hopeless an undertaking as would be a siege of Gibraltar. It is surrounded by a net-work of streams, and can only be approached over bridges. Here the Austrian chief, secure behind his bastions, calmly awaited the arrival of reinforcements. In a few weeks the Austrian bugles were heard in the passes of the Tyrol, and their long columns came winding down into the plains of Italy. The arrival of these fresh battalions put the Austrians in condition to take the field; and Radetzky, though an old man, well stricken in years, did not lose a moment. Issuing from his stronghold, he completely outgeneralled Charles Albert, turned his flank, and attacked him in the rear. In a fortnight he fought half-a-dozen battles, and was victorious in every one, driving the Piedmontese army before him from Mantua to Milan, and across the frontier into Sardinia. Thus, in a few short days, the glorious prize of Italian liberty was lost, and that beautiful territory again consigned to years of foreign dominion.

These are bitter memories. Never had a people such an opportunity to be free. The juncture was one which might not recur again in a century. Yet all was lost through the divisions of the people and the weakness and irresolution of their leader. Charles Albert was neither a traitor nor a coward. He was personally brave, as he showed in every battle, and afterward on the fatal field of Novara; but he lacked the promptness and energy, the quickness of perception and rapidity of execution, which are decisive in war. Had he possessed the skill — not of Napoleon, but of a good French general, like Changarnier or Lamoricière — probably the Austrians would have lost Italy forever.

Reflecting on these great disasters, and surveying the field of battle, where the fate of Italy has been decided once, and may be decided again, it has seemed to me that what Italy needs to fight successfully a war of liberty, is a *great military genius* to organize and direct her wild enthusiasm and her wasted strength.

But the blame of that disastrous campaign does not belong to Charles Albert alone, but to the people by whom he was feebly supported. In the first flush of revolution the people fought with astonishing bravery; but that first success spoiled them. They felt that the battle was gained, and began to dispute about the spoils of war before they had made sure of the victory. They were talking when they ought to have been fighting. It was time enough to decide upon the form of government when the battle of liberty was gained. But the mercurial Italians gabbled politics till the Austrian cannon were thundering at their gates. Heaven grant that they may learn wisdom from this bitter experience!

The issue of the campaign of 1848 shows that it will never be an easy matter to drive the Austrians out of Italy. Even if the people were to rise again in every city, and were again victorious; if the Sardinians again should march to the Holy War; nay, *if the French were to cross the Alps*, and pour down in countless numbers on the plains of Lombardy, still victory would be by no means certain. At first these combined forces might carry all before them. But then it is probable the Austrians would repeat the tactics of Radetzky in 1848. If forced to abandon Milan, they would fall back upon Mantua and Verona. And then would come the tug of war. If you look on the map, you will see that there the Austrians occupy one of the strongest military positions in all Europe, resting on four strong fortresses, which are so situated as to support each other. Verona and Mantua, with Legnago and Peschiera, stand at the angles of a square, or rhomboid. Their ramparts, bristling with cannon, appear like a vast battalion thrown into a hollow square to repel a charge of cavalry. This strong position cannot be attacked with much prospect of success — or at least of immediate success. It cost the great Napoleon nine months to take Mantua; and so well did he know its importance, that when once he got it, he never gave it up until he lost his throne.

This almost impregnable military position is in direct communication with Austria by the passes of the Tyrol. Here, then, an Austrian army would wait in all security, as Radetzky waited, endeavoring only to maintain itself until it wearied out the enemy, or until some unguarded movement enabled it to strike a decisive blow.

But not only is this a very strong position for defence, it is one of great danger to an enemy. An invading army, attempting to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy, must advance into this net-work of fortresses, where any false step exposes it to destruction. Napoleon once got caught here, and extricated himself only by a succession of battles and victories. All obstacles were overcome by his extraordinary military genius. But Napoleon is dead, and he has left no successor.

In default of such marvellous skill, there is no resource but in an overwhelming strength. The invading army must be so superior in numbers, that it can afford to divide, and leave one great division to beleaguer Mantua and Verona, while another, aided by a fleet in the Adriatic, marches upon Venice, or even upon Vienna. Otherwise, if the forces are but equal, as the advantages of position are all on the side of Austria, nothing but the most extraordinary military combinations, or some unaccountable fortune of war, can make the balance incline to the other side.

When, after the disastrous campaign of 1848, Charles Albert was driven out of Lombardy, he entered into an armistice with Marshal

Radetzky, which, of course, both expected would be the prelude to a definite and permanent peace. But when the King got back to Turin, he found that he had raised a storm which he could not quell. Stung by their defeat, and conscious that it was not owing to any want of valor on their part, the brave Piedmontese burned for another chance to wipe out the national disgrace. This ardor was kept up by the excitement in other parts of Italy. The whole Peninsula was still agitated, and young patriots were burning to renew the war of liberty. The popular enthusiasm was too strong to be resisted. If violently repressed, it threatened to break out into Republicanism. The Sardinian Parliament came together on the first of February; and the King addressed the Chambers in a speech full of Italian fire, in which he pointed distinctly to the necessity of again resorting to arms.

By the terms of the armistice, it had been agreed that if either party should decide to resume hostilities, it should give the other eight days' notice. Charles Albert determined to open the campaign on the twentieth of March; and accordingly on the twelfth, a courier was sent off with all speed from Turin to Milan, to bear the formal declaration.

Marshal Radetzky had been expecting this issue, and it did not take him by surprise. The old war-horse snuffed the battle from afar. Never was tidings more eagerly welcomed than this by the garrison of Milan, who hailed it as a new call to victory and glory. Though Radetzky had grown gray in arms, (he was now eighty-three years old,) and might claim exemption from the fatigues of a new campaign, he acted with a promptitude and energy which his enemies might admire, but certainly did not imitate. Orders were at once sent off to the Austrian detachments, to leave small garrisons in the towns, and march with their whole force to join him. This course, indeed, involved the danger of insurrections in his rear. He well knew that if he experienced any check, the whole country would break out in another revolution. In fact, the people did rise in Brescia, and overpowered the garrison, and were for several days masters of the place, until Haynau marched upon them from Venice, and put down the revolt by a horrid massacre. But Radetzky chose to run the risk, for the sake of the main chance. He knew that if he could defeat the Sardinians in one pitched battle, all these isolated insurrections could be easily suppressed; and with that decision which shows him to have been a thorough master of war, he determined to concentrate his whole force, and march straight against the enemy. Of the troops in Milan, he left but a small garrison in the citadel, and marched out with all the rest of his army. Yet he did not take the direct road to Turin, but left by the Roman gate, which led some who had seen him thus depart a year before, to jump to the conclusion that he was going to

retreat. But they little understood him. He kept his counsel, and allowed none to penetrate his design. He marched south, as he had ordered the several divisions of his army to concentrate at Pavia, a city close to the Piedmontese frontier. His orders had been promptly obeyed. Exact at the hour, every division entered the appointed place of rendezvous. On the night of the nineteenth, the whole army was concentrated around Pavia — nearly seventy thousand men, with over two hundred cannon. At twelve o'clock the next day the armistice expired, and instantly the order was given to march, and before night the whole Austrian army was on the soil of Sardinia.

This easy entrance into the enemy's country was a great advantage gained. As they had to cross a river, their passage might have been disputed, and a division of the Piedmontese army had been appointed to hold them in check. But it was not at its post. This unaccountable negligence, it was supposed, was owing to treachery; and General Ramorino, who commanded this division, was afterward tried by a court-martial and shot. But to leave such a post in treacherous or incapable hands, showed the wretched management which seemed to preside over this whole campaign.

While the Austrians were thus moving in admirable concert, every battalion in line, in the Sardinian camp all was confusion. If the government had shown half the energy and wisdom in preparing for war, that it had shown of rashness in rushing into it, the result might have been different. But its councils seemed infatuated. Carried away by a popular tumult, it had declared war, when totally unprepared. It had, indeed, a large army; and braver soldiers never followed their chiefs to battle; but all the fruit of courage was lost by want of organization. They had not even a leader in whom they had confidence. They had applied for the services of Marshal Bugeaud, the French general who had been so distinguished in Africa; but he would not accept, unless he could have supreme and absolute command, and this was thought to derogate from the royal dignity; and finally they took up with a Polish general, who had gained some distinction in the Revolution of 1831, and who undoubtedly possessed considerable knowledge of the art of war, but who was wholly ignorant of the country in which he was to fight, and the materials which he was to command. He could not even speak the language, and had to give his orders through interpreters. Of a small, unimposing figure, there was nothing about him to inspire confidence in an army to which he was a stranger. The consequence was, that, while every Austrian soldier had unbounded confidence in his chief, which was itself a pledge of victory, the brave Piedmontese marched blindly into battle, with nothing to rely upon but their own unfailing courage. So unskilful were the combinations, that the several divisions were left far apart,

unsupported by each other, by which they were surprised in detail; and even on the field of Novara, it is said that a large part of the troops were not brought into battle at all; but stood, waiting for orders, while the rest of the army was being destroyed! I find that the people here do not like to speak of these events. They cannot recall them without shame and bitterness. The only redeeming thing on that fatal day, was the gallantry of the soldiers, and of their unhappy King. To this no one bore higher testimony than Radetzky himself. In his official report, he says: 'The Piedmontese and Savoyards fought like lions; and the unfortunate Charles Albert threw himself into the thickest of the danger upon every possible opportunity. His two sons also fought with brilliant courage.'

History presents few sadder spectacles than that of Charles Albert on this day, when he lost his kingdom and crown. When he saw that the battle was going against him, he sought to die upon the field. All day long he remained within musket-shot of the most exposed position, one which was three times taken and retaken; and when General Durando took him by the arm, and tried to draw him away, he replied: 'It is useless: it is my last day: let me die!' But in vain he sought this release, though he galloped madly here and there, turning wherever the battle raged. In Turin they still keep, in the hall of armor, the body of the war-horse which he rode; and it was with no common respect that I looked upon the faithful steed which bore his master through the carnage of that dreadful day. But death, which seeks the happy, flies from the unfortunate. Though four thousand of his brave soldiers lay dead and dying around him, the unhappy King could not die. To his sorrow and despair, he left the scene of battle alive, but only to experience a slow, lingering death. That night, when all was lost, the King sent for his two sons, and his generals, and when all were gathered around him, he arose with mournful dignity, and said: 'Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hopes: our army is dissolved; it would be impossible to prolong the struggle: my task is accomplished; and I think I shall render an important service, by giving a last proof of devotedness, in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace which she would refuse if treating with me.' At these words all burst into tears. The king alone was calm. His son, who found royalty thrust upon him, implored his father to reconsider his decision; but he was inflexible. He embraced his sons, and thanked all around him for their devotion and fidelity, saying to them: 'I am no longer your king. Be faithful and devoted to my son as you have been to me.' He then withdrew to write a letter of farewell to the queen, which he charged his son to deliver into her own hand. A little after midnight he left the palace, wrapped in a cloak,

with only a single attendant, and entered a carriage which was in waiting for him; and in a few hours this man, so late at the head of an army and a kingdom, had bid a final adieu to Italy!

The next morning the young King had an interview with Marshal Radetzky, and an armistice was agreed upon, to be followed by immediate negotiations for a permanent peace, the basis of which was a return to the state of things before the war, renunciation by Sardinia of all pretensions to Lombardy or Venice, and reimbursement to Austria of all the expenses of the war! Such was the issue of this memorable campaign, begun and ended in five days! The armistice was signed March twenty-fourth, just one year from the time that Charles Albert invaded Lombardy. Such, then, was the final result of all the dreams and hopes of Italian patriots — of the expenditure of so much treasure and so much blood! Charles Albert retired to Portugal, where a few months after he died of a broken heart.

We have taken the preceding pages from Mr. Field's 'Summer Pictures,'* the most readable and valuable book of European travel that has appeared from the American Press in many months, and of special interest, from its description of the seat of war in Italy — that contracted but historical *terrain* to which the eyes of the world are now directed. The author has twice visited Northern Italy: once in 1849, when Austria set her iron heel upon the uprising nationalities; and the second time but a few months ago. As he conjectured, the French have crossed the Alps, with the intention of expelling the Austrians from Italy, and are now beginning to encounter the difficulties he so well describes.

Who of us does not remember that magnificent oration of Victor Hugo at the Peace Congress, almost denying the possibility of an important European war? Yet now the world beholds nearly half-a-million of men in battle array on the plains of Sardinia — the opposing hosts separated from each other and from carnage, by little more than the narrow and winding Po. To the clear-sighted, the present struggle has long appeared inevitable, growing out of the eternal hatred between those who, supporting the despotic thrones of Europe, talk pompously of absolutism and the sword, as the only panaceas for all social and political evils, and those patient ones who are biding their time to reach freedom through the red waves and fiery surges of revolution. Where it will end, no man can say. The Italians are not the only enslaved people in Europe. The Magyars are ripe for revolt. The Christian population of European Turkey, we know, from actual and recent observation, are on the eve of a general out-break; and

* SUMMER PICTURES FROM COPENHAGEN TO VENICE. By HENRY M. FIELD. 12mo. Pp. 291. New-York: SHELDON AND COMPANY. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

when the liberals of Europe do rise in their might, the *prestige* of her kings, the traditions of absolutism, and respect for dynasties, will speedily fade away before them.

The allied armies have already gained some advantages, and will doubtless reap more in the early part of the struggle. The victory of Portobello may, as in 1800, be speedily followed by a triumph at Marengo. Garibaldi has boldly carried the war into Lombardy. Kosuth, born by Attila's grave, and in whose veins, say the Austrians, course the ashes of 'the Scourge of God,' is, we are told, about to return to Hungary. The first campaign, while exhausting much of the enthusiasm in the allied cause, and using up the volunteers, will serve only to develop the best fighting qualities of the Austrians. Then we all remember the traditional good fortune of the House of Hapsburgh, and how often at the moment its destruction seemed certain, victorious armies have sprung up, as if from the soil, to battle for its support. As we think of those fields of infantry and torrents of cavalry on the fair plains of Italy, we wish we could see in the future of this struggle more indications of good to Europe. As it is, no one could ever more appropriately say :

'TRUST not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king who buys and sells.'

A CHARACTER.

WHY, Sir, he could write pastorals that blew
Sylvan tornadoes! You could hear the stir
Of wind-swept hare-bells, and the noisy talk
Of lilled rivulets in Arcady!
Or he would paint a village merriment,
With pipe and hautboy, and tall mugs of ale
White on the top, like old gray-headed men —
The rustic VENUS, with distracting eyes,
Flirting with ADON in his Lincoln green.
All this, and more. And then his madrigals,
Antique love-lyrics, melted in the mouth
Like globules of new honey. He was sad,
Moreover, and his funeral phantasies
Were sweet and touching as an infant's grave
By moon-light! Yet — he was a fiend at heart —
As true a fiend as ever slit a throat,
By a lone road-side in the dead of night,
For a dozen ducats and a carpet-bag.

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Bursum corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

A few days after my arrival, when I was present at one of these dinners of ceremony, which are almost of daily occurrence here in this season, my name was pronounced in a tone of inquiry by the burly Sub-Prefect of the neighboring small town, who was seated at the right of the lady of the chateau. Mme. Laroque, who is liable to such abstraction, forgot that I was not far from her, and, in spite of myself, I did not lose a word of her reply.

‘Good heavens! Don’t mention him! There is some impenetrable mystery. We think he is a prince in disguise. There are so many strolling up and down in the world! This one has every conceivable accomplishment: he rides, he plays the piano, he draws, and all in perfection. Between ourselves, my dear Sub-Prefect, I believe with all my heart he is a very poor bailiff, but he is really a very agreeable man.’

The Sub-Prefect, who is also a very agreeable man, or thinks himself so, which comes to the same thing for his own satisfaction, replied gracefully, caressing his magnificent mustache with one of his plump hands, that there were beautiful eyes enough in the chateau to account for many mysteries; that he strongly suspected the disguised prince of being a lover in disguise, and that, moreover, Love was the legitimate parent of Caprice, and the natural bailiff of the Graces. Then, suddenly changing his tone: ‘For the rest, Madame, if you have the slightest uneasiness as to this individual, I will have him questioned to-morrow by the Brigadier of Gendarmes.’

Mme. Laroque protested against this excess of gallant zeal; and the conversation went no further, as far as concerned me; but it left me much piqued, not at the Sub-Prefect, who, on the contrary, delighted me extremely, but at Mme. Laroque; for, though she did more than justice to my personal qualifications, she did not seem to be duly impressed with my official merits.

It so happened that I had next day to renew the lease of a considerable farm. This business had to be done with a very cunning old peasant, whom I nevertheless contrived to bewilder by a skilful combination of a few legal terms and prudent diplomatical reserve. Our terms agreed upon, the good man quietly laid down three rouleaus of gold coins on my desk. Although the meaning of this payment, which was not due, entirely escaped me, I kept from showing any inconsiderate astonishment; but while opening the rouleaus, I learned

by some indirect questions that this sum was the earnest-money of the bargain; in other words, the pot of wine, which it seems the farmers are in the habit of paying their landlord at each renewal of a lease. I had no idea of claiming this earnest-money, having found no mention of it in the former leases, drawn up by my able predecessor, which had served as my model. At the time I drew no conclusion from this incident: but when I went to give Madame Laroque this lucky present, her surprise astonished me. 'What is that?' she asked. I explained to her the nature of the payment. She made me repeat it. 'That is not the custom; ~~is it?~~' she resumed.

'Yes, Madame, every ~~time~~ you consent to a fresh lease.'

'But there have been ~~more than~~ ten leases renewed, to my knowledge, within these thirty years. How comes it that we have never heard of such a thing?'

'I cannot tell, Madame.'

Mme. Laroque fell into an abyss of thought, at the bottom of which she perhaps encountered the venerable shade of Father Hivart, after which she shrugged her shoulders slightly, looked at me, then at the money, then at me again, and seemed to hesitate. Finally, throwing herself back in her chair, and sighing deeply, she said to me, with a simplicity for which I felt grateful: 'That will do, Sir; I thank you.'

This mark of stupid integrity, about which she had the good taste not to compliment me, nevertheless caused Madame Laroque to form a high idea of the ability and virtues of her bailiff. I could judge of it a few days afterward. Her daughter was reading to her an account of a journey to the Pole, in which an extraordinary bird was mentioned, that does not steal. 'Stop,' she said, 'that is like my bailiff.'

I firmly hope that since that time, by the strict care which I bring to the task I have accepted, I have acquired some title to respect of a less negative kind. M. Laubépin, when I went to Paris lately to embrace my sister, thanked me with much feeling for the honor I had done to the engagements he had accepted for me. 'Courage, Maxime,' he said, 'we shall portion Helen. The poor child will, so to speak, have known nothing. And as for yourself, my friend, I feel no regret. Believe me, you have in yourself the thing most like happiness in this world, and, thank heaven, I see you will always have it; a peaceful conscience, and the strong serenity of a soul wholly devoted to duty.'

The old man is doubtless right. I am calm, but still I scarcely feel happy. There are in my soul, not yet ripe for the austere delight of sacrifice, some outbursts of youth and of despair. My life, unreservedly dedicated and devoted to another life, more feeble and more dear to me than my own, no longer belongs to me: it has no future, it is in a cloister forever closed. My heart must no longer beat, my brain must no longer think, save for another. Only let Helen be happy!



Maxime on the bridge of Saints Pères.

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Years are already coming on me; let them come quickly! I beseech them to come; their coldness will strengthen my courage.

For the rest, I cannot complain of a situation, which, in a word, has deceived my most painful fears, and even surpasses my highest hopes. My work, my frequent journeys into the neighboring departments, and my taste for solitude, keep me much away from the chateau, the noisy gatherings at which I especially avoid. Perhaps I owe to the infrequency of my visits good part of the friendly reception I meet with. Mme. Laroque, especially, shows me real affection; she makes me the confidant of her strange and very sincere chimeras about poverty, about devotedness and poetical self-denial, which contrast amusingly with the manifold precautions of the chilly Creole. Sometimes she envies the gipsy women, carrying their children, dragging a wretched cart along the roads, and cooking their dinner under a hedge; sometimes it is the Sisters of Charity, and sometimes canteen-women, to whose heroic toils she aspires. Lastly, she does not cease to reproach the late M. Laroque the younger with his admirable health, which never allowed his wife to display that genius for nursing with which she felt her heart surcharged. Still, she has had the fancy, within these few days, to add to her easy chair a kind of nook, shaped like a sentry-box, to protect her from draughts. I found her the other morning triumphantly installed in this kiosk, waiting pleasantly enough for martyrdom.

I have hardly less cause to be satisfied with the other inmates of the chateau. Mlle. Marguerite, always buried like a Nubian sphinx in some unknown dream, nevertheless condescends with thoughtful kindness to repeat for me my favorite airs. She has a beautiful contralto voice, which she manages with consummate skill, but also with a negligence and coldness of manner that one would think was intentional. She does sometimes accidentally let some impassioned notes escape her lips, but she immediately seems humiliated and ashamed at thus forgetting her character or her part, and hastens to return within the bounds of icy correctness.

A few games at piquet, which I have had the easy politeness to lose with M. Laroque, have won me the good graces of the old man, whose looks rest on me sometimes with a perfectly singular degree of attention. One would say that some dream of the past, some fanciful likeness, is half-awakened in the clouds of that wearied memory, on the bosom of which float the confused shadows of a whole century. But they would not return me the money I had lost to him! It seems that Mme. Aubry, who plays habitually with the old captain, makes no scruple whatever of accepting this restitution as a regular thing, which does not hinder her from frequently winning from the old privateer, with whom she then has noisy disputes.

This lady, whom M. Laubépin treated very gently when he described her merely as an embittered spirit, inspires me with no sympathy. Still, out of respect for the house, I compelled myself to win her goodwill, which I have accomplished by lending a friendly ear, sometimes to her wretched lamentations over her present lot, sometimes to the emphatic description of her past splendor, of her plate, her furniture, her laces and pairs of gloves.

I must own that I am in a good school for learning to despise the property I have lost. Every body here, in fact, preaches me, by their behavior and language, an eloquent sermon on the contempt of riches; first, Mme. Aubury, who may be compared to those shameless gluttons whose disgusting greediness takes away your appetite, and gives you a deep loathing for the dishes of which they boast; then the old man, who is decaying over his millions as sorrowfully as Job on his dung-hill; then this excellent but romantic and used-up woman, who dreams amid her obstinate prosperity of the forbidden fruit of wretchedness; and lastly, the superb Marguerite, who wears the diadem of beauty and wealth, with which heaven has burdened her brow, as if it were a crown of thorns.

Strange girl! Almost every morning, if the weather is fine, I see her pass beneath the windows of my belfry; she salutes me with a grave bow, which sets the black feather in her hat waving, and then disappears slowly down the shaded path which crosses the ruins of the old chateau. Generally old Alain follows her at a little distance; sometimes she has no companion but the huge and faithful Mervyn, who steps out at the side of his fair mistress like a thoughtful bear. With this escort she goes the round of the whole neighboring country, seeking for charitable adventures. She might dispense with any protector; there is not a cottage within six leagues that does not know her, and venerate her as a good fairy. The peasants call her simply 'Mademoiselle,' when they speak of her, as if they were speaking of one of those king's daughters who adorn their legends, and whose beauty, power, and mystery she seems to them to possess.

I try, however, to explain to myself the cloud of gloomy thought which continually overshadows her brow, the haughty and defiant severity of her look, and the bitter dryness of her words. I ask myself, are these the natural features of a curiously compounded character, or the symptoms of some secret trouble, whether remorse, fear, or love, gnawing that noble heart. No matter how disinterested one may be in the case, it is impossible to help feeling a certain curiosity in the presence of so remarkable a person. Yesterday evening, while old Alain, with whom I am a favorite, was waiting on me at my lonely dinner, I said to him: 'Well, Alain, it has been a fine day; have you had a ride to-day?'

‘Yes, Sir, this morning, with Mademoiselle.’

‘Ah! indeed!’

‘Perhaps Monsieur saw us go by?’

‘Possibly, Alain. Yes, I see you go by sometimes. You look well on horseback, Alain.’

‘Monsieur is too kind. Mademoiselle looks better than I do.’

‘She is a very pretty young lady.’

‘Oh! perfect, Sir; and inside as well as outside, like her mother, I will tell Monsieur something. Monsieur knows that this property belonged formerly to the last Count de Castennec, whom I had the honor to serve. When the Laroques bought the chateau, I confess my heart swelled a little, and I hesitated about staying in the house. I had been brought up with a respect for the nobility, and it cost me a great deal to serve people of no birth. Monsieur may have noticed that I feel a particular pleasure in discharging my duty towards him; it is because I think Monsieur has the ways of a gentleman. Are you quite sure you are not of a noble family, Sir?’

‘I fear I am, my poor Alain.’

‘However, as I was going to tell Monsieur,’ Alain resumed, with a graceful bow, ‘I have learned in the service of these ladies that the nobility of the feelings is as good as the other kind, particularly that of M. le Comte de Castennec, who had a weakness for beating his servants. Still, sir, I say it’s a pity Mademoiselle doesn’t marry a gentleman of good name. Nothing more would be needed to make her perfect.’

‘But it seems to me, Alain, that it depends only on herself.’

‘If Monsieur refers to M. de Bévallan, it really does depend only on herself, for he asked her in marriage six months ago. Madame did not seem much opposed to the marriage, and in fact M. de Bévallan is the richest man in this neighborhood, next to the Laroques; but Mademoiselle, without giving a positive answer, wished to take time to think over it.’

‘But if she loves M. de Bévallan, and can marry him when she pleases, why is she always so sad and abstracted as we see her?’

‘It is a fact, Sir, that Mademoiselle is entirely changed these two or three years. Formerly she was as gay as a bird, and now one would say something is worrying her; but I may say respectfully, that I do n’t think it is love for that gentleman.’

‘You do n’t seem too fond of M. de Bévallan yourself, my good Alain. And yet he is of a good noble family —’

‘That does n’t hinder him from being a rascal, and spending his time in seducing the country girls. And if Monsieur has eyes, he may see that he would n’t mind playing the Sultan in the chateau, in default of any thing better.’

There was a pause of silence; after which Alain continued: 'Pity Monsieur has n't a hundred thousand a year.'

'Why so, Alain?'

'Because——' said Alain, tossing his head thoughtfully.

July 26th.

In the course of the month which has just passed, I have made one friend, and, I think, two enemies. The enemies are Mlle. Marguerite, and Mlle. Héloûin. The friend is an old maid, eighty-eight years old. I fear she is not a compensation.

Mlle. Héloûin, with whom I will settle accounts first, is an ungrateful person. My alleged wrongs to her ought rather to recommend me to her esteem; but she seems to be one of those women who are pretty common in the world, who do not count esteem in the number of the feelings which they care either to inspire or to feel. From the very beginning of my life here, a kind of similarity between the fortunes of the governess and the bailiff, the modest position we each hold in the chateau, had impelled me to form relations of affectionate kindness with Mlle. Héloûin. At all times, I have made it a point to show the interest in these poor girls, which their thankless task, and their precarious situation, at once humiliated and without a future, seem to me to bespeak for them. Mlle. Héloûin is moreover, pretty, intelligent, and accomplished; and, though she spoils it all somewhat by the nervous vivacity of her manner, feverish coquettishness, and slight pedantry, which are the usual mistakes of her situation, I had but little merit, I own, in playing the chivalrous part toward her which I had assigned myself. This part assumed the character of a kind of duty in my eyes, when I perceived, as several warnings had previously suggested to me, that a devouring lion, with the features of king Francis the First, was furtively roaming about my young *protégée*. This duplicity, which does credit to M. de Bévallan's boldness, is carried on under color of friendly familiarity, with a policy and coolness which easily deceive unobservant or unsuspecting eyes. Mme. Laroque and her daughter, especially, are too much strangers to the perversity of the world, and live too far from any reality to feel the shadow of suspicion. As for myself, who am greatly irritated at this insatiable eater of hearts, I took pleasure in spoiling his plans; more than once I have attracted the attention which he sought to appropriate; and I have particularly taken pains to lessen in Mlle. Héloûin's breast that feeling of neglect and isolation, which in general gives so great an advantage to the style of consolation offered her. Have I ever, in the course of this ill-advised contest, gone beyond the delicate bounds of brotherly protection? I do not think so; and the very terms of the short dialogue which has suddenly changed the character of our intercourse,

seem to speak in favor of my reserve. One evening last week we were all taking the fresh air on the terrace. Mlle. Héloûin, to whom it happened that I had occasion to show some particular attention during the day, took my arm gently, and, picking to pieces an orange-flower with her delicate white teeth, said to me, with a little emotion in her voice: 'You are kind, Monsieur Maxime.'

'I try to be, Mademoiselle.'

'You are a true friend.'

'Yes.'

'But what sort of a friend?'

'A true one, as you have said.'

'A friend who loves me?'

'Doubtless.'

'Much?'

'Certainly.'

'Passionately?'

'No.'

At this monosyllable, which I pronounced very distinctly, and followed up by a firm look, Mlle. Héloûin impetuously threw away the orange-flower, and left my arm. Since that unlucky hour, I have been treated with a disdain, which I have not come by dishonestly, and I should most assuredly believe that friendship between the sexes is a delusive feeling, had I not received the very next day a kind of set-off against my mishap.

I had gone to spend the evening at the chateau; two or three families, who had come for a fortnight's visit, had gone away in the morning. I found there none but habitual guests, the curé, the collector, and Doctor Desmarets; and, lastly, General de Saint Cast and his wife, who, like the doctor, live in the adjoining small town. Mme. de Saint Cast, who appears to have brought her husband a handsome fortune, was engaged in lively conversation with Mme. Aubry when I entered. These two ladies understood each other perfectly, as usual; they were celebrating, each in her turn, like two shepherds in a pastoral poem, the incomparable advantage of riches, in language in which elegance of expression vied with elevation of thought. 'You are quite right,' said Mme. Aubry, 'there is but one thing in the world, and that is, to be rich. When I was rich, I despised with all my heart those who were not, and so I find it quite natural now that I should be despised, and I do not complain of it.'

'You are not despised for it, Madame,' returned Mme. de Saint Cast, 'certainly not, Madame; but it is a fact that it makes a tremendous difference whether one is rich or not. The General there knows something about it; he had positively nothing when I married him,

except his sword, and a sword does n't put butter in one's soup, does it, Madame ?'

'No, no, indeed, Madame,' cried Mme. Aubry, applauding this bold metaphor. 'Honor and glory are all very fine in romances ; but I prefer a good carriage, do n't you, Madame ?'

'Yes, certainly, Madame ; that's what I was telling the General this morning as we were on our way here ; eh ! General ?'

'H'm !' grunted the General, who was playing dismally in a corner with the old privateer.

'You had nothing when I married you, General,' Mme. de Saint Cast continued ; 'you do n't think of denying it, I hope ?'

'You've said so already !' the General muttered.

'That does n't alter the fact that but for me you would have to go afoot, General, which would not be pleasant with your wounds. You could n't ride in your carriage with your pension of six or seven thousand francs, my friend. I told him so this morning, Madame, speaking of our new carriage, which is as easy as it is possible for a carriage to be. I paid for it handsomely, though ; it makes four thousand good francs less in my purse, Madame !'

'I can easily believe it, Madame ! My best carriage cost me full five thousand, reckoning in the tiger-skin for the feet, which was worth five hundred by itself.'

'I have been obliged to be a little economical about mine,' returned Mme. de Saint Caste, 'for I have just been re-furnishing my drawing-room, and for carpet and hangings alone it stands me in fifteen thousand francs. That's too good for a hole in the Provinces, you'll tell me, and it's quite true. But the whole town is on its knees before it, and one likes to be respected : is n't it so, Madame ?'

'No doubt one likes to be respected, Madame,' Mme. Aubry replied, 'and one is only respected in proportion to one's money. For my part, I console myself for being no longer respected, by thinking that if I were again what I once was, I should see the people who despise me, at my feet.'

'Except me, damn it !' cried Doctor Desmarets, rising suddenly. 'You might have a hundred millions a year, and you would n't see me at your feet, I give you my word of honor. And so I shall go out into the fresh air, for devil take me if I can breathe here any longer.'

And the worthy Doctor left the room, taking with him my heartfelt gratitude, for he had done me a real service, by comforting my heart, overburdened with indignation and disgust.

Although M. Desmarets is established in the house on the footing of a Saint John Chrysostom, and allowed the greatest freedom of speech, his exclamation was too spirited not to cause the company a feeling

of uneasiness, which resulted in an embarrassed silence. Mme. Laroque broke it skilfully, by asking her daughter if it had struck eight.

'No, mother,' Mlle. Marguerite replied, 'for Mlle. de Porhoët has not comé yet.'

A moment afterwards, as the clock was on the point of striking, the door opened, and Mlle. Jocelynde de Porhoët-Gaël, leaning on Doctor Desmaret's arm, entered the room with astronomical punctuality.

Mlle. de Porhoët-Gaël, who has this year seen her eighty-eighth spring, and looks like a reed preserved in silk, is the last scion of a very noble race, whose earliest ancestors are thought to be discovered among the fabled kings of ancient Armorica. Still the family does not occupy a serious footing in history until the twelfth century, in the person of Juthaël, son of Conan le Tort, issue of the younger branch of the house of Brittany. Some drops of the blood of the Porhoëts have flowed in the most illustrious veins of France, in the Rohans, the Lusignans, the Penthièvres; and these great lords admitted that it was not the least pure of their blood. I remember, when studying one day, in a fit of youthful vanity, the history of the alliances of my family, that I noticed this queer name Porhoët, and that my father, who was very learned in such matters, was very proud of it. Mlle. de Porhoët, now the only one left of her name, would never marry, that she might so preserve as long as possible in the firmament of French nobility the constellation of these magic syllables, Porhoët-Gaël. It chanced that one day some one was speaking in her presence of the house of Bourbon. 'The Bourbons,' said Mlle. Porhoët, plunging her knitting-needle several times into her white wig, 'the Bourbons are a good, noble family; but' (suddenly assuming an air of modesty) 'there are better!'

It is impossible, however, not to do homage to this august old lady, who wears with unexampled dignity the three-fold burdensome majesty of birth, age, and misfortune. An unhappy law-suit, which she has obstinately carried on out of France for fifteen years, has gradually reduced her already very slender fortune; probably she scarcely has an income of a thousand francs left. This distress has taken away nothing from her pride, added nothing of ill-temper; she is cheerful, equable, and courteous; she lives, no one knows how, in her cottage with a small servant, and yet finds means to give a good deal in alms. Mme. Laroque and her daughter have formed an attachment to their noble and poor neighbor, which does them honor; she is in their house the object of an attentive respect, which confounds Mme. Aubry. I have often seen Mlle. Marguerite leave the liveliest dance to make the fourth at Mlle. de Porhoët's game at whist; if Mlle. de Porhoët should miss her whist (five centimes points) for a single day, the world would come to an end. I am myself one

of the old lady's favorite partners, and, on the evening of which I speak, we were not long, the curé, the doctor, and I, before we were seated round the whist-table, opposite, and on each side of the descendant of Conan le Tort.

It is needful to state, that at the beginning of the last century a great-uncle of Mlle. de Porhoët, who was attached to the household of the Duke of Anjou, crossed the Pyrenees in the retinue of the young Prince, afterwards Philip the Fifth, and formed in Spain a prosperous establishment. His direct descendants appear to have become extinct fifteen years ago, and Mlle. de Porhoët, who had never lost sight of her ultramontane relatives, at once declared herself the heir-ess of their property, which is said to be considerable. Her rights were contested, too justly, by one of the oldest houses of Castile, allied to the Spanish branch of the Porhoët family. Thence arose the suit which the unlucky octogenarian prosecutes at great expense from court to court with a perseverance bordering on madness, which causes grief to her friends, and amusement to the indifferent. Doctor Desmarests, in spite of the respect which he professes for Mlle. de Porhoët, does not fail to make common cause himself with the laughers, all the more so that he decidedly disapproves of the use to which the poor woman in fancy devotes her chimerical inheritance, namely, the erection, in the neighboring town, of a cathedral in the finest flamboyant style, which is to disseminate to the end of ages yet to come, the name of the founder, and of a great and vanished race. This cathedral, a dream engrafted on a dream, is the harmless plaything of this aged child. She has had plans drawn for it; she spends her days and sometimes her nights in contemplating its glories, in changing its arrangement by the addition of some ornaments; and she speaks of it as of a building already erected and fit for use:

'I was in the nave of my cathedral; I have noticed something very unbecoming in the north aisle of my cathedral; I have changed the dress of the Swiss,' etc.

'Well, Mademoiselle,' said the Doctor, while shuffling the cards, 'have you been at work on your cathedral since yesterday?'

'Yes, Doctor.' I have even hit upon a very happy idea. I have replaced the dead-wall separating the choir from the vestry, by foliage of carved stone, in imitation of the Clisson Chapel in the church at Josselin. It has a much lighter effect.'

'Yes, to be sure; but what news from Spain, in the mean time? Ah! is it true, as I think I saw in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* this morning, that the young Duke de Villa Hermosa makes you an offer of marriage, by way of settling the suit amicably?'

Mlle. de Porhoët shook, with a disdainful toss of the head, the faded ribbons which stream over her cap, and said: 'I should refuse it flatly.'

‘Oh! yes, you say so, Mademoiselle; but what is the meaning of that sound of a guitar that has been heard several nights under your windows?’

‘Pooh!’

‘Pooh? And that Spaniard in a cloak and yellow boots, who is seen roaming about the neighborhood, and is always sighing?’

‘You are humorous,’ said Mlle. de Porhoët, calmly opening her snuff-box. ‘But if you wish to know, my lawyer wrote to me two days since, from Madrid, that with a little patience we shall no doubt see the end of our troubles.’

‘I think so, indeed! Do you know where he comes from, this lawyer of yours? From Gil Blas’ cave, direct. He will take your last crown from you, and then laugh at you. Ah! if you would only consent just to bury this mad idea, and live in peace! What good would millions do you, come? Are you not happy and respected, and what more do you want? As for your cathedral, I don’t speak of it, because it’s nothing but a bad joke.’

‘My cathedral is a bad joke only in the judgment of bad jokers, Doctor Desmarests; besides, I am defending my right, and fighting for justice; this property belongs to me, I have heard my father say so a hundred times, and it shall never, with my consent, go to people who are really just as much strangers to my family as you, my dear friend, or as Monsieur,’ she added, nodding at me.

I was childish enough to be piqued at the compliment, and at once rejoined: ‘As far as concerns me, Mademoiselle, you are mistaken, for my family has had the honor of being allied to yours, and yours to mine.’

On hearing these audacious words, Mlle. de Porhoët instinctively carried to her pointed chin the cards which were spread like a fan in her hand, and drawing up her thin figure, first looked into my face as if to assure herself of my sanity, then by a superhuman effort regained her composure, and lifting a pinch of Spanish snuff to her nose, said: ‘You will prove that to me, young man.’

Ashamed of my absurd boast, and much embarrassed by the looks of curiosity which she had drawn down on me, I bowed awkwardly without replying. Our whist was finished in gloomy silence. It was ten o’clock, and I was preparing to escape, when Mlle. de Porhoët touched my arm: ‘Will Monsieur the bailiff,’ she said, ‘do me the honor to accompany me to the end of the avenue?’

I bowed again once more, and followed her.

—
July 25th.

WE soon found ourselves in the park. The little servant, in the costume of the country, walked in advance, carrying a lantern; then Mlle. de Porhoët, stiff and silent, holding up in a careful and becom-

ing manner the scanty folds of her silken sheath: she had drily refused the offer of an arm; and I walked on at her side, my head drooping, and much dissatisfied with myself. At the expiration of a few minutes of this funeral march, the old lady said to me: 'Well, Sir, speak, I am waiting. You said that my family was allied to yours, and as an alliance of that kind is an entirely new point in history to me, I shall be much obliged to you if you will be kind enough to clear it up for me.'

I had in secret decided, that I ought at any cost to keep the secret of my incognito. 'Indeed, Mademoiselle,' I said, 'I venture to hope you will overlook a joke, which escaped me in the course of conversation.'

'A joke,' cried Mlle. de Porhoët. 'A fine subject for jokes, indeed. And what name do you give now-a-days, Sir, to jokes courageously levelled at an unprotected old woman, jokes which you would not venture on to a man?'

'Mademoiselle, you leave me no possibility of retreating; it only remains for me now to trust myself to your discreetness. I do not know, Mademoiselle, if the name Champcey d'Hauterive is known to you.'

'I am perfectly acquainted, Sir, with the Champcey d'Hauterives, who are a good, nay, an excellent Dauphiné family. How does that bear on the case?'

'I am at this moment the representative of that family.'

'You!' said Mlle. de Porhoët, coming to a sudden halt; 'you a Champcey d'Hauterive?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle.'

'This alters the case,' said she; 'give me your arm, cousin, and tell me your history.'

I thought it best, in this state of things, just to hide nothing from her. I was ending the painful account of the disasters of my family, when we came before a singularly narrow, low cottage, flanked at one corner by a sort of ruinous tower with pointed roof. 'Come in, Marquis,' said the daughter of the kings of Gaël, stopping on the threshold of her sorry palace; 'come in, I beg.' A moment afterwards I was ushered into a little, dismal parlor, with a brick floor; on the pale tapestry which covered the walls were crowded together half-a-score portraits of her ancestors, robed in ducal ermine; above the mantle-piece sparkled a magnificent time-piece, made of tortoise-shell, inlaid with copper, and surmounted by a group representing the Chariot of the Sun. A few oval-backed arm-chairs, and an old sofa with rickety legs, completed the decoration of the room, in which every thing betokened a severe propriety, and you smelt a powerful odor of iris, Spanish snuff, and sundry other perfumes.

'Sit down,' said the old lady, taking a seat herself on the sofa; 'sit down, cousin; for though in reality we are not related, and can not be so, as Jeanne de Porhoët and Hugues de Champcey, between ourselves, were foolish enough to have no issue, it will be agreeable for me, with your leave, to treat you as a cousin when we are alone, that I may for a moment cheat the painful feeling of my present loneliness. So then, cousin, your position is as you have told me; it is a hard pass, assuredly. Still I will suggest to you a few thoughts which have become habitual with me, and seem to me of a kind to offer you sterling comfort. In the first place, my dear Marquis, I often say to myself, that in the midst of these ignoramuses and old servants whom we see now-a-days riding in their carriages, poverty has an odor of distinction and good taste.

'Besides, I am not far from believing that God has intentionally reduced some of us to straitened circumstances, that this gross, material, gold-seeking age may always have before it, in our persons, a style of worth, dignity, and renown, which owes nothing to gold and material things, which nothing can purchase, which can not be sold! To all appearance, cousin, that is the providential account of your position and mine.'

I testified to Mlle. de Porhoët all the pride I felt at having been chosen along with her to give the world the noble lesson which it needs, and by which it seems so little disposed to profit. Then she resumed: 'For my own part, Sir, I am formed for poverty, I suffer little from it; when one has seen, in the course of a life too long protracted, a father worthy of his name, and four brothers, worthy of their father, fall before their time by the bullet or the steel; when one has seen all the objects of one's affection and devotion perish one after the other; one must needs have a very little soul to be anxious about the plenteousness of the table or the newness of one's dress. Certainly, Marquis, if my personal comfort were alone concerned, you may believe that I should care but little for my Spanish millions; but it seems to me proper, and setting a good example, that a family like mine should not disappear from the earth, without leaving behind it some lasting trace, some striking monument, of its greatness and its faith. Therefore, in imitation of some of my ancestors, cousin, I have formed the idea, and will never renounce it while I live, of the pious foundation of which you have certainly heard!'

After assuring herself of my assent, the old and noble lady seemed wrapped in contemplation, and, while she cast a melancholy glance over the half-effaced portraits of her ancestors, the hereditary time-piece alone broke the mid-night stillness of the dimly-lighted room.

'There will be,' Mlle. de Porhoët suddenly resumed, 'a chapter of

regular canons attached to the service of this church. Every day, in the private chapel of my family, low mass will be said for the repose of my soul, and of the souls of my ancestors. The feet of the officiating priest will tread on a nameless stone, which will form the step before the altar, and will cover my remains.'

I bowed with an emotion of visible respect. Mlle. de Porhoët took my hand and pressed it gently: 'I am not mad, cousin,' she said, 'whatever they may say. My father, who never told me a lie, always assured me that, on the direct descent of our Spanish branch becoming extinct, we alone should have a right to the inheritance; his sudden violent death unhappily did not permit him to give us more exact information on the matter; but not being able to doubt his word, I do not doubt my right. Still,' she added after a pause, and in a tone of touching sadness, 'if I am not mad, I am old, and those people yonder know it well. They have dragged on my case for fifteen years, with all sorts of delays; they are waiting for my death, which will end it all. And you see they will not have long to wait; one of these days, I shall have, I feel, to hear mass for the last time. This poor cathedral, my only love, which had supplied the place in my heart of so many destroyed or crushed affections—it will never have but one stone, and that my tomb-stone.'

The old lady was silent. She wiped away with her emaciated hands two tears which were trickling down her withered cheeks, and then added, with a forced smile: 'Forgive me, cousin; you have plenty of troubles of your own. Excuse it. Beside, it is late; go home, you will compromise me.'

Before going, I once more recommended to Mlle. de Porhoët's discretion the secret which I have been forced to confide to her. She answered me somewhat evasively, that I might make myself easy, she would know how to secure my peace and dignity. Still, in a few days I suspected, by the redoubled attention with which Mme. Laroque honored me, that my worthy friend had repeated my communication to her. Mlle. de Porhoët, in fact, did not hesitate to own it, assuring me that she could do no less for the honor of her family, and that Mme. Laroque was, besides, incapable of betraying, even to her daughter, a secret intrusted to her delicacy.

Still my conversation with the aged lady had left me penetrated with a tender respect, of which I tried to give her proof. The very next evening, I applied all the resources of my pencil to the interior and exterior decoration of her dear cathedral. This attention, to which she showed herself sensible, has gradually assumed the regularity of a habit. Almost every evening, after our whist, I set to work, and the ideal building is enriched with a statue, a pulpit, or a gallery.

Mlle. Marguerite, who seems to pay her neighbor a kind of worship, has been pleased to join in my labor of love, by devoting to the temple of the Porhoëts a special sketch-book which I am to fill.

I further offered my old acquaintance to take my share in the proceedings, researches, and cares of all kinds, which her lawsuit may cause her. The poor woman owned that I did her a service; that, though she still could keep up her correspondence, her weak eye-sight refused to decipher the manuscripts in her collection of documents, and that she had never been willing hitherto to get any help in her work, however important it might be to her case, for fear of giving a fresh handle to the uncivil jokes of the neighbors. In short, she accepts my advice and coöperation. Since then, I have conscientiously studied the voluminous papers in her suit, and remain convinced that the affair, which will be tried some day soon on final appeal, is positively lost already. M. Laubépin, whom I have consulted, shares my opinion, which, however, I shall try to keep from my old friend as long as circumstances will allow. Meantime, I do her a pleasure by ransacking her family archives, in which she is always hoping to find some decisive title in her favor. Unhappily, these archives are very rich, and the little tower is filled with them from roof to cellar.

Yesterday, I went early to Mlle. de Porhoët's, that I might finish before breakfast the examination of bundle Number 115, which I had begun the day before. The mistress of the house not having yet risen, I installed myself quietly in the parlor, with the connivance of the small servant, and set solitarily to my dusty task. After about an hour, as I was perusing with extreme delight the last folio of bundle 115, I saw Mlle. de Porhoët come in, with difficulty dragging along an enormous packet, very neatly covered with white linen. 'Good morning, my good cousin,' she said. 'Learning that you were giving yourself some trouble this morning on my account, I wished to give myself some on yours. Here I bring you bundle 116.'

There is a story somewhere in which an unhappy princess is locked up in a tower, and a fairy, who is a foe to her family, sets her an endless series of out-of-the-way impossible tasks: and I own that just then, in spite of all her virtues, Mlle. de Porhoët seemed to me a near relation of that fairy.

'I dreamed last night,' she continued, 'that this bundle contained the key to my Spanish treasure. You will therefore oblige me greatly by not delaying the examination of it. This labor over, you will do me the honor to partake of a modest repast which I wish to offer, you under the shade of my arbor.'

Accordingly I resigned myself to my fate.

It is needless to say that the lucky bundle 116 contained, like the former ones, nothing but the idle dust of ages. Precisely at noon, the

old lady came to offer me her arm, and led me ceremoniously into a little garden trimmed with box, which forms, with a piece of adjoining meadow-land, all the present domains of the Porhoëts. The table was set under a bower of hornbeams, and the sun of a fine summer's day cast through the leaves a few rainbow-tinted rays on the shining and perfumed table-cloth. I was finishing doing honor to the poulet doré, the fresh salad, and the bottle of old Bordeaux which formed the bill of fare of the banquet, when Mlle. de Porhoët, who seemed delighted with my appetite, turned the conversation to the Laroque family.

'I confess,' she said, 'that the old privateer does not please me at all. I remember when he came here he had a large pet ape, whom he dressed up as a servant, and with whom he seemed to have a perfect understanding. The animal was a real pest in the village, and none but a man of no education or decency could have been so wrapped up in it. They said it was an ape, and I assented; but I really think it was nothing but a negro, all the more as I always suspected his master of having dealt in that commodity on the coast of Africa. The late M. Laroque the younger, however, was a good man, and quite a gentleman. As for the ladies, speaking of course of Mme. Laroque and her daughter, and by no means of the widow Aubry, who is a creature of mean condition; as for the ladies, I say, there is no praise they do not deserve.'

We were at this point when the stately step of a horse was heard in the path which skirts the outer side of the garden-wall. At the same moment, several smart taps were struck on a little door near the arbor.

'Well!' said Mlle. de Porhoët, 'who's there?'

I raised my eyes, and saw a black feather waving over the top of the wall.

'Open!' cried gayly a rich musical voice: 'open, it is the fortune of France!'

'What! is it you, my darling?' cried the old lady. 'Run quickly, cousin.'

In opening the door, I was almost knocked down by Mervyn, who rushed between my legs, and I saw Mlle. Marguerite busy tying the bridle of her horse to the rail of a fence.

'Good morning, sir,' she said, without showing the least surprise at finding me there. Then gathering over her arm the long folds of her riding-habit, she walked into the garden.

'Welcome this beautiful day, my beautiful child,' said Mlle. de Porhoët; 'embrace me. You have been galloping, you young mad-cap; your face is all over a bright purple, and your eyes absolutely flash fire. What can I offer you, my love?'

'Let us see,' said Mlle. Marguerite, giving a glance at the table;

‘what have you there? Has Monsieur eaten every thing? But I’m not hungry, only thirsty.’

‘I certainly shall forbid you drinking in the state you are in; but stop, there are still a few strawberries in that bed.’

‘Strawberries! *O gioja!*’ the young girl cried. ‘Take one of these large leaves quickly, sir, and come with me.’

While I was selecting the largest leaf from a fig-tree, Mlle. de Porhoët half-shut one eye, and with the other followed, with a smile of delight, the proud walk of her favorite down the sun-lit paths.

‘Look at her, cousin,’ she whispered to me; ‘would she not be worthy to be one of us?’

Meanwhile Mlle. Marguerite, stooping over the strawberry-bed, and stumbling at every step on her habit, greeted with a little shout of joy each strawberry as she discovered it. I kept near her, holding the fig-leaf spread out in my hand; and from time to time she would drop into it one strawberry for two which she munched by way of gaining patience. When the harvest was sufficient for her taste, we returned in triumph to the arbor, and what remained of the strawberries was powdered with sugar, and then eaten by the prettiest of pretty teeth.

‘Ah! that does me good!’ said Mlle. Marguerite when she had finished, and threw her hat on a bench, and leaned back against the hornbeam hedge. ‘And now, to make my happiness complete, my dear lady, won’t you tell me some stories of the past, of the time when you were a fair warrior?’

Mlle. de Porhoët, smiling with delight, needed no further entreaty, but drew from her memory the most striking episodes in her bold forays under the Lescures and the Larochejaquelins. I had here a fresh proof of my aged friend’s loftiness of soul, when I heard her pay a passing homage to all the heroes of those gigantic struggles, without distinction of standard. She spoke of General Hoche, especially, whose prisoner of war she had been, with an almost tender admiration. Mlle. Marguerite lent a passionate attention to these stories, that astonished me. Now half-buried in her niche of hornbeam, and her long lashes drooping a little, she showed the immovable repose of a statue; then, as the interest became keener, she leaned her elbows on the little table, and thrusting her fair hand into the waves of her loosened hair, she darted at the old Vendéan the continuous lightning of her looks. I must certainly say that I shall always count among the pleasantest hours in my sorrowful life, those which I spent in watching the reflection of a radiant sky, mingled in that noble countenance with the feelings of a courageous heart.

The story-teller having finished her narration, Mlle. Marguerite embraced her, and waking Mervyn, who was asleep at her feet, she said

she was going back to the chateau. I made no scruple of leaving at the same time, being convinced that I could cause her no annoyance. For apart from the extreme insignificance in the eyes of the rich heiress, both of myself and of my company, a *tête-à-tête* conversation usually is no discomfort to her, her mother having resolutely given her the liberal education which she herself received in one of the British colonies: for the English custom, as is well known, allows women before marriage all the liberty which we sagely grant them from the day when any abuse of it becomes irreparable.

We left the garden together, then; I held the stirrup while she mounted her horse, and we set out for the chateau. After a few paces, she said to me: 'Upon my word, sir, I fancy I disturbed you yonder very unluckily. You were getting on charmingly.'

'It is true, Mademoiselle; but as I had been there a long time, I forgive you, and even thank you.'

'You are very attentive to our poor neighbor. My mother is very grateful to you for it.'

'And your mother's daughter?' said I, laughing.

'Oh! I am not so easily moved. If you want me to admire you, you must have the goodness to wait a little longer first. I am not in the habit of judging lightly of human actions, which generally have two faces. I confess, your conduct towards Mlle. de Porhoët looks well, but—' Here she paused, tossed her head, and continued in a serious, bitter, thoroughly insulting tone. 'But I am not quite sure that you are not paying your court to her in the hope of becoming her heir.'

I felt that I turned pale. Still reflecting on the absurdity of answering this young girl in a hectoring style, I restrained myself and said to her gravely: 'Allow me, Mademoiselle, sincerely to pity you.'

She seemed much surprised. 'To pity me, Sir?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle, allow me to express the respectful pity to which you seem to me to be entitled.'

'Pity!' she said, stopping her horse, and turning toward me her eyes half-shut in disdain. 'You have the advantage of me, for I do not understand you.'

'Yet it is very simple, Mademoiselle: if the loss of faith in goodness, if doubt and deadness of soul, are the bitterest fruits of a long life's experience, nothing in the world deserves more compassion than a heart that is withered by mistrust before it has lived.'

'Sir,' replied Mlle. Larouque, with a vivacity far removed from her ordinary way of speaking, 'you do not know what you are talking about! And,' she added, more sternly, 'you forget to whom you are speaking!'

'True, Mademoiselle,' I replied quietly, with a bow; 'I am speaking

somewhat without knowledge, and I am forgetting somewhat to whom I speak ; but you set me the example.'

Mlle. Marguérite, with her eyes fixed on the tops of the trees that skirted the road, returned with ironical haughtiness : ' Must I ask your pardon ? '.

' Certainly, Mademoiselle,' I replied firmly, ' if one of us two had pardon to ask of the other, it would be you ; you are rich, and I am poor ; you can lower yourself, I cannot ! '.

There was a silence. Her compressed lips, her distended nostrils, a sudden paleness on her forehead, proved the combat that was raging within her. Suddenly lowering her whip as if for a salute — ' Very well ! ' she said, ' pardon ! ' And immediately she gave her horse a fierce cut with the whip, and set off at a gallop, leaving me in the middle of the road.

I have not seen her since.

THE LARK.

Up springs the lark at early morn ;
And, as she soars, her clear shrill song
Is heard upon the dewy air,
In mellowed notes, both rich and rare.

Up, up she darts, until each note
From her sweet warbling tiny throat
Is heard no more, as coursing high,
She seems a speck upon the sky.

And now from hearing and from sight
She roves alone in pure delight :
Chaste emblem of the spirits true,
Who yet their SAVIOUR'S form shall view !

Sing on, sweet bird ! fly higher still,
And with thy song the angels fill ;
For notes like thine, so pure and sweet,
E'en angels may with fondness greet.

And now descend with airy grace
From yonder distant roseate space,
And we will welcome thee in love,
As dew from fairest skies above.

DEIPNOLOGICA VARIOSA.

A GREAT many years ago, when, like Mr. Halleck's Fanny—who must be, if surviving, a positive Sarah of longevity, and like many gentlemen who were my contemporaries in my primitive baldness and toothlessness—I was younger than I am now, and perhaps prettier, my eating was made a part of my moral education: by which I am very far from meaning to say, that any Brillat-Savarin moulded my inchoate palate, or guided my infant gusto. The reader, if his memory of juvenile experiences be reasonably good, will remember several dietetic abominations, which are the peculiar pride of New-England tables; and which, having come into high fashion in those dreary Pilgrim days, when there was nothing else to eat, have been eaten traditionally and from a sense of duty ever since, and not in the least from relish, or the satisfaction which they afford to the inexperienced.

There was at least a propriety in eating pork in default of beef; and the Pythagorean beans, when green peas were wanting; or potatoes, if one could get no cauliflowers; or salt cod, well flooded with the essential oil of pig, if one could compass no provent more salutary or savory; or in drinking sour cider in the absence of Haut Barsac, or St. Julien Medoc. Dwelling among savages, this band of exiles, after they had moored their bark on the wild New-England shore, and had performed the proper devotional exercises, however high their previous taste, were obliged to eat as the savages around them did; and thus to expose themselves to fearful attacks of gripes, and a general disarrangement of that 'raging canawl,' scientifically known as the alimentary, by devouring quantities of the *sickishuog*, or clam, which the ALL-WISE undoubtedly meant for fish-bait, as he meant oats for 'horses and Scotchmen;' or of green corn, which will do occasionally, when the Asiatic cholera is not imminent; or of fish, which must be cured, and is spoiled in the curing. I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do not blame the Puritans for eating of these things, when they had Hobson's choice only; but why it should be thought necessary to celebrate the LORD'S Day by the weekly devouring of these dainties; why persons of wealth should deem it a religious duty to charge themselves with fish-balls well wadded in with chunks of brown-bread, in these times of tender chops and savory steaks; why they stick by beans, which do so fearfully stick by them, with 'the finest market in the world'—I refer to that less imaginatively known as 'Funnel,' and occasionally spoken of as 'Old Funnel,' as if it were a miracle of antiquity—is what I do not comprehend. But I do not find it so difficult to understand the fierce wrath of the Puritan soul, and the turbulent

stomach, when rumor came of the riotous doings of Squire Thomas Morton, formerly of Furnival's Inn, and afterward of Mount Wollaston, otherwise called *Mare-Mount*, or *Merry-Mount*,* and then Mount Dagon. I can imagine the indignation of some saintly but still human Puritan, who had not had a drop of comfortable strong waters for a month, when he heard of the roysterings and revels of the jolly dwellers upon that delectable mountain. The May-pole did not, of course, have a depressing effect upon his gorge; but when he was told of 'ten pound worth of wine and spirits in the morning,' the news was too much for his hissing-hot stomach. So the jovial Thomas was first 'set in the bilbous, and after sent prisoner to England,' where he drank *Rosa Solis* with Ben Jonson, and consoled himself, as so many unhappy gentleman have done, by writing a wrathful little book called 'The New Canaan,' which, in its coat of rusty black, I have seen reposing in its old age upon the shelves of an eminent statesman, who treated it with more respect than he bestowed upon many a stately folio — causing it to be continually dusted with great tenderness, and to be sedulously protected from the mauraudings of moths, and the light fingers of bibliomaniacs. Nor does it seem that our Puritan friends, whenever there happened to be policy in it, disdained to do as Master Morton did; and with profound philosophy, to find the Indian heart through the Indian stomach; the favor of many a truculent warrior being secured by judicious presents of tobacco, of beer, and of mugs from which to drink it. In this way was the Sachem Chickatabot partially disarmed; and when the advantage was followed up by a present of pantaloons made after the English fashion, the stern warrior at once joined the Peace Society, or at least contented himself with scalping his rival red-skins, who had shown themselves proof against the blandishments of British breeches. Unfortunately Mr. Thomas Morton mixed gunpowder with his donative rum; an operation which is traditionally declared to have had a marvellously encouraging effect upon the brave tars of the frigate 'Constitution,' but which, however excellent the ingredients, could not have rendered the Massachusetts aborigines particularly pleasant neighbors.

The truth is, your Englishman has a natural, although I admit a not over-delicate appreciation of creature comfort, and goes about the world conquering and to conquer, with a sword in one hand, a spit in the other, and the formula in his pocket for melted butter — that sole sauce which Voltaire placed in startling antithesis to the hundred Anglican religions. There is a coarse passage in 'Venice Preserved' which positively declares, if an Englishman be furnished with beef,

* THOMAS himself spells it *Mare-Mount*; and I incline to the belief, that he meant Sea-Mount, or Sea-View, and not Merry-Mount at all.

a sea-coal fire, and one other comfort, which we cannot name to ears polite, that he will be ready for all manner of treasons and conspiracies. Indeed, it is curious to notice how much eating and drinking there is in the English drama, and how small a figure these accomplishments make in the plays of other languages. In Colman's 'Inkle and Yarico,' when Mr. Trudge is left in the wilderness, with the usual stage propriety, he sings a comic song — not at all comical — in which, after a touching allusion to 'the gay chop-house signs' of London, he warbles after this fashion :

'For a neat slice of beef I could roar like a bull ;
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.'

It will be found, indeed, that the highest as well as the lowest English literature has a dietetical squint. I am not about to say that this is, *ex necessitate*, coarse or animal ; and, if I should say so, every one who has read the sensuous reverberations of Milton, or his softer but still epicurean sonnets, might encounter and vanquish me in a 'veni-vidi-vici'-ous way. But every where, in the best and in the worst company, one sees how much the kitchen has done for all writers ; or failing the cook, how much the tapster has accomplished. 'Tis the same in tragedy or in comedy, and 't is not wanting even in the records of religion. You may miss it in Aaron Hill's frigid reproductions of French tragedy, but you do not miss it in the rantpole interludes (which are emphatically Hill's own) sung between the acts of 'Zara,' and intended to fit French claret for English stomachs, by giving it a dash of brandy ; and in which 'He' tells 'She,' that men

— 'dream not that eating will appetite tire.'

In 'High Life below Stairs,' one of the cleverest farces of the last century, the offence of the servants is, that they have, at their master's expense, 'had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble Port to imperial Tokay.' There is a rivulet of wine running upon its sparkling course, from the beginning to the end of Congreve's matchless comedies. Valentine plies Trapland the scrivener, who comes to arrest him, with wine, and 'cannot talk about business upon a thirsty palate,' and plies him to the good purpose of a reprieve from arrest. All the metaphors of the play shoot in that direction. Sir Sampson Legend complains that his spendthrift son 'has organs of digestion and concoction large enough for a cardinal ;' and goes on, in his grief and wrath, to inquire : 'Why was I not a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws ?' How charmingly, to refer again to Milton, is Comus described :

'OFFERING to every weary traveller
His Orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drought of PHÆBUS.'

This is a different affair, of course, from the maudlin fun of Sir John Vanburgh's 'Provoked Wife,' in which Col. Bully sings some things which we cannot quote, and this which we can and will, because it is a fair specimen of English bibulosity fairly run to senseless seed, and of what our ancestors chanted in their cups, to be found in old song-books, now very rare, which once lay in the window-seat beside 'Hale's Pleas of the Crown,' 'Burns's Justice,' and 'Tusser's Husbandry'—*sic* sang Bully :

'WE'RE gayly yet, we're gayly yet,
And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet :
Then sit ye awhile, and tipple a bit,
For we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet.'

This charming canticle so delights Sir John Brute, that he incontinently declares, that he 'would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence;' and concludes by exclaiming, as well as his thick tongue will let him : 'No morality—and damn the watch ! And let the constable be married !' And so he goes out, like a true gentleman, reeling drunk, to encounter the citizens airing themselves of a Sunday night, with this pious declaration : 'He that says Sir John Brute is not as drunk, and as religious as the drunkenest citizen of them all, is a liar.' In the touching letter which announces the death of Sir Roger de Coverley to the Club, we are told that he, first of all, 'lost his roast-beef stomach.' And in contrast to this homely touch, is the vigorous Bacchanalian pard-like ferocity of honest Nat. Lee's 'Alexander.' How he rolls out, after his flourish of trumpets, into the merely mortal ears of Perdiccas, Cassandra, and the rest :

—— 'WHILE the bowl goes round,
MARS and BELLONA join to make us music :
A thousand bulls be offered to the sun,
White as his beams ; speak the big voice of war ;
Beat all our drums, and sound our silver trumpets ;
Provoke the gods to follow our example
In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder.'

This is extravagance ; but it is at least superb extravagance. Even in protesting against luxury, it is curious to notice how luxurious the English dramatists grow. In 'the Chances,' by Beaumont and Fletcher, the Duke cries out :

—— 'is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pampered,
Would choose luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirits ; send his soul out
In sugar-sops and sirups ?'

which half-converts one to sensuality, like ——'s last novel against *crim. con.*, or Mrs. Flamingo's 'Poems of Passion,' recently collected. There is a mad merriment in the later comic dramatists, which might

almost make an epicurean of St. Simon Stylites; and of these, Farquhar pleases one the best, because he is the most cleanly. We take hugely to honest Sergeant Kite enticing the bumpkins 'round the Wrekin,' with 'a purse of gold,' and 'a tub of humming ale,' 'to pull down the French king,' who of course is contemptible, partly because he is a tyrant, and partly because he eats frogs. The gallant Sergeant, when asked, 'What induced him to turn soldier?' replies: 'Hunger and ambition.' The answer has the merit of truthfulness, and moreover, puts one in mind of Falstaff's exquisite: 'What! a young knave, and beg? Is there not wars? is there not employment?' I suppose, by the way, that all lovers of Shakspeare have remarked what a fine aroma there always is of the tap-room and the kitchen, when Sir John trundles in with his roguish tail of followers. The very smell of larder and cellar exhales from the printed page, and the breath of beer and sack comes up to us from sightless flagons. The metaphors are of meat, and the tropes all seem to jump from the durance of tankards. All Eastcheap sings:

'Nunc congregatum nobis est,
Edendum et bibendum.'

There is Corporal Nym's sword, which is 'a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese.' Bardolph, to make friends, will 'bestow breakfast.' As for the Knight himself, he is always talking like the cleverest and wittiest of cooks or of drawers. The Prince is 'a sneak cup,' but he has a Roland for that Oliver, and Sir John is 'my sweet beef.' Hal says to his 'fat friend' in another place: 'What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day, unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons,' etc. If a very hungry man can thrive without cost, and snub his own impecuniosity by sniffing the steam of a cook-shop, surely some fasting scholar in his heavenly attic might find a feast for an emperor in the fat sentences and oozing wit of Sir John Falstaff, while gentlemen and ladies of the vegetarian persuasion might eat 'much good, dry oats' and 'a bottle of hay—good, sweet hay'—with Bottom.

Since it came into fashion either to take no note of the unquestionable fact that we have, even in these our most mortal and contemptible, bodies, stomachs, spleens, and omentums, and pyloric orifices and chymes, stimulating our duodenums and our livers, and peristaltic machinery, and all that sort of thing: or to remember these facts, only to see with how much success we can mortify our inward forces into flat revolt and a perpetual jostle—since, I say, all this came into fashion, nobody is allowed to speak of what he eats, unless he pleases to eat like the beasts that perish; and then he may make an immense noise in private circles, or, upon his personal responsibility, convoke a convention. When a man has lived for two years upon saw-dust and

molasses, he considers that circumstance of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the newspapers, or even in the monthly magazines; and he will be more than usually modest if he calls no convention to pass five-and-twenty resolutions upon the subject of his successful starvation, and to present him with a silver pudding-stick. Another gentleman, who has scorned stint, and who has consulted no table to discover that wild-turkey is digested in two hours and eighteen minutes, while the domestic bird requires two hours and twenty-five minutes; who does not know how his food is introduced into his stomach, and has not the least notion what is done with it after it gets there; who eats partly that he may drink, and who 'drinks liquor' (as they say in New-England) of the best accessible vintage: this good liver, I say, albeit upon his genial barbarities he grows stalwart and jolly and contented and benevolent, never thinks of writing to the editors—for which they are much obliged to him—and attends no conventions save those of the political party of which he is probably an ornament and valuable defender. He is discredibly vigorous, has a most infamous chance of achieving longevity, and will probably be ingloriously lamented by his friends, who will send him to his dishonored tomb without deeming it to be at all needful to glorify and magnify themselves upon the occasion of his exit.

For my own part, whenever I am engaged in any research, biographical, historical, geographical, or ethnological, I invariably experience great inward comfort and refreshment from what I may call the edibilities and potabilities of literature. When I was a boy, I read the life of Abyssinian Bruce, and the fact which stuck in my tender memory was that, when other provision was unattainable, he ate raw beef-steaks 'cut from a living cow.' In 'Poor Robin's Intelligencer,' London, 1675, I find an enterprising victualler of Moregate advertising the same thing, save that he cooked the beef after he cut it, for which I sincerely trust that he was taken to the Compter, or compelled to flee into Alsatia. My ancestors, or at least one of them, had the honor to be sent to Leicester jail, with George Fox; and I am pleased to learn that George, rather than buy beer of the inhuman jailer, extemporized a decoction of wormwood, which answered well enough for those who found sin and perdition in drinking healths. There was a certain Wiltshire parson, one John Fox, who, being of the Presbyterian faith, was sometimes mistaken for George, and who uttered this most unchristian sentiment, when charged with preaching for hire, 'Fill my belly with good victuals, then call me false prophet, or what you will, or kick me about the house if ye will'—to the intense disgust of the true and original Fox, who records the dreadful admission with becoming indignation. But if George was an anchorite at the table, his present representatives, particularly in the agricultural

regions of Pennsylvania, have bravely apostatized. But how refreshing is it to meet a great one in his cups, or a hero at his trencher: Domitian, dining so heartily that he had no stomach for his supper; Vitellius sitting down to a banquet of two thousand fish and seven thousand birds, with his centre-piece of 'The Shield of Minerva' made of 'the brains of peacocks and the livers of fishes'; Nero, with 'his big belly and slender legs'; fierce, hungry emperors snatching meat from the altar; of Masaniello, whose life has been so musically rendered by Mons. Auber, letting his beloved country go to the bow-wows, while he drank Lachrymæ Christi to the extent of 'twelve bottles before breakfast'; of Ferdinand asking his uncle, the Admiral Henriquez, 'to stop and dine, for they had a chicken for dinner'; of Charles at Yuste, with his 'potted capon before he arose, served with sugar, milk, and spices — after which he went to sleep again' — dining at noon, and dining again after vespers, sending leagues upon leagues for sausages of a particular kind, and then reduced *cheu!* to a mess of 'barley water, the yelks of eggs, and senna-wine'; of George IV. brewing Regent's Punch; and of the amiable Victoria over the domestic muffin; of King (*sartoris gratia*) Brummell begging biscuit in his banishment, of soft-hearted pastry cooks; of Napoleon at St. Helena, walking every morning, with his silver cup in his hand, to drink from his favorite spring; and of Gen. Andrew Jackson smoking a corn-cob pipe, and smashing the United States Bank at the same instant. And the Kings of Letters eat and drink in a way which is equally entertaining. Milton was not a gourmand, but many passages in his poems prove that he was an epicure. Bacon lost his life by catching cold in making an antiseptic experiment of stuffing a fowl with snow. Swift got a headache for life by eating stone-fruit at Sir William Temple's. James Thomson devoured the sunny side of peaches which he was too indolent to pluck. Steel, as a palliation of his playing truant, sends his wife a present of walnuts. Dr. Johnson threatened to write a cook-book which should drive Mrs. Glasse out of the market, and loved Mrs. Thrale because she gave him 'roast veal stuffed with plums.' And to crown all, when the noble and illustrious Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., collected those immortal works which are called 'Salmagundi,' did he not place upon the title-page this extract from the great Psalmanzar, namely:

'In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum'?

which being interpreted metrically, by Pindar Cockloft, Esq., signifieth:

'With baked and boiled and stewed and toasted,
And fried and broiled and smoked and roasted,
We treat the town.'

And is there any thing in this delicious book more affecting than the death of 'the Little Man in Black'? 'He pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate, my grand-father understood that the harmless stranger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger.' I quote a passage which every body must remember, because, alas! how many years ago, I was wont to weep over it, particularly about the blessed Christmas-time, when I was usually in a condition of turkey and pudding proper for its appreciation. Irving, like all sensible men, does not despise deipnological aid. Witness the glorious supper which preceded the dreadful catastrophe of Mr. Ichabod Crane — which may not have been a banquet for gods, but was certainly something better — a banquet for men! It would take us a pretty time, I fancy, to grow fat upon ambrosia and nectar; and talking of nectar, let us end by remembering pretty Evangeline — gentle, black eyed Evangeline — fair, in sooth,

'WHEN in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon-tide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.'

But it is time to rise from our humble repast. '*Nunc est bibendum!*' This glass only to dear memories — to those who will no more gather about the old domestic board with gladsome sun-rise shining in every face; to the brave and true and generous who once rang their empty glasses upon the hospitable mahogany, when life was young and hearts were hopeful, and we had not tasted the fennel in the cup! The lights are all extinguished — the dust of time has dried the wine which was spilled from the tossing flagons; there are no flowers now upon those stricken brows! Here in my chamber I call you, dear friends of youth and manhood! I call, but you 'answer not again.' And so, since I must drink only to what is left of the wealth of life, I call with Christopher Sly, 'for a pot of small ale.' Away with 'sack-cups' and 'conserves' — 'a pot of small ale!'

A SCHOOLMASTER TO HIS WIFE;

WHO TOOK AN APPLE FROM HIS NECK.

YOUR mother Eve an apple stole,
But ate it not alone:
She gave a part to that dear soul
Of which she was the bone.

I'd have my Eve at least as kind:
I therefore beg, dear Madam,
You will another apple find,
And send it to your ADAM.

Y O U N G A M E R I C A .

WALKING to-day, I chanced to meet,
 Sauntering along the crowded street,
 Eyeing with cool, impertinent stare
 The butterfly ladies who fluttered there,
 Swinging a cane with nonchalant air,
 And now and then smoothing the silky hair
 Which grows on his chin and shadows his lip,
 A genuine Young American chip
 Of that antique block, which we, in this free
 And happy Republic, all agree
 Was the toughest and best, from surface to core,
 That any country or age e'er bore.

Twenty summers have passed o'er his head
 With almost imperceptible tread :
 Twenty summers ; and yet he is older,
 In many things, than his grand-papa ;
 Older in sin, at least, by far :
 And as to his manners — no granite boulder
 Ever began to suggest such age
 As our hero, whose portrait graces this page !
 Of course he has travelled far and wide —
 Exhausted the planet in fact — and tried
 Excitements enough, and 'seen them all through,'
 (That is, if his own report be true,)
 To have killed, dear reader, a dozen like you.
 Of trips to Paris and London he chatters
 As lightly and glibly, as if such matters
 Were nothing more, upon my soul,
 Than taking a leisurely morning stroll !
 Of the former city, the tales he tells
 Of its jolly grisettes and gambling-hells,
 Are enough to make the sensible pair —
 To whom he owes, what he never pays,
 Honor and love — for the rest of their days
 Repent in sackcloth and ashes the hour
 That gave him birth. Yet how he would stare,
 If that highly respectable couple should dare
 O'er him, their graceless son and heir,
 Assert the right of parental power !

It's hardly worth while to describe his clothes,
 For they change as often as comes and goes
 The fashion of hat, coat, pants, and vest,
 In the latest of which he is always dressed.

For example, last month his spindle-legs,
 In the style of trowsers then all the go,
 As the fashion-plates of that period show,
 Were as well defined as a thorough-bred nag's :
 To-day they are hidden in pants that, like pegs,
 Are wide at the top and narrow below,
 Where they rest on his boots ; and exactly so
 Of his tight-fitting coats, which are now mere bags.
 Obeying a similar modish freak,
 The turn-down collar he wore last week
 Has given place to a narrow band,
 Smooth and white as a lady's hand,
 But glossy and stiff, and standing up
 Like the rim of a fine white porcelain cup.
 From his hunting-case COOPER-watch depends
 A chatelain enamelled with blue —
 Something of course *recherche* and new :
 A pretty match for the glittering thing
 He wears on his finger — a diamond ring,
 That cost (HEAVEN help him, if ever he feel
 What it is to know the want of a meal !)
 As much as many a poor man spends
 For bread and clothes the whole year through !

But what does he do, from morning till night ?
 What does he read, or what does he write ?
 Surely, you 'll say, a man with health,
 And plenty of what the world calls wealth,
 Must play some part in the complex plan
 Which aggregates individual man.
 I 'll answer the question : What does he do ?
 Why, he meets a friend, and ' puts him through : '
 Which means persuading a fellow-being
 To drink till he 's past all hearing or seeing :
 In other words, getting him ' tight,' or ' blue.'
 What does he do ? Why, for hours he plays
 On a table covered with something like baize,
 With the ' white and the red,' and a ' twelve-ounce cue,'
 Making caroms and pocketing balls,
 Just as other young gentlemen do :
 And when such pleasant pastime palls,
 He ' fights the tiger,' and loses a V,
 Swallows a drink, and complains of *ennui* !
 Of course the opera claims his care,
 And every night you may see him there ;
 Not, though, as if he had come to stay,
 And enjoy the thing in a sensible way —
 Which might look as if he was n't *blasé* —
 But lounging about, with his hat in his hand,

Like the man Dr. JOHNSON met in the Strand ;
And standing up, and looking around,
As though he were deaf to every sound,
Sometimes he 'll lean by an open door,
With his killing eyes cast down to the floor,
(As much as to say the whole thing is a bore,)
Tapping his boot with his slender cane,
And hanging his sinister thumb on the chain
Of gold and blue, which I've mentioned before :
And all for what ? Why, just to make
The heart of some dear little damsel quake
With tender emotion, perhaps to break,
As how many others have done for his sake !
For to him it is perfectly clear that no woman,
Who is neither more nor less than human,
Could stand, if he did n't choose to be kind,
The shock of his presence, unless she were blind,
Without losing forever the peace of her mind !

For the music he does n't care a pin,
And would call it a mere infernal din,
If he dared to speak as he thinks ; but he swears,
As a matter of course, that he's ravished with airs,
Which might as well be 'Sich a Gittin' up Stairs,'
Or 'The Old Folks' at Home,' for all he cares.
But the thing that, in the slang of the town,
Makes him 'cave in,' or 'takes him down,'
Is to see a pink-limbed ballet-girl
Spinning about in a muslin whirl,
With her leg raised above the line of her knees
To an angle of ninety-five degrees,
Till all of a sudden she comes to a stop,
And tumbles down like a humming-top !

The opera over, the lights all fled,
(Or the gas turned off) and the 'garlands dead,'
He goes — but I may not follow him in
To his next resort — the maelstrom of sin,
Within whose horrible vortex of foam
Is whirling the pride of many a home !
And so we must leave our hero there,
To revel amid the glitter and glare
Of that pestilent, poisonous, vicious lair !
There, among those who are known by a name
Which to utter, would flush the cheek with shame ;
(Human flowers, once fair to the eye,
Now broken and soiled, and forever thrown by,
To flaunt for a while, then wither and die !)
There, in that room where the tempting snares

Which the mind of the cunning upholsterer plans —
 Such, for instance, as sumptuous chairs,
 Luxurious sofas and soft divans,
 In the renaissance style of Louis Quatorze —
 Are strewn o'er the velvet-carpeted floors :
 There, in that room which he knows so well,
 With its curtains of crimson brocatelle,
 There, in that ante-chamber of Hell !

And here, having brought him to that bad place,
 As a lawyer would say, I rest my case,
 And will only indulge in a single remark,
 (As I once heard an orator say in the Park,
 Who having indulged — in brandy and water —
 Spoke on for at least an hour and a quarter :)
 My readers, I've sketched with a feeble pen,
 Or tried to, one of our fast young men ;
 They're common enough, as you'll all allow,
 (Too common, alas !) and supposing you now
 To ask me what I am driving at,
 I'll answer the question plain and flat :
 Our young Republic, as all are agreed,
 Of which our forefathers planted the seed,
 Has grown to a noble tree indeed.
 But have n't you heard that a worthless weed,
 If allowed to increase, as weeds always do,
 Especially in a soil that is new,
 Is apt, by exhausting the earth round its roots,
 To injure a tree, and impair its fruits,
 Just like too many suckers and shoots ?
 Why, of course you have ; then do n't, if you please,
 (I would beg it upon my bended knees,)
 At the danger I've hinted, cry ' Phsaw,' or ' Fudge !'
 For remember, that in this land of ours,
 Of equal rights and coequal powers,
 The fast young man, whom you no doubt despise,
 In these days of political fraud may rise ;
 Is a possible President, yea, and a Judge !
 And remember, besides, that public worth
 From private virtue should have its birth ;
 That you can't, as I need n't tell you in verse,
 From the ear of a sow make a silken purse.

AUNT PATTY AND HER NIECES.

'FATHER, I have brought you a letter from brother Edward,' was the exclamation of Ellen Redford, as she bounded into the quiet parlor where her parents were seated. She waited, hat in hand, to hear its contents. The spectacles were placed with the deliberation of age, the page slowly perused, and the fact announced that Edward was to be with them the following evening. Ellen skipped up-stairs, threw her arms around her sister's neck and kissed her, exclaiming: 'It is two years next month since I have seen him; never such a separation before since we were born.'

They continued their sisterly conversation until the light had faded in the west, and then repaired to the parlor. Lucy requested to see Edward's letter. When she had read it, she observed: 'You did not tell me, Ellen, that Henry Errington was coming with Edward.'

'I did not know it; I only heard the main fact, and ran up to tell you. And pray, who is Henry Errington? I never heard of him.'

'He is Edward's particular friend,' said Lucy. 'He spoke to me of him often when he was here last summer. He is engaged in the same business, and lives in the same house with Edward. I thought I had mentioned him to you.'

'Never, and I hope he may not prove a restraint to us.'

'Certainly not. Edward would not bring him if he thought he would be an ungenial companion to us.'

The mother was on 'hospitable thought intent,' and had planned much to make the house agreeable to her son and his friend. The spare rooms were to be aired and decorated, and sundry nice things for the table prepared by the ladies themselves, while their single domestic was employed in the more servile offices. Before the next evening the house looked as pleasant as order, white curtains, and flowers could make it. True, it was neither new nor fashionable, but took an air of comfort and refinement from its inmates.

The father was most happy in the anticipation of again seeing his only son, and his evening devotion was warmer than usual, and the hymn in which all the family joined, one of praise and thanksgiving. The following day was actively employed in appropriate duties, and the afternoon found all the ladies nicely dressed, and waiting for their guests. The reception of the son and brother was warm and tender—of the friend, cordial and kind. The evening passed in that familiar chat which has such deep interest for attached relatives.

Sunday morning came—how pure and beautiful! how still and serious! how full of holy thought and sweet resolve! The poets have

smg it, the weary have blessed it, and those who have a hard lot yet welcome the day of rest, and feel that they may go with the prosperous to the house of God. The Redford family were prepared to attend divine service, when an elderly woman rode into the yard on horseback and round to the back-door.

'There comes Aunt Patty,' said Edward, and rushed out to meet her.

A rather loud voice exclaimed: 'Hallo, Ned, where did you come from? I had not thought of seeing you.'

'I came from New-York, Aunt, and should have been much disappointed not to see you, for I know you go to meeting as sure as the bell rings.'

The lady jumped from her horse, secured it, and made rather long steps through the kitchen, but when she arrived at the parlor-door was surprised to see a stranger, shortened her foot-steps, and drew up a little. Lucy presented Mr. Errington to Miss Redford. She dropped a little courtesy, and said in a softened tone: 'I hope I see you pretty well, Sir.'

After the usual greetings, her brother asked: 'Sister Patty, how came you to ride on horseback this morning? I thought Burr always drove you to meeting in the wagon.'

'He does a'most always, brother, but we have had a hard week's work up at the great hill this week. We got the last of the hay in last night; Jonathan, Davy, and another man that was hired, were all as tired as dogs; it was night when they drove the last load on to the barn-floor, and I told them not to pitch off till Monday morning. Grand hay-times, not a lock wet; and I am thinking them hay-cocks I have seen out as I came along to meetin' may get a duckin' before to-morrow mornin', for there's pillary clouds in the south-west a'ready.'

'I am glad, Patty, you have had such luck with your hay.'

'Partly luck and partly care. I was up every mornin' last week by day-dawn; called 'em all; got all the chores dun, and a lot of grain mowed while the dew was on. Made Hannah and Davy do the millin', and got the coffee ready myself; I do n't always give 'em coffee, but I think they ought to have it when they're mowin'.

'You're right, Patty, to consider your people.'

'Yes, I mind them, and then they mind me; and that's what I like. Now, I told Jonathan this morning that he need not tackle the hoss, nor come to meetin', I'd ride down, and Hannah should read to him in the Bible an' hymn-book, and that are printed sarmon you lent me last Sunday. He liked the plan right well, but Davy would not miss the Sunday-school. He had on his Sunday clothes, and run down an hour ago.'

Aunt Patty having explained her own condition, made sundry inquiries of them all, and when the bell rang was ready to go with them to public worship. She had a pew of her own, and some of her neighbors cast looks of inquiry to know why Jonathan Burr and wife were not there as usual, but she did not mind that. She attended to her own business, and thought others should do the same.

Lucy and Ellen were of the choir, and sat in the gallery; Edward and his friend with the father and mother. The preacher was of the old time. A prayer, commencing with many long words, and closing with faith and hope. The sermon was divided into many sections, and was on the whole somewhat tedious. But Parson Fisher was a good man, beloved of his people, and they called him a sarching preacher, and loved to have him at weddings and by their sick-beds, because he sympathized with them.

The intermission was short. A slight refreshment occupied the time, and the afternoon service was like that of the morning. After the exercises of the day were closed, they had a good dinner, with the addition of tea, and the young men proposed a walk when it was over, and invited the ladies to accompany them. Lucy decidedly declined, saying: 'That father always read to them at that hour, and would feel hurt if they went out.'

Ellen chafed a little under this privation, but submitted. The gentlemen went without them.

One day all four of them made a pleasant excursion to a distant mountain on horseback. A noble panorama was spread out before them, embracing the whole circle of the horizon. A part of the ride was through the native forest, with tall trees and much perishing vegetation beneath. Sometimes a carpet of mosses, sometimes ferns; and here and there an old tree had fallen, and left its length to decay in solemn stillness. Here the rabbits peered out fearless on the passenger, and the wild birds rang their notes unmolested.

Some of these scenes were passed silently, the majesty of nature lifting the heart in worship to the CREATOR. Once the sun-light fell on a dancing brook as it fled through rocks and by the roots of trees: here they stopped, and Edward added his fun and the others their laughter to the rushing water. At the top of the mountain they lingered until the lengthening shadows reminded them of night-fall, and they reluctantly mounted to return.

The next Sunday Aunt Patty was driven to meeting, and left a particular invitation that all should take tea with her on Wednesday. The great hill was about two miles north of the village, the place occupied by Aunt Patty being on its southern slope. The farm had been large, and a portion of it sold for other heirs. Patty occupied the old house, kept it in repair, and shared with Jonathan Burr, his

wife, and son David, the dwelling which had once accommodated a large family. Jonathan was not a smart man, but industrious and obedient, doing without fail whatever Miss Patty told him to do. Hannah likewise obeyed her, and taught her child to do the same. In the neighborhood Miss Patty was undisputed queen, and had a number of dry subjects of the lower order, who shared her pride and her affections.

To this abode the Redford family and their guests repaired early on a bright summer afternoon. The house was duly decorated to receive them. The best parlor was aired, the chimney-corner filled with asparagus gone to seed, and along with its red berries were pinned a number of holly-hocks of different colors. The table was ornamented with marigolds and china-asters. The chairs, whose seats had been wrought by her grand-mother in tent-stitch, were uncovered, and the sampler she had marked in her childhood was framed and hung over the chimney; its date disclosed Aunt Patty's age to be sixty-two. The windows of the room looked over the home fields and the wide valley; and although not near other dwellings, the smoke was seen rising from too many farm-houses to make it seem solitary even in winter. When summer smiled, it had a look of plenty and happiness. Here Aunt Patty welcomed her guests with true hospitality.

After the greetings were over, she remarked: 'That these were the first chany-oysters that had blossomed in her garden this summer.'

Edward said that he had often eaten the vegetable-oyster, but did not know that there were flower-oysters.

'You did,' said Aunt Patty, 'you've seen the chany-oysters in my garden ever since you wore petticoats, and you need not pretend you have forgot 'em.'

Edward smiled, and said he did forget many things, but knew he ought to remember the great hill and all that grew there, from the maple trees to the chick-weed.

Lucy asked to see the dairy, and Aunt Patty led the way to a very clean room, with shelves in it, on which were cheeses. 'You see, Lucy, I have thirty cheeses. I began to make cheese five weeks ago, and have made every day except Sunday. Sunday's milk I save for table-butter. I laid down six tubs of butter before I began to make cheese. The cheeses are smaller than we had in former days, but they are big enough for me to lift. In going to the dairy they passed a room that had a loom in it, where Hannah was weaving.

'I did not know,' said Edward, 'that any body wove at home in these manufacturing days.'

'I always do,' replied Patty, 'and mean to as long as I live. Hannah raises some flax every year, Hannah and I spin linen in the long spring days, and she weaves summer afternoons when she is not too tired.

Our sheets and towels wear four times as long as those made of the flax that is torn to rags by machinery before it's made into cloth. And I spin wool too sometimes. It's healthy throwing out your arms and walking back and forth to the wheel.'

'Edward said he should like to see the old sugar-orchard where he had drunk so much sap when a boy. They walked among the noble old trees which still gave ample shade, although they had so often been robbed of their sweets in the spring-time. From the sugar-orchard they looked over a fence into a rocky pasture, which had a pond in it; on this pond swam a white flock. 'What handsome geese you have, Miss Redford,' said Mr. Errington.

'Not a goose among them,' said Aunt Patty, 'every one ganders.'

'Then you will have no goslings to eat.'

'I don't want any; never liked them. I keep them for feathers, and ganders give most feathers.'

'And pray how do you get the feathers if you do not kill them?'

'Jonathan picks the feathers three times every summer. Just puts their heads into a stocking, sets on a block on the barn-floor, and picks their breasts into a basket.'

'I should think it would hurt them very much,' said Errington.

'I do n't think it does,' said Patty, 'they do n't squeak much; and I have a fine bag of feathers every fall to sell.'

On their return, they overtook Davy driving home the cows. Aunt Patty gave the history of Dolly, her favorite animal, and said: 'She was the best of the bunch, gave her pail of milk every night all summer.' They were then shown the home-lot, where two nice calves were feeding, that she told them she was raisin'; and, last of all, the orchard and garden, where were many nice vegetables, beside the famous flowers already mentioned. The bees likewise had a row of hives near the garden-gate. Miss Patty warned them not to go too near; as the bees did not like strangers, though they were fond of her, and never touched her. They stood some time at a little distance, to see the bees come slowly home with laden wings.

They had their tea, cakes, dried-beef, honey in the comb, and maple-sugar, in time to go home at sun-down, because Aunt Patty kept early hours, and they would not intrude upon her habits. Before they went, she bade Hannah see that Davy's face and hands were clean, and make him come in to see the ladies and gentlemen. The visit was made, and when he retired, Miss Patty said: 'He was a capital scholar: she had no doubt he'd be a school-master before he died, or may be a representative.' 'Or it may be,' said Edward aside to Lucy, 'he will be President of the United States.'

David was Aunt Patty's hero: he was born in her house: the only

child of Jonathan and Hannah ; and although she thought his parents would 'sartainly spile him,' she did her own share of the petting.

The visit had evidently given great satisfaction, as Patty really loved her brother and his family better than any thing in the world, except the great hill, and what belonged there. After their return, they seated themselves for conversation, and Edward said : 'Mother, Aunt Patty is certainly quite a smart woman : what could have been the reason she did not marry when she was young ?'

'When Patty was young,' the mother replied, 'she was not handsome : she was tall and gaunt. Perhaps she did not look as well for her age as she does now ; but that was not all. Patty was your grand-father's youngest child, and she had great liberty ; and as she was naturally wilful, she grew up to do and say exactly what she pleased. I think her determined manner, and her decided no, was a greater objection to her in the eyes of men, than her want of good looks. I never heard that she had an offer, until after your grand-father's death. Her neighbor, Simon Cooley, bought half of the farm, and offered to Patty. She suspected he wanted the remaining acres ; and had determined to have her own way the rest of her life, and knew she could not govern Simon.'

'But I thought, mother, that women did govern the household sometimes.'

'Perhaps they do, but not when they announce the intention before hand. Aunt Patty was too independent to make herself attractive.'

The little circle had many pleasant walks and rides, many lively talks, and much music. At last Henry said to Edward one evening : 'I will not hurry you, but I must go to-morrow.'

'I shall go likewise,' said Edward ; and in a few minutes they retired to prepare. The farewell was uttered, and after an early breakfast, they took their departure.

What a blank in that quiet home ! Ellen said she would go upstairs, and finish a sketch she had made by the hill-side a few days previous. She sat alone in the little room she used for such purposes ; several hours, not indeed drawing, but with the materials before her, and her head leaning on the table. In a few hours Lucy came to her. She was grieved to find her much dejected. She proposed a long walk, for the afternoon, to a distant place, where they had been long desiring to call ; but did not wish to take visitors. Ellen consented, and made a mechanical effort for self-conquest.

They went early to their room at night. Lucy seated herself at the window, to watch the moon shedding its silvery light and darker shadows over the neighboring fields and trees. She called Ellen's attention to the scene. Ellen looked abroad for a moment, and then seated herself on a stool at Lucy's feet, exclaiming : 'This, Lucy, has

been the most wretched day I have ever passed.' She laid her head on her sister's lap, wept and sobbed. Lucy was much moved. She suspected the cause, and made a tender inquiry.

'Dear Lucy, I am sorry to tell you, but feel that you must know that I love Henry deeply. From the first day of our acquaintance, he seemed to fill my heart. I went on in perfect confidence; and when I thought of it, I thought he loved me: but I felt more than I thought. The glow of pleasure each day, when I heard his cheerful 'good morning,' when we met, the thrill of delight which stole through me as he sang, were sensations I had never known before. I thought he would acknowledge a reciprocal attachment before we parted; or I think I should have restrained myself in some measure. His sudden announcement of departure came to me like a blow, and I believe I should have fainted; but it was growing dark, and I sat still, and Edward talked, so that I think my emotion was unobserved.' All this, and much more, was uttered in broken accents, and by slow degrees.

Lucy soothed her as best she might, fearing Henry had been too attentive. 'No,' said Ellen, 'I think he never distinguished me. I lay awake nearly all last night, and could not recall a single word or look to build hope upon. It is all my own fault, and that makes it doubly bitter.' Lucy told her not to reproach herself. Henry had great attractions, and used them unconsciously. But the acquaintance had been short, and as he had never alluded to a renewal of it, she hoped the impression would pass away. Ellen knew it never would. What girl ever expected to conquer a first attachment?

After a long conference, Lucy began to urge going to rest. 'No,' said Ellen: 'you can go. I will watch the moon-light until morning.'

'That will not do,' said Lucy. 'Perhaps you could listen to a story?'

'No.'

'Not if I tell you a true one, of myself?'

'Ah! yes, dear Lucy: I am not so selfish in my grief, that I cannot be interested about you.'

Lucy began with a question: 'Do you remember Richard Willis?'

'Very faintly,' said Ellen.

'I think you were not more than seven years old when he left us; and I have never been accustomed to speak of him, nor have my father and mother. His parents were dead when he came to us. My father received him as an assistant in his business, and as an inmate in the house when he was seventeen, and I only fifteen. My sister Annie, only two years older than myself, was my constant companion, and leader, I may say, for she always had more strength and capacity than I had. Richard spent his leisure hours with us, was a gay and amusing companion, and singularly obliging in every way to my father and

mother, as well as to us. He was likewise very bright in intellect, and seized on all opportunities for improvement. Annie had another dear-companion. John Hanson, who is now her husband, was our school-fellow, and lived at his father's house, a mile off. I saw very soon that John was getting jealous of Richard, and feared he might make an impression upon Annie, who was just his age. He therefore took an early opportunity to explain himself fully to Annie, and they were promised to each other, when only nineteen and seventeen years old. Of course John was much with us, and monopolized the companionship of my leisure hours. But Annie and I still worked together, and had much happy intercourse; and when John came, and I had to leave them together, Richard was sure to find me; and we always enjoyed the amusing book or the evening games together. We went on thus for two years or more, and then Annie was married, and went away to Illinois. John's father had purchased a farm for him there, and my father had consented she should go. Mother was reluctant; but father told her that John Hanson was every inch a man, and worthy to take a woman to the end of the world, if she was willing to go with him. Annie went. Mother and I were very busy all the spring helping her to prepare for her new life. When she was gone, there was a great blank. Richard did all he could to fill it; and before the summer was ended, he told me what I had understood, that I was the only one that could make his life happy. We talked with father and mother; mother hoped she should keep us, and that father could employ Richard. Not so: Richard had told him he should go to New-York, where he was of age. Although father loved him, yet he did not entirely confide in him. He warned me, that he thought Richard a flighty fellow, and he might disappoint me. I did not believe it: I thought him all but perfect. I lived upon his smiles; and nothing seemed sad or wearisome, when I might soon expect to be cheered by his presence. Time passed happily away, until the period came when he proposed to leave us. My father found him a situation in a counting-room in New-York, went there with him, and saw him well established. He promised to come at Thanksgiving. It seemed an age to me; but father advised him to stay quietly by his business at least six months, and acquire a character for steadiness and punctuality.

When he departed, I was deeply grieved; but hope was with me, and I little thought the separation was final. During the first months of his absence, his letters were frequent and tender. At length they were farther apart, and shorter. Mother said: 'He is saving things to tell you when he comes.' Thanksgiving came — but not Richard. I was now really sad. I got only a short note of apology, very different from former communications. I wrote a note of inquiry, to which no answer came. I spent a whole winter of suspense and an-

guish. Early in spring, my father went to New York, determined to see him. At the business-place my father had found for Richard, he learned that he had left the counting-room months before. He was told that he had married a young person of some fortune, and was then on a bridal tour with her to the Southern cities. My father was highly indignant; and when he returned, he told me I had better never name him again, and think of him as little as possible. He was sure it was a great escape, to be rid of such an unprincipled fellow. My mother loved Richard, and was sadly grieved at his unworthiness; but she agreed with my father, that we had better not talk of him. I had no choice, but to bear it silently; and a long and weary time I had of it. I felt that the hue of my life had changed; that I no longer had the gay spirits that enlivened my youth; that I must be serious, when not sad; but in time, a measure of cheerfulness returned: I sat and felt that I must comfort the old age of my parents, and assist in the care of my brother and sister: I was young and well; it would have been strange, had I not recovered from this wound. It left a scar that cannot be obliterated. I cannot again feel what I felt for Richard. If he had died, it had been easier to place confidence in another.

The tale was told in broken accents, and with many pauses, interrupted by exclamations from Ellen, who said at the end, she was sure she should never love another.

'Do not say so, dear Ellen,' said Lucy: 'your love is not reciprocated. The acquaintance is very short. I am sure you will soon possess yourself again, and think of Henry as a pleasant acquaintance, and not connected with your happiness. You have never been deceived, and the charm of your life cannot be broken as mine was.'

They retired late to rest. Ellen resolved that she would conquer an unrequited attachment. It was hard at first: the tears of vain regret would sometimes come to her eyes. Weary hours and listless footsteps could not always be avoided. She formed plans for the occupation of her time, which she steadily adhered to.

The sketches she had made during the summer were carefully finished; the music was regularly attended to; a course of reading suggested by her former teacher was pursued; nor were the household duties neglected. In the early autumn, a letter from Edward informed them, that Henry Errington had sailed for Calcutta, to be gone a long time. The last hope was extinguished, and the last tears shed.

A short time after this event, a letter from sister Annie urged Ellen to come and pass the winter with her. Annie had visited her parents but twice since her marriage; and Ellen had by no means the familiar feeling toward her that Lucy possessed. She hardly liked the thought of leaving home for six months. But the companions of her journey

had been suggested by her sister, and she found that it was expected by all the family that she would accept the invitation.

She went to her sister's home on the wide prairie. It was a great change, but the novelty interested her. Hanson and his wife had now been there fourteen years. Every thing about them was comfortable and abundant. They had a large farm, a good house, and all in it that their condition made desirable. They had a lovely family of five children. It is true they had not the advantage of schools at hand, but they had instructed their children as much as other cares would allow them. Ellen at once saw where she could be most useful, and undertook the task of teaching without hesitation.

She found herself a most welcome guest, and her sister a most interesting companion. She enjoyed her present prosperity the more, that she had suffered many privations during the early part of her Western residence. She loved to tell Ellen of the log-house in which she had lived five years, and her various efforts to make it habitable. Her life had been one of many expedients; but she had, ~~had~~ among some disappointments a great deal of happiness. John Hanson's strong arm and warm heart had always aided and cheered her; and she had also much capacity and energy to assist him. Annie had something of Aunt Patty's strong will; but her early love for John Hanson, and her tender interest in the dear little ones, had softened her character. With such companions and employments, the winter passed rapidly away.

They were not always without company: their neighbors at a few miles distance, came to them occasionally, and their company afforded hilarity and enjoyment. One, a fine-looking young man, who resided two miles away, always stopped after church on Sunday. The church was Methodist, and four miles away. The ladies of the family did not always attend; but John and the children went, when they did not, and he was sure to bring Patterson home with him. Patterson had lived on a new farm a few years, with a mother and two sisters. The elder sister was about to marry, and live in a town ten miles away. There seemed to be a change coming over the family, and Patterson was delighted to make the acquaintance of one whom he thought to persuade to become his own. Ellen soon perceived the design; but knew not how to put a stop to it, until the question was asked, and his hopes frustrated. The circumstance was managed in so simple a manner, that John and his wife had to know the whole; and they were greatly disappointed. John assured her that Patterson was an excellent fellow, and would do every thing he could for her happiness; and Annie did so want her for a neighbor, that she was almost importunate. Ellen could not gratify them, and could not tell them that the preference for another still lingered with her. It passed;

but the residence was less pleasant than it had been before, and she welcomed the time of her return to her own home; and she persuaded her brother and sister to allow her to take with her the eldest daughter, twelve years of age, to remain a year, and still be her pupil. The mother consented reluctantly; but the father said: 'You know she must have advantages we cannot give her here.' And the sacrifice was made. The young Mary Hanson made her first journey with her aunt and a merchant going to New-York from the neighboring town. Edward received them, and went with them to the paternal home.

Ellen was delighted to reinstate herself in her former dwelling, with the love of her parents, the companionship of her sister, and the fond recollections which she could not dismiss.

When it was known that she was the instructor of her niece, Col. Thompson, who lived at the mill, two miles away, came and urged her to undertake the charge of his two motherless daughters, near Mary's age. The parents consented. Margaret and Fanny came every day. Ellen was glad of a daily task: she felt that she could bear her fate better when her mind was occupied. She took great interest in her employment. Her pupils were intelligent. She went abroad with them for flowers, and gave them practical instruction in botany: gave them drawing-lessons and lessons on the piano; so that the school-hours were not so long as to make them tedious. The summer passed quickly. The short autumn days were filled with various employments, and the cold and snow of winter curtailed their pursuits out of doors, but gave more time for study and reading.

The winter went by; and one afternoon in early spring, when Ellen was giving the girls their drawing-lesson, she was summoned to the parlor. Her mother and Lucy had gone to see Aunt Patty.

Much to Ellen's surprise, she found her guest was no other than Henry Errington. There were friendly greetings and mutual embarrassment. Ellen said: 'I had thought you in India.'

'I returned two days since,' replied Henry.

Then followed the oft-repeated tale, which has been told ever since the days of Adam and Eve. Those who have heard it, can never forget it. Those who have not, need know nothing about it.

When the parents returned, all was happily settled, and Henry and Ellen had plighted their troth. Henry's visit was necessarily short; but it was soon repeated in company with Edward. An immediate marriage was urged. The parents thought the autumn soon enough. Edward said, they should consider that Henry had already waited twenty months for his bride. After some discussion, it was agreed that the wedding should take place on Ellen's birth-day — the first of June — when she completed twenty years.

Henry passed as much time with them as his other engagements would permit; and the ladies were making the usual preparations. Edward laughed at them; told them it was not necessary to furnish clothes for the rest of Ellen's life, for he would answer for Henry's willingness to replenish her wardrobe whenever it was necessary. He had always thought an extraordinary supply was a reflection upon the person who was to furnish in future.

All went on happily until the bridal-day arrived. The pure white dress was nicely fitted to Ellen's symmetrical figure. The 'lilies of the valley' contrasted well with her dark hair; and Henry himself clasped the necklace of 'Orient pearl,' which he had brought from the 'farther Ind.'

Annie was there with her children: neighbors and friends were assembled. The minister offered the old prayer, beginning with, 'OMNIPRESENT and ALL-SUFFICIENT, etc,' and ending with 'faith and love.' He pronounced them man and wife, and offered a heartfelt blessing.

Edward ceased distributing cake, and placed himself at Aunt Patty's side. 'Well, Aunty, how do you like the appearance of the bride?'

'I think she looks beauteiful. Her neck is as white as them air white beads she has got on it. She 's the harnsomet gal in this town, and as good as she is pooty. I kind o' hate to hev her go.'

'But, Aunty, you cannot want her here, as much as Harry and I do in New-York; and you have Lucy left.'

Aunt Patty replied in an unusually low tone: 'I should not wonder if we had another weddin' here. When Colonel Thompson give Lucy his arm, to come in to this room, she turned as red as a rose.'

'Aunty, you must let Lucy take care of herself, and give a little attention to me.'

'I shall do nothin' of the kind: you can take care of yourself as well as any body.'

'I am a careless fellow, Aunty; and I want some body to look after me and my things. I am cross, sometimes, you know.'

'I do n't think so: if you are so difficult, you must look out sharp for yourself. I'll help you so far: 'I'll tell you what not to do. Do n't go and marry one of them air gals in New-York, that spend most of their time in the streets, a wearin' out shoe-leather, silks, and laces, and when they air at home, not doin' an individual thing for any body but themselves.'

Before Edward could thank Aunt Patty for her warning, the carriage came to the door. Ellen appeared in her riding-dress. The last kisses and farewells were bestowed, the natural tears were shed, the silent blessings invoked; and Henry conducted his wife to her new home, made comfortable by his care and good taste, made happy by his tender devotion.

THE WATER-SPOUT.

A SKETCH OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

THE little streams which flow through the glorious mountain scenery of Vermont are sometimes swollen to the size and volume of majestic rivers, while you will often see them in the summer droughts dwindled to the thinnest rivulets which still flash brightly and course rapidly through a waste of pebbles, so that with an elastic spring you may well leap across, and indeed a large part of their natural bed is dry; yet when the snows melt in the spring, or a rainy season comes on, they afford a spectacle which is more sublime from the sudden and almost magical metamorphosis. Thus, when you rub your eyes of a morning and look out of the window for familiar things, the whole scene may be changed. In the interval, your house appears to have been lifted up and put down in a new place, and you are no longer acquainted with the geography which you before knew by heart. You stare eagerly about, as one does at the theatre when the scene is shifted, and, instead of a couple of chairs, a table, and some scanty furniture in a common room, there opens upon your vision the utmost gorgeousness of scenic display. I have sometimes at evening wandered to my own threshold along the banks of the little Winooski River, left all things as I found them, turned the key in the lock, set down to my books, but on the next day — *hey presto!* what magician has been at work? — where meadows were, a wide, expansive lake, broken into patches by islets and clumps of elms, where the sun glistens on the yet troubled waves, and in front a noble navigable stream, enough to buoy up a man-of-war, and bear it onward to the lake. A bridge is gone; knolls are separated from the main-land; houses which once stood on *terra firma* can no longer be approached on foot; a dry street is changed into a Venetian canal; birds' nests are upborne from their high crotches; chickens swim side by side with the willing ducks; vast trunks, the refuse of the woods, the seasoned timbers of the lumber-yard, the fragments of the mill or hovel, with multitudinous waifs and wrecks, are borne impetuously by, while excitement and commotion reign every where in a valley so lately as still as death. The population are on the alert either to visit the spectacle, or to stay the damage. The rude scow glides from door to door, or receives a passenger or two from a second-story window; those in shallower places, like Mrs. Partington sweep away the waves from their door-ways, or calculate the hour when the tide will go down in their cooking-stoves, or cast the line in their kitchens, or tempt the ford to their nearest neighbors. Cows, up to their udders or horns, are extricated from their

inclosures ; submerged pigs are drawn from their pens amid immense squealings ; while rats, mice, and pole cats are left to drown. In dry places, weather-wise men, who have nothing else to think of, compare their almanacs, collate their memoranda, and settle the dates of all the floods and freshets which have befallen them of Noah's deluge, or swept over the valley, since the settlers at a safe distance from the Winooski, constructed roads over the high hills or built their log-huts. The tumultuous flood subsides as rapidly as it came on ; before night-fall the merchant's stores, his firkins of butter, kegs of lard, barrels of flour, and other commodities, are again visible in his cellar, and many things, which it was feared might float, are safe at their moorings.

In these mountain-streams the passing out of the ice in spring is invested with peculiar elements of grandeur. Although the premonitions are not a few, and you have been carefully on the watch from day to day, it is a great chance that in the course of half-an-hour, while your back is turned, or your attention absorbed with other matters, the spectacle has gone by, and the 'navigation' has opened. There is a suddenness about it which at least takes you by surprise, unless you have your observatory on the bank. The fogs settle upon the valley, the warm rains descend, the rays of the sun increase in ardor, the under-current works its way in divers places from its caverns to the light, there are pools of standing water on the slush, great cracks and chasms appear, thunderings and detonations are heard, but the solid mass remains fixed and immovable from the outlet in the broad lake, through branches and tributaries, to the very sources of the stream in the high mountain forests. At last a rumor spreads, and the cry passes from lip to lip. The ice is breaking up. Crowds hurry to the bridges. Every window and balcony which commands a view of the scene is crowded with eager faces ; and the gentle, the imperceptible yet steady forces of the advancing spring, acting like those of the moral world, have burst the fetters, heaved up many a burden, dissolved the spell of death, and inaugurated a mighty movement which bears down all before it. It is a scene which may be remembered for a life-time ; it is one of animation, of excitement, showing forth the active powers of nature in their revolutionary, irresistible strength.

As far as the eye can reach, is one moving mass ; immense icy fragments of every conceivable shape, crystal blocks of great thickness, heaps and pyramids of snow, huge boulders, slabs as large as any which ever came from an Egyptian quarry, columnar bits, such as might be broken off from the Giant's Causeway ; spar-like pinnacles ; many an ugly congeries of rubbish, timbers, stumps and trunks of trees, all caked together, are borne along, like an Arctic floe, on the swell of a strong, full tide, and with such a rapidity as only be attained

when torrents descend from the mountains. All this vast accumulation of disrupted materials — grinding, crashing, jostling one another, sometimes forcing up a huge section of ice out of its place into an upright position ; at other times at some bend of the stream, pushing over its natural banks an irregular lump three or four feet in thickness, to be left on the ebbing of the tide in the middle of the highway ; this raft which brings with it whatever loose or unsettled things have been left in its way ; familiar objects from miles off, which we recognize as they float by ; this fragmentary army moves along with the onset of a northern invasion, with a strange noise and a discordant music of its own, very often carrying consternation in its course.

Nothing is so strong as to stand bolt upright against its steady charges. The undermined elm topples over the bank ; the tree which has grown up on some diminutive islet is as clean cut off by the sharp edges of ice as it would be by a stream of lava ; the bridge with a single crash goes down into the gulf ; there is a mill-seat below in a precarious predicament, the miller thrusts his white head like an apparition from a window in the loft, he hears the sound of advancing waters, then flees away from his granary for life. Now I stand in my own door-way, fix my eyes on an opposite land-mark, look at the dial of my watch, and the tide has risen five feet in fifteen minutes. If its progress is accelerated in an equal ratio for the next quarter-hour, it will produce its results, and yonder structure supported by solid masonry, will be wrenched away from its bolts. There is a congestion in some narrow gut, and the waves flow back on the town. The axemen hurry onward to the damned-up place, clear away the obstruction, and the danger is past. The greedy eyes are disappointed, but the trembling capitalist heaves a deep sigh, which gives relief. In a brief space of time the stream is clear, only a few separated fragments appear at intervals following in the wake of the great mass. This imposing icy exodus is the last of winter, for soon the banks will be clothed with verdure, and the daisies spring up in the meadow.

But I lately passed over the track of a rarer yet appalling phenomenon of nature, whose effects were described to me by one who was more than a spectator. It was in a valley in the mountains near the Winooski, where a diminutive stream trickles through the meadows, which in one place being dammed up, sets a mill in motion, but elsewhere, at the time I visited it, scarce afforded harboring-places even for a few trout. A deep cloud, trumpet-shaped, the upper part white, the lower black, was observed to proceed with a most audible, whirling noise, causing the trees to bend under it in a circular motion. Presently it burst, and pouring down its contents with great violence, deluged the whole valley, as if the sea had broke loose. So sudden was the irruption, that two men, who were working in the mill had

not time to escape, but in the midst of its crashing timbers, and a great collection of logs, were carried under, whirled along in the boiling vortex, and one of them instantly crushed and drowned. For several miles, until an outlet was reached, the fields were torn up, and every vestige of industry was blotted out. Riding pleasantly with a friend over the theatre of this wreck on a lovely day last June, we saw an old man approach, with a sack on his back and a staff in his hand, the survivor of the mill. I was forcibly reminded of Scripture: 'Two men shall be grinding at a mill. The one shall be taken and the other left.'

'There,' remarked my companion, drawing upon the reins, 'comes one who will tell the whole tale.'

After a slight introduction, the old man placed his sack upon the ground, and with a sober earnestness began his narrative.

'I doo think that there is such a thing as a partic'lar Providence. I feel to bless God for my deliverance. The disaster took place on the — day of — 18 —, [he mentioned the exact date, which I have forgotten.] Without a moment's warning, we were hurried into the flood, in the midst of the wreck. I was bruised, but not maimed by the falling timbers, carried under a long way, coming up by yonder tree on the meadow, where you see those kēows grazing, at the foot of the rocks. All between this place, where we are now standing, and that mountain, was a boiling sea. Oh! it was a great freshet! Never was the like of it seen in this valley, since it was first settled; and I feel to be thankful. I was violently tossed, pushed about, borne down in whirlpools, coming up again among the logs; but resigned, cool, tranquil as I am now. I said: 'Save, LORd, or I perish!'

The voice of the speaker faltered in the relation; and although no doubt it had been oft repeated, the tears which gushed out of his eyes evinced the deep emotion associated with his reminiscence, and a profound sense of gratitude to that BEING who had brought him out of the deep water-floods. From the peculiarity of his religious expressions, I took him to be a zealous member of the denomination of Methodists.

'Suthing,' he proceeded, 'whispered peace to my soul. I thought of my dear wife and children: I commended them to God. Jacob Smith saw me and Peter Voss when we went down. So he went and told my family that he see us both drowned, with his own eyes. Peter, he was found the next day, in Dog-river. He was a likely man; but death came upon him unawares. It's a long story, but I will tell you's quick's I can. My *cut* was pretty nigh torn off my back, my limbs were scratched: I was carried about two mild, and bime-by got hold of a twig, and, bless the LORd, got safe ashore.'

He here enlarged into a little essay on special Providences, seeming

to consider his own case as remarkable as any set down in the 'books;' nor did we deem it an interruption of our excursion, to listen by the wayside to his honest and heart-felt words. Presently taking up again the thread of the main story, he entered into considerable detail, both with respect to his peculiar feelings, and the circumstances of the catastrophe. It was one of those minute and graphic descriptions, sometimes given by simple persons, which it is the hardest of all things to transfer to print, without essential loss. The shades of night were descending fast when, wet, cold, and exhausted, he stood alone at the mountain's base. There was no moon; but the stars shone down with a faint light upon the troubled waste. Painfully he began to grope his way over the rocks, through the thick trees and underwood, in the direction of his home, hoping that the waters would subside, and some fording-place might be found. It was a slow and toilsome journey, where the sense of feeling could alone guide among the fallen hemlocks, ravines, and pit-falls, where a single false step might plunge one down many feet in some inextricable place. The irregular and wooded acclivities of a Vermont mountain are of difficult passage, with all care and judgment, in the full light of the meridian sun, where the decayed trunk gives way under your feet, sharp spikes and splinters stick out on every hand, and impervious prickly fences of rubbish would defy even the scrougeing ability of a bear. Nevertheless, at mid-night the poor man reached a point where he could just descry the outlines of his own house, but it was on the opposite side of the stream.

A solitary candle was burning within, and cast a feeble ray of light some distance athwart the gloom. Silently he stood for a few moments, and his heart yearned to his home; and then he lifted up his voice, and called aloud on all the members of his household by name. Like a piercing, mournful lamentation it went forth on the night-air, brought back to his own ears in echoes: 'Mary!—Margaret!—William!'——Hark! is there a recognition from yonder cot, or does his fond heart deceive? Once more: 'Mary—wife! dear wife——' Alas! the gulf of separation seemed like that of Death. The dreary winds gathering as if for a storm, the waves dashing with incessant noise over the remnants of the dam, the general turmoil of the flood had been enough to drown the most imploring cry. Yet it did reach the ears to which it was addressed. 'Methought,' said the mother, who had listened for some moments, as she raised her head upon the pillow, 'Methought I heard father's voice, as though it came from the spirit-land; but I must have dreamed.' Casting another look toward the flickering light, and breathing forth a prayer, the old man soon reached a place of shelter, sank down into calm repose, and on the morrow, at the break of day, when he knocked for admission at his own door, he felt like one who had returned from a long journey, while to the startled

eyes of his wife and children he seemed like one who had risen from the dead.

Such, in its main incidents, and according to my best recollections, is a true statement of the narrative; and when it had been brought to a close, the fact of listening to it on the very spot where these events occurred, combined with the manifest feeling, the often choked-up voice, and starting tears of the speaker, left an impression not easily effaced. How strangely contrasted are the phases of human life, its scenes of joy and sorrow! What terror and consternation must have here prevailed, when the windows of heaven were opened, and out of a summer sky there broke loose an instantaneous flood, a visitation hitherto unknown to the inhabitants, both in its specific form and peculiar violence — a *water-spout*, like that which sometimes rests on the surface of the ocean, columnar, or as a hollow cone, when it sucks up within it great gulps of sea-water as smoke through a funnel, and is then borne along, till by its weight it breaks; and wo be to those argosies which sail beneath it! But I believe that this phenomenon is rare upon the land, amid all the violences which the heats of summer engender and bring forth; nor is the theory of it satisfactorily explained. As I looked upon the gullies and seams in the earth, which still, after several years, bore witness to the force of such a terrific visitant, and then upon the blue skies over-head, and on the soft, hazy outline of the distant mountains, there stole over me a serene consciousness of present immunity, a delight in beauty, and a sense of health. It was a sweet June morning, the fields were covered with their richest verdure, the leaves shone with their first glossy freshness, the wild-flowers gave a good smell, the birds carolled in the air, while far and near upon the romantic scene there settled down a holy calm, as if no storm had ever burst over the peaceful valley.

FROM 'MUSEUM DELICIE.'

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oftentimes they great errata see:
Here sometimes we've a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplaced, at least a line awry:
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanac, to change her every year.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

WORKS OF MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE: comprising his Essays, Journey into Italy, and Letters, with Notes from all the Commentators, Biographical and Bibliographical Notices, etc. By W. HAZLITT. New and carefully revised Edition. Edited by O. W. WIGHT. 4 vols. 12mo: Price \$5. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

THE service rendered to the American reading public by Messrs. DERBY AND JACKSON in the re-publication of the English Classics in uniform editions, is about to be extended by reproducing in English the works of the standard French authors. There is a growing taste with us for French literature, and there is no reason why the enterprise should not be eminently successful. The series appropriately begins with the works of MONTAIGNE, (to be followed shortly by PASCAL's Provincial Letters, and VOLTAIRE's CHARLES XII.) the earliest, if not the best, of the French essayists, and who accomplished for French literature what ADDISON effected for our own. MONTAIGNE was born in 1553, and the first English translation of his works was published in 1603. The graceful pen of our distinguished countryman, Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN, has produced the best sketch of MONTAIGNE we remember to have seen. No library will be complete without these elegant volumes.

ACADIA: OR A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. 12mo: pp 829. Price \$1. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

THE readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are already familiar with most of these chapters, which passed through the Magazine, and, with additions, have been collected into an elegant volume, with a couple of characteristic illustrations. The admirers of Mr. COZZENS — and who is not? — will find 'A Month with the Blue Noses' a fit companion to the celebrated 'Sparrowgrass Papers.'

THE LIFE OF GENERAL H. HAVELOCK, K.C.B. By J. T. HEADLEY. Illustrated. 12mo: pp. 375. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. 1859.

IN portraying the life and character of General HAVELOCK, Mr. HEADLEY has found a congenial theme. The volume, which we have read with unflagging interest, is free from the objections urged by some, to the style of the author's former productions. HAVELOCK's remarkable career is vividly narrated; and the thrilling events of the Affghan campaign, and of the recent rebellion in India, brought to the reader's mind in all their terrible enormity and cruelty. Even so enthusiastic an admirer as Mr. HEADLEY utterly fails, however, to harmonize HAVELOCK's opposite, and to us inconsistent, points of character — his evidently sincere profession of religion and rigid performance of its duties while engaging voluntarily in the life of the camp, and taking a bloody part in campaigns that disgrace the pages of England's history. How, for instance, could a *Christian* soldier witness with undisguised delight the terrible effect of British broadsides on the poor Burmese? Has a Christian Briton nothing else to do but obey orders and win victories? 'Are the spoils of a besieged and conquered city,' as HAVELOCK said of Hyderabad, 'the fair requital of the labors of one force, and a noble and rightful compensation for the vexations endured by the other'? Is it a fit subject for prayer to command in one victorious battle? Surely this is a singular system of Christian ethics, appropriate, perhaps, for a crusader or a soldier of CROMWELL, but hardly consonant with the Christianity of the nineteenth century.

THE EXPLOITS AND TRIUMPHS, IN EUROPE, OF PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION: including an Historical Account of Clubs, Biographical Sketches of Famous Players, and various Information and Anecdote relating to the Noble Game of Chess. By PAUL MORPHY's Late Secretary. Illustrated. 12mo: pp. 203. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It is rare indeed that a man of but twenty-two years of age wins so large a place in the public estimation, in both hemispheres, as Mr. PAUL MORPHY, whose remarkable exploits and triumphs are narrated in the above volume, and rarer still that these victories are so peacefully won and so modestly borne. We all remember his earlier achievements on the chequered field of Chess in New-York; and there was something exceedingly romantic and chivalrous in his going over to Europe and throwing down the gauntlet to the veterans there.

Recent American Publications.

ANNUAL of Scientific Discovery; or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859, exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, etc., etc., etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A.M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. Pp. 410. \$1.25.

My Thirty Years out of the Senate. By Major Jack Downing. Illustrated. New-York: Oaksmith and Company. 12mo. Pp. 458. \$1.25.

Tressilian and his Friend. By Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 12mo. Pp. 372. \$1.25.

The New American Encyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. By George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Volume Five. *Chartreuse—Cougar*. New-York: D. Appleton and Company. 8vo. \$3.

Opportunities for Industry and the Safe Investment of Capital; or a Thousand Chances to make Money. By a Retired Merchant. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 12mo. Pp. 416. \$1.25.

Judge Haliburton's Yankee Stories. With Illustrations. A New Edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 12mo. \$1.25.

American Weeds and Useful Plants. Being a Second and Illustrated Edition of Agricultural Botany, etc. By William Darlington, M.D. Revised, with Additions, by George Thurber. New-York: A. O. Moore and Company. 12mo. Pp. 460. \$1.50.

Dictionary of the United States Congress, containing Biographical Sketches of its Members, from the Foundation of the Government, with an Appendix. Compiled as a Manual of Reference for the Legislator and Statesman. By Charles Lanman. Published for the Author by J. B. Lippincott and Company. Philadelphia. 8vo. \$2.

Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis. Being the Narrative of Strange Adventures in New-York and Startling Facts in City Life. By a Reporter of the Press. New-York: Thatcher and Hutchinson. 12mo. Pp. 355. \$1.

Three Visits to Madagascar, during the Years 1853, 1854, 1856. Including a Journey to the Capital: with Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the Present Civilization of the People. By William Ellis, F.H.S., Author of 'Polynesian Researches.' Illustrated by Wood-Cuts from Photographs, etc. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 514. \$2.50.

The American Home Garden. Being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, and Shrubbery. To which are added Brief Notes on Farm Drains, with a Table of the Average Products and Chemical Constituents. By Alexander Watson. Illustrated. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 531. \$1.50.

Life of Christopher Columbus. By Alphonse Lamartine. New-York: Delisser and Proctor. 32mo. Pp. 236. 50 cts.

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The Household Edition of the Waverley Novels. The Surgeon's Daughter. Two Vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. \$1.50.

Last of the Mohicans. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New-York: W. A. Townsend and Company. Crown octavo. Pp. 443. \$1.50.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

CONJUGAL LOVE 'IN THE ABSTRACT:' SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON AND 'MR. STUBBS' OF IOWA.—'A. C.,' of Davenport, Iowa, that flourishing and beautifully-situated town, is welcome, as he 'always was, and always will be,' to our pages. He has never yet failed to amuse and to entertain our readers, if we are not mistaken in the 'configuration of his hand-of-write.' Greatly fruitful and fertile must be the 'region round-about' his present place of sojourn. Thence came, from a kind friend, seasons since, those famous PEACHES, to the EDITOR: from the egg-sized '*pits*' whereof, carefully preserved, and considerately dispensed, purple blooms now beautify certain of the hill-slopes of Rockland: thence also came to us the famous IOWA CORN, stalks from *our* growth whereof, lay in the outer office of '*The Tribune*,' which 'Bro. GREELEY,' in his journal, said 'honestly measured fourteen and a half feet'—the 'ears' being longer than those of the most distinguished jackass. But, to 'make use of an expression' which we heard barked by a King-CHARLES Spaniel at a swift and thundering rail-road train, the other morning, 'Let that pass.' Our friend says: 'You have heard of the 'Blarney-Stone of New-England,'* and of 'MILES STANDISH's Courtship.' Well, I left the region of those romantic histories, not *very* long since, with a copy of LONGFELLOW's last work under my arm, a piece of 'THE ROCK' in my trowsers-pocket, and sufficient other more current mineral to defray my expenses to the western banks of the Mississippi; and after a few days' pleasant travelling, found myself landed in this very flourishing city. I presume you have been here:' (very sorry to say, 'No:') 'I propose taking up my abode in apartments once occupied by a Mr. STUBBS, 'in a sort of cave, excavated in a mound at East-Davenport.' I have an architect, an artist, and an upholsterer now examining the premises, with a view to fitting them up with 'early occidental' magnificence. Shrubbery that KEOKUK might have envied, will bloom around me: music that might have charmed BLACK HAWK and his copper-colored nymphs will be mine: subjects for the pencil of the artist, not unadorned, however, that APELLES would have coveted, will spread their beauties

* Yes: and *where* and *when* the phrase was first employed, by the whole-hearted REYBURN, President of the New-York St. PATRICK's Society. It was an ineffaceable 'hit.'

before me: and then there will be fruitful matter for mental speculation, in the associations connected with the subterranean edifice. But perhaps you do n't know much about Mr. STUBBS? Then listen to this brief account of him, from an authentic and every-way-reliable 'History of Iowa:'

'1848. A noticeable event of this year, was the death of an individual named JAMES R. STUBBS. He was born in 1797, and graduated at West-Point with high honor. He was stationed at Fort Armstrong, on Rock-Island, in 1822, and in 1826 he served under his brother-in-law, Judge McLEAN, in the Post-Office Department. He afterward removed to Cincinnati, and for some three or four years served in the Post-Office and Clerk's Department of that city. While there, it is supposed that he became involved in some unfortunate love-matter, for his character was thoroughly and essentially changed. He returned to Davenport in 1833; and after '37, for eight years lived a recluse in a sort of cave excavated in a mound at East-Davenport. There, with no other companion than his pets—a pig, a dog, or cat, or all—he passed a rigidly secluded life. BRON, in his misanthropy, petted a bear; and STUBBS, in his, petted a pig. He would occasionally walk into town, with his family all at his heels. For some two years before his death, he was induced to come forth from his hermitage. He was elected Justice of the Peace, which station he filled up to his death, with an impartial and incorruptible integrity. His residence was in the small brick tenement on the north-east corner of Main and Third streets, in which he kept bachelor's hall. Judge MITCHELL relates that, upon several occasions, while passing STUBBS's house late at night, he heard a violent clamor, as if a furious altercation were being carried on within. Curiosity prompted him to open the door one evening, when the noise was at its loudest, to ascertain the cause. Instead of a half-dozen persons, as he expected, about to engage in a 'free' and deadly fight, there were only STUBBS and his cat! The latter was seated upon his knee, and listening demurely to his master, who was cursing him with every anathema in the vernacular, profane or sacred. Master Tom's offence seemed to be an amorous habit, which he had fallen into, of paying nocturnal visitations to the feline residents of the neighborhood.

'STUBBS was a man of unflinching honesty and of liberal education; and had not the unfortunate event, before alluded to, occurred to affect his life, he would undoubtedly have bequeathed his name to posterity, as a legacy honorable and respected. He died May twenty-first, aged about fifty-one years.'

'Poor STUBBS! He paid some woman a very extravagant compliment, if he buried himself alive for eight years, on her account. However, I always sympathize with a man who makes himself supremely ridiculous on account of a woman. I think it indicates strong feelings, and a large endowment of the imaginative faculty. The more melancholy the lamentations, and the more heart-rending the lachrymose emotions, the more creditable to the man, of course. If Mr. STUBBS had married the girl who jilted him, (if he *was* jilted: I know nothing of the matter, except what is contained in this sketch,) it is possible, had they been married, they might have been pulling each other's hair within six months afterward. What a saving of amorous sentimental misanthropy that would have caused.

'For the benefit of all incipient STUBBSs who may be 'involved in some unfortunate love-matter,' I desire to copy a love-sick passage, addressed by one who is now a member of the Cabinet in England, to the lady who is at present, very much to his regret, his wife:

'PARDON, if for one brief moment your historian pauses to mingle the gushings of his own

affections with the tale which he dedicates to yours ! Beautiful being, whom now, in no wild and boyish vision, I behold, with thy soft eyes, which are as the mirrors of human tenderness ; and thy pure brow, where never cloud or shade ruffled the abode of all gentle and womanly thought ; and thy fairy and fond step, where the vigilance and care of love preside and sleep not : hast thou filled the fountains of my heart with a mighty and deep stream : and shall they not overflow ? Thy cheek is paler than it was, my love, and thy smile has a fainter play, and the music of thy sweet voice is more low and hushed, and the zephyr that waiteth on thy footstep flags at times with a weaker wing ; so that, when I look on thee, my eyes have tears,' etc, etc.

'THIS was written several years ago ; and although Sir EDWARD cannot now look on his wife unmoved, I doubt very much if he is inclined to shed tears, when he beholds her, unless it may be from vexation. 'The music of her sweet voice' now causes *his* cheek to become 'paler than it was,' whenever its dulcet sound reaches his ears : and only a year or two ago, during an electioneering campaign, so enchanted was he by its melodious tones, that he abruptly left the platform from which he was soon to address 'that many-headed monster, the Populace,' and did not again appear until the 'sweet voice' of the 'beautiful being' became 'low and hushed' in the distance ! 'The zephyr that waiteth upon her Ladyship's footsteps,' probably *now* gives impetus to her foot, as she vindictively swings it toward her once so ardent lover. The fact is, those streams, that had their fountains in his heart, *did* overflow, and caused a very extensive domestic freshet. It flooded a great portion of two continents with the bitter waters of conjugal strife and bickerings, poured out chiefly from the weaker vessel.

'I think it cannot be reasonably doubted, that BULWER was in as bad a way, when he wrote that gushing zephyrian production, as STUBBS could well have been, when he went into his cave. If the latter had bent his energies toward a seat in the Cabinet at Washington, instead of wasting them upon the unproductive culture of pigs and dogs, and in 'free lectures' to Tom-cats, he would have led a different life : that is about all. Whether it would have been wiser or not, I will not undertake to say, without knowing more of the man. I only sought to illustrate, through the experience of BULWER, that it was very ridiculous to be driven into a cave by a love-affair.

'I do not propose to lead such a life in this cave as Mr. STUBBS did ; on the contrary, I hope to live in a most hospitable and social manner. I have a small piece of ground, not far off, upon which I intend to raise onions for the New-England market. I have secured a 'first-rate agent' in Boston, whose card I send you, in case your own garden should not supply you with what seasoning material you require :

B. Rogers,

SOLE AGENT FOR

COUTTS' HIGHLY-FLAVORED ONIONS.

Office, No. 23 Freen-Street, Boston.

N.B. The particular attention of *Pickle Makers* is invited to this well-known vegetable, as it affords a cheaper and more nutritious condiment than any spices from the Mediterranean.

'If you should have occasion to call upon Mr. ROGERS, you will find him one of the most obliging and indefatigable of men. I am under great obligation to him, for he has done more to introduce my onions into the market than any other man. A. C.'

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER FIVE. — We are not without the fear, from circumstances which are unavoidable, that our readers may come to regard us somewhat in the light of the hero of Hood's 'Tale of a Trumpet.' But it should be remembered that *he* was not boasting: he was only adverting to a superior instrument which he *vended*: if we recollect rightly, he did not pretend either to have invented, or even to have manufactured his wonderful horn: so that he could not proclaim its excellence, without justly incurring the charge of personal vanity. His reasons for praising it were sound:

'It is not 'the thing' for me, I know it,
To crack this 'ere trumpet up, and blow it,
But it's *the best*, and Time will show it.'

It would not be 'the thing' for *us*, at this stage of our narrative-history, to speak of the favor into which the KNICKERBOCKER gradually and permanently rose, from the point at which we left it in our last number, but for the fact, that we remember no similar example of combined intellectual effort on the part of its contributors, who, with a fervid *esprit de corps*, were all the while increasing, until (and they were scarcely more than *among* the entire list, numerically speaking) the following names were presented: while all the time there was a growing *affection* toward the Magazine, on the part of the public, as surprising as it was gratifying:

WASHINGTON IRVING,
WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
J. FENIMORE COOPER,
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,
PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW,
J. K. PAULDING,
MISS C. M. SEDGWICK,
NICHOLAS BIDDLE,
JOHN SANDERSON,
REV. WILLIAM WARE,
HON. LEWIS CASS,
CAPT. F. MARRYAT,
J. H. STEPHENS,
SIR E. L. BULWER,
REV. ORVILLE DEWEY,
HON. R. M. CHARLTON,
JAMES G. PERCIVAL,
GOV. W. H. SEWARD,
HON. R. H. WILDE,
'HARRY FRANCO,'
NATH. HAWTHORNE,
MRS. L. H. SIGGOURNEY,
REV. DR. BETHUNE,
MISS LESLIE,
W. D. GALLAGHER,
HON. JUDGE CONRAD,
DR. O. W. HOLMES,
JOSEPH C. NEAL,
PROF. HITCHCOCK,
MRS. E. C. EMBURY,

HON. D. D. BARNARD,
MR. CATHERWOOD,
S. D. DAKIN,
REV. MR. GANNETT, (MASS.)
MRS. GILMAN, (S. C.)
E. T. T. MARTIN,
H. W. ELLSWORTH,
REV. DR. BEASLEY,
H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT,
REV. J. PIERPONT,
HON. G. O. VERPLANCE,
COL. T. S. MCKENNEY,
PHILIP HONE, Esq.,
JOHN T. IRVING,
REV. HENRY BASCOM,
CHARLES SPRAGUE,
PARK BENJAMIN,
THEODORE S. FAY,
MRS. FANNY K. BUTLER,
HON. JAS. KENT,
REV. WALTER COLTON,
PRESIDENT DUER,
JOSEPH BARBER,
MISS H. F. GOULD,
HON. JUDGE HALL, (ILL.)
WILLIAM L. STONE,
REV. DR. BRANTLEY,
W. GILMORE SIMMS,
REV. W. B. O. PEABODY,
PROF. CHARLES ANTHON,

ALFRED B. STREET,
JOHN WATERS,
CONSUL G. W. GREENE,
JAMES BROOKS,
REV. DR. SPRING,
J. H. HILLHOUSE,
J. N. BELLOWES,
DR. R. M. BIRD,
PROFESSOR FELTON,
STACY G. POTTS,
J. G. WHITTIER,
WILLIAM PITT PALMER,
DR. CARUTHERS,
PROF. BECK,
MISS M. A. BROWNE,
HON. CHAS. MINER,
DR. A. BRIGHAM,
EDWARD S. GOULD,
CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MRS. E. F. ELLET,
JOHN NELSON, JR.,
RUFUS DAWES,
HON. B. W. RICHARDS,
HORACE GREELEY,
REV. DR. PISE,
GEORGE LUNT,
W. C. REDFIELD,
H. T. TUCKERMAN,
REV. DR. SCHROEDER,
W. A. ROGERS.

Many of this noble corps have 'fallen by the

urney of life:

but, thanks to the overruling care of a kind PROVIDENCE, by far the greater number of them still survive, in undiminished health, fame, and usefulness. Now, is it at all surprising that there *should* be, in a 'circulating medium,' through which so many minds communicated their thoughts, produced and clothed with befitting language in solitary labor, smoothed, strengthened, or harmonized by revision, and rendered impressive by those helps and researches, of which every *readable* correspondent will avail himself; is it surprising, we say, that in such a work, illuminated by such minds, there *should* be the elements of an increasing and enduring popularity? Within five years, the KNICKERBOCKER's list of more than one hundred and fifty contributors, including several eminent writers from abroad, was wholly unequalled by any native periodical. What American Magazine (or European either, for that matter) besides this, ever presented *in a single number* articles from WASHINGTON IRVING, COOPER, BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, STREET, General CASS, and the 'American in Paris?' — or a galaxy of more gifted writers of *any* country? Not one, it is confidently asserted. It should be added, moreover, that the most eminent of its contributors were not the least frequently encountered in the KNICKERBOCKER. Mr. IRVING had an average of three articles in the different departments of each number of the work, after his permanent connection with it; Mr. COOPER followed up his first paper with others equally spirited; and it may well be doubted whether Mr. BRYANT ever penned finer lines than 'The Prairies,' 'The Arctic Lover to his Mistress,' his magnificent poem 'The Winds;' his equally noble 'Antiquity of Freedom,' 'An Evening Reverie,' etc.; or whether Professor LONGFELLOW ever exceeded his several beautiful 'Psalms of Life,' or his 'Saga of the Skeleton in Armor;' or Mr. WARE, his voluminous 'Letters from Palmyra,' and 'Letters from Rome;' all of which had their origin in the KNICKERBOCKER.

But after all, we must be permitted to say, that it was *before* the distinguished literary names which head the foregoing extended list had appeared in our Tables of Contents, that many less known writers had made themselves an excellent reputation as contributors, and added largely to the attractions of the work. JOHN W. GOULD, long since deceased, and whose name does not even appear, as it should have done, beside that of his brother, EDWARD S. GOULD, in the foregoing list, was one among the most popular of our early correspondents. His short sea-sketches, 'The Cruise of a Guineaman,' 'My First and Last Flogging,' 'The Mutiny,' 'The Pirate of the South Pacific,' and one or two others, were in their kind as spirited and effective as any of the similar writings of MARRYAT, or the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log.' Well did he depict the petty tyranny of the deck of a small man-of-war, in those days — well present to the ear and the eye of his reader the roar and dash of the 'cold, terrible sea.' His 'situations,' dramatically speaking, were all natural; and his style, of pure, nervous English, was as pellucid as amber.

In the numbers in which young GOULD wrote, was a series of papers, from the pen of JAMES BROOKS, now and for so many years senior-editor of 'The New-York Express' daily journal, under the title, 'Our Own Country.' They abounded in, and most eloquently inculcated, the noblest patriotism. The object of the writer, (in which he abundantly succeeded, for there was scarcely a journal in the Union, East, West, North, and South, which did not copy the articles as they appeared,)

was to awaken in the young American a love for his own land; to fix his eyes, his thoughts, his heart, *here*. The annexed brief passage, with which the series concludes, will afford our present readers a fair 'sample' of the spirit and style of the papers in question :

'**THERE** is, among us, it cannot be disguised, a tendency to *matter* rather than to *mind*. A few choice spirits keep alive the vestal fire, but the mass of our countrymen demand what is practical rather than what is intellectual. This is visible in the universal scramble for property; in the adoration manifested for wealth; in the small encouragement, as yet, of the fine arts; in the little reward which Genius has hitherto received at the hands of our countrymen, while it is cherished every where else. But what more could be expected? We have but just finished laying the foundations of an empire. We have had two wars to fight—both fierce and bloody. The war-whoop is not yet over. The infernal yell of the savage has just ceased to startle us. The musket is now laid down, and the pen, the pencil, and the chisel begin to be taken up. The great West is opening its rivers and prairies for a reading and a thinking population. As we grow in our growth then, and strengthen in our strength, we will build upon the foundations which our fathers left us. We will rear the fabric of FREE GOVERNMENT to the skies. We will adorn and embellish it, and make it beautiful in the eyes of all men. We will kindle such a light on the American shore as shall illuminate the earth. Do not here accuse me of prophecy. Prophecy has ever done us injustice, and for very cowardice, lagged behind the day. Imagination, even, can hardly portray the destiny that awaits us, if we preserve our Liberty and our Union. God has promised us a renowned existence, if we will but deserve it. He speaks this promise in the sublimity of Nature. It resounds all along the crags of the Alleghanies. It is uttered in the thunder of Niagara. It is heard in the roar of two oceans, from the great Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy. His finger has written it in the broad expanse of our Inland Seas, and traced it out by the mighty Father of Waters! The august TEMPLE in which we dwell was built for lofty purposes. Oh! that we may consecrate it to LIBERTY and CONCORD, and be found fit worshippers within its holy walls!'

'The pen, the pencil, and the chisel,' says the writer of the foregoing, 'begin to be taken up.' Perhaps he was reminded of this latter implement of art, by an article in the preceding number, entitled, '*Sketch of a Self-made Sculptor*;' the subject being none other than HIRAM POWERS, who created the 'Greek Slave.' It was from the pen of Mr. B. B. THATCHER, of Boston, an occasional correspondent. It was written, if we remember correctly, from Cincinnati; and, as Mr. POWERS often gratefully declared, was the first publication concerning him, his genius, and his works, east of the Alleghany mountains, which extended his then just-rising reputation, and opened up to him the path to success, and consequent fame. It traced him from his boyish 'clock-making,' in the pleasant little village in Vermont, where he was born; where he made small wind-mills, mill-dams, water-wheel trip-hammers; where he cast pewter ordnance, of various calibre; learned to draw, and *did* draw with much effect; until, after having 'adventured' to the West, he found himself in Cincinnati, repairing and making wax-figures, learning, from a Prussian instructor, the use of modelling-tools and plaster—the first step in his professional education. It was here, in this Western Museum, that he con-

structed that awful apparatus, which exhibited '*The Infernal Regions*:' the most diabolically-effective thing of the kind ever seen in America. MAELZEL, of 'Automaton Chess-Player' memory, expressed his great admiration of it. Its vitality and vigor and scenic effects were startling, 'to a degree,' as was attested by thousands upon thousands who saw it after its removal to *our* Museum: where our old friend BARNUM, dressed like the DEVIL, with his cloven foot and lithe barbed-tail poised over his arm, directed with its arrow-like point the attention of the visitors to a poor culprit trying to get upon the cool side of a coal, and to the sudden emergence from his den of a monstrous fiery serpent, spouting flame from his black forked tongue — a 'devouring fire,' which caused a country-observer, who sat near us, to exclaim, in undisguisable alarm, as he advanced toward him, 'Git eout, you p'ison critter!' But to nip this digression in the bud: it is pleasant now, when the arts of painting and sculpture are so generally appreciated, encouraged, *rewarded*, among us, to reflect, that it was the chisel of sharp Necessity which first chipped out the outline of a Statue of SUCCESS, of which, thanks to the taste, the liberality, and the advanced and constantly advancing refinement of our countrymen, there are now many MODELS.

Our heart warms, in thinking 'about these days' of old MAGA, and the many then undistinguished friends, who came forward, as a 'labor of love,' to throw the aid of their talents into the common intellectual stock of the work. There was a little group of young and rising professional men, in their snug bachelor quarters in Fulton-street, near Broadway, warm friends, from the first and to the last, of the EDITOR, whom it is especially proper to name and to individualize 'in this connection.' Brave, noble EDWARD SANFORD, who smiled away the laden boat from the sinking Arctic, 'as if he were bidding his friends good-by, to meet at the ASTOR-HOUSE for dinner,' was one of them; DAVID GRAHAM, a life-long friend, and most genial of companions, was another, whose '*Leaves from the Diary of a Lawyer*' won wide and cordial praise: Dr. T. O. PORTER, with whose cherished memory 'troops of friends' will associate kindred qualities; and E. T. THROOP MARTIN, the amusing 'Penny-a-Liner,' whose '*Odds and Ends*,' in which the driest humor and most tender pathos alternately predominated — these were of the 'boys' aforesaid: and of the 'days' aforesaid, those were to them the most halcyon, we venture to say, of their lives: for they were without care or sorrow. All these have passed hence, save the last-named; who, in the enjoyment of a benignant and happy fortune, and surrounded by all that can render this life felicitous, will read, in his beautiful library, on the banks of the blue Owasco, this 'reminiscence of an earlier time.' We wonder if he could *now* enjoy, as he once did, 'music for the million.' Upon this theme, as a 'touch of his quality,' hear the 'Penny-a-Liner' descant for a moment:

'WHEN the warm South breeze comes lazily up the bay, comforting the poor fellows who have been shivering through the late long winter; insinuating itself through the rents in their pantaloons and the holes in their coats, and making their naked limbs to rejoice with its genial influence; at such a time, it is my delight to take my seat on the stone foundation of the Park fence, opposite PEALE'S Museum, and listen to the music which is thence nightly dispensed. Our audience is large, and not perhaps

what would be called 'select.' But we are all amateurs, really and unaffectedly fond of music. We assemble, not to show ourselves — 'to see and to be seen' — but to hear. Any little difficulties that it might naturally be supposed would arise about seats, are avoided by the high-toned and conciliatory spirit of the audience. The regulations of the street are well settled and well known. There are no 'front seats reserved for the ladies;' no 'private boxes;' no 'Seats taken in Box Number Two,' or Box 'Number Thirteen.' There are no noisy cries, such as disturb the audience at other places of amusement: no calls of 'TROLLOPE!' as at the Park; no yells of 'Down in front!' as at the Bowery; no cries of 'Hats off!' as at the Broadway 'Tabernacle;' no joining in the chorus by the audience, as at the 'FRANKLIN.' All is decency and order. Every thing is regulated by the great and glorious principle of *equality*. The gentleman who first gets the best seat, keeps it as long as he pleases, and when he vacates it, the one who happens to be nearest, takes it. The best seats are on the foundations of the fence, and as I generally go early, I usually secure one there. Next to these, the curb-stone is considered the most eligible. After these, come the leaning-places, such as the pillars of the fence, lamp-posts, etc. The performance commences at 'early candle-lighting,' and continues generally until about eleven o'clock. The well-known modesty of the performers forbids me to speak of them in the terms which my gratitude would prompt; but I may be permitted to remark, that better music can no where be had for less money. If I might be allowed to make a distinction, where distinctions are always invidious, I should say that the gentleman who performs on the clarionet and he who blows the French-horn, are both of them performers of peculiar power and great wind. The audience, some few evenings since, came very near having some difficulty; indeed we *did* have a little one with the gentlemen who frequent the walk in front of the 'American Museum,' touching these two performers. It was asserted by the gentlemen from the American Museum, that the Fiddle and Horn, down there, played 'Oft in the Stilly Night' and 'The Last Rose of Summer' better than the Clarionet and Horn at PEALE'S. After going down to the American Museum, and hearing the airs performed there, we brought the gentlemen in the opposition up to listen to our own band. We waited patiently until the tune was played entirely through, and then, finding that our opponents did not yield the point to us, we undertook to box their ears a little, in the hope that it might improve their hearing. At this they were offended, and commenced a quarrel, which at length grew so serious, that a large portion of the assemblage found lodgings for the night in the rear of the City-Hall, and in the morning were subjected to a very officious questioning from Mr. Justice LOWENDES.'

This is simply a specimen of our 'Penny-a-Liner's easy, natural style. He loved New-York 'because it was *what it was*.' If he saw a fight, he joined the ring, and held the hats and coats, seeing fair play, and abstracting neither handkerchief nor pocket-book: was always on hand when a man was run over, or fell from a building; helped to carry him to the nearest apothecary's, and was always one of those who was inside when the doors were closed. He 'paraded' with the 'Light Guards' and 'TOMPKINS Blues,' and was not too proud to march along with the boys on the side-walk, and keep step with the music, for it aroused his 'American feelings,' and made him think of the Revolution: and he attended all fires, and funerals — 'particularly if there were carriages in attendance,' in which he could ride, and 'mourn' quietly, and at his leisure. In short, he was a most amusing and ubiquitous 'Bohemian,' and a philosopher with all-embracing sympathies.

At the same time with the 'Penny-a-Liner's numbers, were being published in consecutive issues the '*Letters from Palmyra*,' by the Rev. WILLIAM WARE, of Boston. These beautiful 'Letters' attained at once to eminent distinction. The boldness of the plan — rolling back the tide of Time, and placing his readers in ancient Palmyra, when as yet it was in all its resplendent glory; the exquisite purity of the style, 'smooth as the sussions of a stream in Eden;' the perfect *naturalness* of the characters, and their fidelity to history; and the entire *verisemblance* of all the accessories of the great panorama which was moving before the eye, and stamping itself upon the mind and heart of the reader — these were the characteristics which established for the 'Palmyra Letters' a popularity, which was enhanced to their very close, when several editions of them, under the title of 'ZENOBIA, or the Fall of Palmyra,' were issued, both in this country and in England. Mr. WARE was greatly beloved by all who knew him: a fine scholar, of the rarest refinement; of the most amiable social qualities: in fine, a true CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. The 'Letters from Rome,' which followed those from Palmyra, would, if they had *not* followed them, have made the reputation of any American. These, like their predecessors, were re-published in England and America, under the title of 'PROBUS, a Roman Record,' and were deservedly well received. He died in the maturity of his powers widely lamented as an author, a man, and a friend.

Simultaneously in the volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER which contained the 'Letters from Palmyra' and the 'Letters from Rome,' appeared also papers, sometimes extending to two or three numbers, which in three or four instances, came to be looked for with anxiety and welcomed with delight. Lieutenants BURTS and CHIPMAN, of the United States' Navy, (of whom, and of whose separate and individual history, in connection with our Magazine, gossip-wise 'more anon,') may here be alluded to. 'JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARNS,' by the first-named, had much of the life and infectious spirit which characterize the writings of CHARLES LEVER, variously known, in this country, by his own cognomen, 'CHARLES O'MALLEY,' and by the names of one or two other of his fictitious but naturally-drawn characters. Lieut. CHIPMAN's sketches were fragmentary, but *wholly involuntary*, whether suggested by observation, 'springing from the occasion,' or by reminiscence of 'days which were no more.' To show how necessary it was for him to jot down his literally '*passing* thoughts:' we were walking with him, one pleasant summer morning, past the Bowling-Green, and that piece of 'chaste practice' in architecture, as Mr. PECKSNIFF would doubtless have called it, the original Stone-Pile Fountain which adorned that locality. Lieut. CHIPMAN was greatly amused with the Flamingoes, which were stalking around in the circular basin; now running their heads far under the water, now standing on one leg, but in each and every position which they assumed, looking as ungainly and ugly as any birds, of similar grace and 'build,' could possibly look. While sitting under the awning over the delightful baths of our old friend Dr. RABINEAU, at Castle-Garden, toward which we had been walking, CHIPMAN took out his pencil, and 'scratched off,' as he termed it, on a bit of paper, the following lines, which are as perfect as a faithful picture, as they are odd and original in their versification. The writer is sup-

posed to have just been reading a 'chorus of spirits' in a new German play, and to have caught his 'inspiration' from the appropriate 'stand-point':

Natural History: The Flamingo.

FIRST VOICE.

'Oh! tell me have you ever seen a long legg'd Flamingo?
Oh! tell me have you ever seen in the water him go?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Oh! yes, at Bowling-Green I've seen a long legg'd Flamingo,
Oh! yes, at Bowling-Green I've seen in the water him go.'

FIRST VOICE.

'Oh! tell me did you ever see a bird so funny stand-o,
When forth he from the water comes and gets upon the land-o?'

SECOND VOICE.

'No! in my life I ne'er did see a bird so funny stand-o,
When forth he from the water comes and gets upon the land-o.'

FIRST VOICE.

'He has a leg some three feet long, or near it, so they say, Sir,
Stiff upon one alone he stands, 't'other he stows away, Sir.'

SECOND VOICE.

'And what an ugly head he's got! I wonder that he'd wear it,
But rather *more*, I wonder that his long, slim neck can bear it.'

FIRST VOICE.

'And think, this length of neck and legs, (no doubt they have their uses,)
Are members of a little frame, much smaller than a goose's!'

BOTH.

'Oh! is n't he a curious bird, that red long-legg'd Flamingo?
A water bird, a gawky bird, a sing'lar bird, by Jingo!'

When we were passing the Bowling-Green, on our return, one of the grotesque birds was standing silent and sorrowful on one leg, the other upheld and crossing it, like the figure four, from which depended a flaunting rag that he had fished up.

Look,' said CHIPMAN, 'that fellow has got his flag at half-mast: wonder who's dead in his lovely family!'

It would be supererogatory, we think, to dwell here upon a series of articles from the pen of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, which was commenced about this period in the progress of the KNICKERBOCKER, and which was as generally read, as cordially admired, and as widely copied, (in 'convenient parcels,' at least,) in the newspapers of the day, as any other contributions which ever appeared in the work. Their mingled wit, pathos, humor, poetry, genial feeling — all came from the writer's heart. Every reader *felt* this — every reader *knew* it. In his '*Literary Remains*,' four editions of which have been published, these 'Papers' have been made so familiar to the public, that farther reference to their character, in this connection, is rendered unnecessary. Coincident with the appearance of the '*Ollapodiana*' sketches, (which added much silver 'shot' to the 'locker' of the 'Old Knick,') may be mentioned the extremely amusing and anecdotal '*Actor's Aloguy*,' by that versatile and most *mobile* of comedians, Mr. WILLIAM E. BUR-

TON; with poetry, and articles upon BARRY CORNWALL'S Life of KEAN, by FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

But we have scribbled far enough for *this* time. In our next, while we shall, (D.V.,) like the 'Old English Gentleman,' 'ne'er forget the small,' we shall introduce the names of some of those whom our readers were wont to regard as the Literary Magnates of our pages: JOHN SANDERSON, author of 'The American in Paris,' (which GEOFFREY CRAYON said 'possessed superfluous wit enough to set up half a dozen modern writers,') WASHINGTON IRVING, HENRY BREVOORT, HENRY CARY, Esq., ('JOHN WATERS,') and other and kindred spirits. Meanwhile, let us close the present number with one or two familiar notelets from the latter, as indicating 'what manner' of correspondent he was. The following we submit, because the compliment which it passed upon 'that first appeal, 'which is to *the eye*,' of the KNICKERBOCKER, gratified us exceedingly at the time, and because, as our readers will admit, our present publisher, Mr. GRAY, on the same score, demands a kindred praise:

'Tuesday Evening.

'MY DEAR SIR: As I am going out of town for a day or two, I will not postpone acknowledging your kind note until my return, though I can have very little to say, after so short a possession of the November number, upon its general subject, as you desire me to do. There is always one very agreeable sensation that arises in my mind on laying my hand upon it and opening it. I feel that it is an *enfant chéri* with the editor or the publisher. There is nothing careless or slatternly about its appearance; and it wears a sort of god-motherly look, like a brat that, whatever his qualities may be, is well allied and well cared for. And this goes a good way as the world wags toward making friends.

'I was in hopes we should have had a few lines in HALLECK's bright vein, or a thought or two out of the deep heart of BRYANT, rising like dolphins in their effortless grace and beauty. Not perceiving any intimation of this for the December number, I send you a few stanzas that may do to fill up. I have written to Chelsea (near Boston) for some memoranda of the Namptwich Inn-Servant, but I am not certain of its coming in time, and I want it for the names, etc. *Rien n'est beau que le vrai*, at any rate, certainly nothing is so beautiful, and the nearer one can get to it the better. IRVING's exquisite pictures are taken from the life; and in the art itself, the reason why a copy never equals the original, is that the soul of the painter, in the almost holy quiet of the studio, has breathed itself forth in the colors of the canvas. The colors and the stillness remain perceptible to all; and observation teaches the affection, the passion, so that the spirit of the artist still seems to hover over his favorite work, and to reveal itself to the kindred emotions of the true lover of the art. But I am prosing. I shall attend to the subject as soon as I get the notes from Chelsea.

'Faithfully yours, J. W.'

Coming from one who exhibited in every thing, however small, which concerned himself or his surroundings, the utmost order and elegance, this encomium by 'Sir HUBERT STANLEY' was 'praise indeed.' The subjoined contains an anecdote which embodies a valuable lesson, so felicitously enforced, that we cannot withhold it from our readers:

'Monday Evening.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have your most kind note, and find no emendations to suggest as to the copy of the Inn, which appears to me quite well done; and I quite agree with

you, that hardly any one will take the trouble to reflect that the Manor of Hyde had not in the days of VILLIERS been converted into a park. I remember a clergyman in New-England, that when 'the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew,' carried away in the pulpit in the height of his ardor the wrong house, and left that *standing* that was built upon the sand. After the services were over, I ventured to observe to my uncle, Parson CARY (whose assistant had been preaching) that this seemed to be a new reading to the parable, and that I wondered when Mr. A. — had discovered his error, as he did at the time of reiteration, that he did not correct it. My uncle defended his curate, and observed, that if he had *then* corrected himself, he would have carried away *both* houses, which was utterly in opposition to all Scripture. Part of the audience, said he, were asleep, and many of the rest so drowsy that so long as one of the houses was taken off, the moral was enforced upon their perceptions as well by the one as the other. If he had made a *thorough* correction, he would have roused the attention of the whole parish, and nothing else would have been talked of for nine days. When a man has made an error, he had better let other people make a discovery; and this truth, my lad, said he, you will understand better when you grow up.

'I shall be very happy to dine with you on Wednesday at any hour you please: to-morrow is the only engagement that I now have for the week until Saturday. If, therefore, Thursday or Friday should be more convenient to you than Wednesday, pray let me know, when you fix the hour.

'I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

H. CARY.'

Apropos of Letters: here ensues one from the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, which is so cordial, and so characteristic of the man and the gentleman, that we shall offer no apology for gratifying the reader with its perusal; since, after the lapse of twenty years, we shall violate no propriety or courtesy by its publication:

'Boston, 15 Feb., 1839.

'DEAR SIR: I have your favor of the 12th, accompanied with the first two numbers of the thirteenth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. I have run through their contents, as far as I could in the few hours since I received the numbers, with much gratification. They seem to me, for the most part, of an order of merit quite above the average of the periodicals of this class, American or English. My judgment, however, may possibly be a little bribed, by the favorable notice of my address before the Mercantile Library Association, contained in the February number.

'I wish it were in my power to comply with the request, so courteously urged by you, that I would furnish something for your pages. If I do not, it is not for want of good will to place myself in the excellent company of your contributors, with which you tempt me, or to show my readiness to co-operate with you in an enterprise so meritorious, as the conduct of a literary journal. But the truth is, I came to the conclusion some time since, that I have devoted too much time to the composition of articles for the literary journals, and to addresses on public occasions. I have been a contributor to the *North-American Review* since it was first published in 1815; but in handing to its editor an article on Mr. SPARKS' edition of WASHINGTON's writings, which appeared in the number for last October, I expressed to him the purpose of retiring altogether from that field of labor. I have said the same to the conductors of (I think) all the periodicals published in the Atlantic States — I mean the literary magazines — in reply to the request, with which they have at different times honored me, to contribute to their journals.

saw him once. I was at the house of a friend in the suburbs of the city, when a man clothed in tattered garments entered the yard.

“‘Oh! there he is again!’ said my friend.

“‘Who is it?’ I asked.

“‘Do you know,’ she said, ‘that this is the third day that man has come here for something to eat?’

“‘At this moment the person alluded to entered the room, with a slow, heavy step.

“‘I have come again,’ he simply said.

“‘My friend arose, and offered him a chair; but he sat down on the steps, and leaned his head against a post of the portico. He took off his old battered hat, and wiped his face with a soiled dark-colored pocket-handkerchief. His face was expressive of intellect and benevolence, although tangled hair and matted beard made him look like a wretched outcast.

“‘My friend left the room, and in a few moments returned with a plate of cold meat and a bowl of milk, which she gave him. He took it in silence. No word was spoken while he partook of his meal. When he had finished eating, he arose, and holding his old hat in his hand, bowed reverently to my friend, and said: ‘You have fed me thrice. God bless you! You do not know who I am: I am not what I seem. Lady! wretched as I appear in this squalid poverty, I have a heart to appreciate kindness: once again, God bless you!’ Gathering his mean rags around him, he descended the steps, and passed out of the gate, returning in the direction he came.

“‘The next morning’s paper announced, ‘that a man had dropped dead on the sidewalk.’ Letters in his pocket proved him to be ‘FOSTER HALE, the inventor of raised letters for the use of the blind.’ I afterward ascertained, that it was the same singular person whom my friend had fed. What had brought him to this want can only be conjectured; or what was the cause of his death, is equally a mystery. I have since seen several blind persons, who have derived untold pleasure from his noble invention; and when this short account of the last moments of their benefactor was narrated to them, tears have fallen from their sightless eyes. When in imagination they saw him tired and worn, clad in tattered garments, sitting on the door-way of a stranger, receiving from the hand of a generous-hearted woman the bread of charity, sorrow and grief were expressed, that was denied at his lonely burial; tears, bright glistening tears have fallen, that were lacking when his remains were consigned, by one or two stranger-hands, to an unwept and unmarked grave!’

‘A short sob fell on my ear: the blind boy at my side, with his face buried in his hands was convulsed with weeping: the father, too, leaned over the railing, and silently tears rolled down his cheek.

‘Steadily the good ship pursued her course, bearing us far from the homes and friends we loved: the glittering spray jewelled her prow, as it furrowed the bosom of the calm bay. The deck was deserted by the throng which had assembled to see the last blue line of land: we alone, a group of three, remained. The father was absorbed in his own thoughts: the blind boy came silently to me, and said softly: ‘Lady, will you write that story of the good FOSTER HALE, who has done so much for the blind little children in the world?’ He continued with deep emotion, and with a fervor which surprised me: ‘He would deserve an obituary for teaching one blind boy to read of the great, glorious world in which he lives, but is shut out from, by a curtain of darkness that will never be lifted. Thousands of little children, who are always in the night, will bless the name of the inventor of raised letters, and weep when they think of his lonely, honored, and uncared-for grave!’

F. R. M.’

‘Corpus Christi as.’

FOSTER HALE: INVENTOR OF RAISED LETTERS FOR THE BLIND. — We give place with pleasure to the subjoined well-deserved tribute to one who has been one of 'the greatest benefactors of the age to one unfortunate class of the family of man.' It seems particularly melancholy, that a man who had poured such a tide of happiness through many a sufferer's heart, should himself close his useful career under circumstances of such need and wretchedness:

'We were a band of emigrants bound for the prairies of the 'far West.' We stood on the deck of a vessel which was leaving the harbor of Mobile for the 'Island City' of Galveston. A gentleman stood beside me, holding by the hand a delicate boy of twelve years. We were silent, as all emigrants are, looking at the receding shores which skirted either side of the beautiful bay with a dark green fringe of rich foliage.

'Farewell, Alabama! Beneath the shade of your forest-trees I've passed many moments of joy, and alas! as many of bitterness,' said the gentleman, as if speaking to himself. He had given utterance to the thought which filled my own bosom. I approached him! 'Are you a native of Alabama, Sir?'

'No: not a native; my child is!' laying his hand on the curly head of the boy beside him. The rosy face was turned toward me: tears hung on the silken lashes, but the eyes were sightless. Instinctively I drew nearer, and took his small hand in mine. Blind! what an appeal to the sympathies of the human heart! Who can look into a fair young face, destitute of God's greatest gift, without the deepest emotion; without the highest and holiest feelings of pity and tenderness, for the young life doomed to eternal darkness! Destined to pass through the weary stages of an existence of perpetual night!

'Blind! bereft of the cheering sun-shine, of the wealth of beauty a beneficent PROVIDENCE has scattered in wild profusion on earth, sea, sky, and air! Blind! shut out from all beauty, light, and smiles of love! How cheerless the future, how dreary the present, and how full of gloom the past! Ah! well may the father of a blind child speak of bitter moments!

'The gentleman continued, perceiving that I was interested in the little fellow: 'When I was convinced that my child was blind for life — for it was a long time before I could believe that HEAVEN had so afflicted me — I applied myself to devise plans to instruct him; to open fields of thought to his inquiring mind; to place within his reach means of amusement independent of external objects. I procured raised letters, and taught him to read. Though very small and delicate in appearance, he is now twelve years of age, and possesses the information of many youths of eighteen. I have great cause to bless the efforts of the wise and good in behalf of the blind. My poor boy has stored in his memory abundant food for thought; and his weary hours have become golden moments of study and research in companionship with the greatest minds of earth.'

'Indeed, Sir,' I replied, 'we have great cause to be thankful for the philanthropic movements in the cause of the blind; it has ever been a subject of the deepest interest to me; and the numerous asylums and institutions for the blind, erected in all portions of our country, show that our people are not entirely sordid and selfish; there are those who can feel for the afflicted, and work for their benefit. Among the noblest of these, is the late FOSTER HALE, the inventor of raised letters for the use of the blind. He died a few days ago, in Selma, Alabama, the town in which I lived. I

saw him once. I was at the house of a friend in the suburbs of the city, when a man clothed in tattered garments entered the yard.

“‘Oh! there he is again!’ said my friend.

“‘Who is it?’ I asked.

“‘Do you know,’ she said, ‘that this is the third day that man has come here for something to eat?’

“‘At this moment the person alluded to entered the room, with a slow, heavy step.

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‘Steadily the good ship pursued her course, bearing us far from the homes and friends we loved: the glittering spray jewelled her prow, as it furrowed the bosom of the calm bay. The deck was deserted by the throng which had assembled to see the last blue line of land: we alone, a group of three, remained. The father was absorbed in his own thoughts: the blind boy came silently to me, and said softly: ‘Lady, will you write that story of the good *FOSTER HALE*, who has done so much for the blind little children in the world?’ He continued with deep emotion, and with a fervor which surprised me: ‘He would deserve an obituary for teaching one blind boy to read of the great, glorious world in which he lives, but is shut out from, by a curtain of darkness that will never be lifted. Thousands of little children, who are always *in the night*, will bless the name of the inventor of raised letters, and weep when they think of his lonely, unhonored, and uncared-for grave!’

F. B. M.’

‘Corpus Christi, Texas.’

Gossip of the 'Men of the '60s' by J. B. Brown, our long-time correspondent, and long-at Constantinople,) to Prince Dolgorouki, then at the Porte. In introducing the subject, it will not be amiss to mention that the PRINCE possessed, at that time, a very extensive collection of autographs; and that he designed presenting to Mr. BROWN, a copy of the autograph of the PRINCE, which we had previously forwarded to him. It is at this point that we received from the hands of Mr. BROWN, an autograph of General ANJEL.

'Tehran, the 28th of March, 1846.

SIR: I profit of my first leisure moment, to offer you my most sincere thanks for the obliging letter which you did me the honor to write to me, and for the autographs which I have received, through your kind intermediation. Thanks to your goodness, I am at last in possession of the hand-writing of the greatest man of modern times; and it is with full reason of justice that you term him the 'Father of your Country.'

Certainly I did not expect that your celebrated novelist, M. FENIMORE COOPER, would give himself the trouble to write to me the few lines which I have received from him, so full of kindly and obliging expressions. You will oblige me, Sir, very much, by kindly forwarding the inclosed, in reply to this celebrated writer of your country.'

(Signed)

DOLGOROUKI.

We remember forwarding to this 'celebrated novelist of our country' at Coopers-town, with the PRINCE's note of acknowledgment to himself, a copy of the foregoing brief but expressive communication. - - - Some body, we know not whom, in certain 'Reminiscences of General Andrew Jackson,' sends us the following: 'Every body must sanction the kindness bestowed by General JACKSON on his favorite war-horse, and the more than ordinary honor paid him after death by the brave master and family. Why? Because he was a faithful servant and an efficient helper in the day of trouble — in the hour of danger. I was often reminded of his praiseworthy remembrance of fidelity and merit, cherished toward his famous 'OLD DUKE,' the horse he rode during his Southern campaign. Though 'DUKE' grew feeble, was greatly afflicted, withered, and almost helpless in his latter day, he was not forgotten, nor suffered to be neglected. I have, in a walk with the General, more than once gone to the lot which contained this living wreck of martial valor, and while the old creature would reel and stagger, looking wishfully at his master, the General would sighingly say: 'Ah! poor fellow! we have seen hard times together; we must shortly separate; your days of suffering and toil are well nigh ended.' On one of these occasions, to try the General on a tender point, I suggested the idea of putting an end to the sufferings of 'DUKE,' by having him shot or knocked in the head. 'No,' said the General, 'never,

never! — let him live: and while there is any thing grows upon this farm, DUKE shall have a part.' Does our friend remember a similar affection, on the part of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, for an entire troop of horse, which had wintered and summered with him in the long wars of the Peninsula, and finally at the battle of Waterloo? He had them all liberated from farther service, and sent to Strathfield-saye; and there, in a large and fertile paddock, they were left to live at their ease, and tranquilly await that final end which all horse-flesh is heir to. But they could not forget their old 'mission.' Whenever a summer storm came up, and thunder and lightning filled the air, that troop of horse, as if smelling 'the battle afar off,' would form in line, and rush toward the storm-cloud as if they saw the glittering spear and the shield, heard the roar of artillery, and 'the noise of the captains and the shouting.' - - - Is not the following 'cute'-icle 'pretty good, considering?' It comes from a new correspondent: 'From somewhere in the far north, where morals and piety are said most to abound, to this land of the 'orange and myrtle,' came, some years since, a Mr. THOMPSON. He was a fine specimen of the Yankee — industrious, curious, wiry, pious, and particularly priding himself on being sharp. In fact, so well he 'laid his lime,' in a few years he had well 'feathered his nest;' and was at the time our tale begins, the owner of land and slaves. A short time since, another Yankee came to THOMPSON's neighborhood: one CRAWFORD, who combined the calling of clock-peddler with school-keeping. These worthies were soon together; and no sooner together, than, true to their instincts, they were driving a trade. THOMPSON contracted to board CRAWFORD for one year, at the rate of ten dollars per month. As CRAWFORD's calling would compel him to be absent much of his time, it was stipulated in the agreement, that a credit of twenty-five cents should be allowed him for each meal taken from home during the year. At the end of the year, THOMPSON rendered his account to CRAWFORD thus:

'MR. CRAWFORD to THOMPSON, Dr.

'To 1 year's board,	\$120.00
'Requesting an early settlement.'	

CRAWFORD received the bill, 'took the matter under advisement,' as our Judge, old KI RODGERS, always says, when he has determined to give judgment contrary to the law and evidence; and the next day handed THOMPSON the following account current:

'MR. THOMPSON to CRAWFORD, Dr.

'To 500 meals from home, 25 cts.,	\$125.00
'By board, 1 year,	\$120.00
	\$5.00
'To balance due,	\$5.00
'Prompt payment of the above small balance is respectfully solicited.'	

After some delay, settlement was made, to the mutual disgust of the parties.
CRAWFORD

'Arose, and twitched his mantle blue,
And hied away to fresh fields and pastures new.'

Poor THOMPSON, feeling within that this enervating climate had unfitted him for secular pursuits, turned his attention to the ministry. He is now a laborious and

zealous itinerant preacher, and doing much good, I learn, in mending the manners and morals of his back-woods parishioners. Should THOMPSON take umbrage at the publication of this—for he adds 'fighting' to his other accomplishments—refer him to the undersigned, who will promptly apologise, and retract every thing offensive herein.' - - - LORD CAMPBELL, of England, has been trying to prove, in an elaborate volume, published a few months since, that SHAKESPEARE was a lawyer. He professes himself not only greatly amazed by the number of legal phrases and forensic allusions of the Bard of Avon, but the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced. We have poets, it would seem, even in this our day, who excel in this kind; as witness the following '*Ode to Spring, written in a Lawyer's Office*,' said to be from the pen of TAYLOR, author of '*Our American Cousin*:'

'WHEREAS on sundry boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

'The songs of the said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

'The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

'O busiest term of Cupid's court!
When tender plaintiffs actions bring:
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!'

We don't know how this may strike others; but we have read it a score of times, and never without awakening the echoes of the sanctum, at the utter ludicrousness of the very adroit mingling of poetry and legal nomenclature which the stanzas present. - - - 'WHAT did you give that blood-mare of yours the other day, when she had the *bots*?' asked a Wall-street broker of a friend from Long-Island. 'A pint of spirits of turpington. Good morning'—'morning:' and they separated. Two days after, the same 'parties' met 'on the street.' 'Say, look o' here: I gave my mare a pint of turpington, and, by Jove, it killed her!' 'So it did mine!' was the reply: 'Good morning!'—'morning!' And straightway they departed. Usual inquiries, these, of 'fast' young men about that period. It is somewhat different now. The first inquiry *now* is, 'How is your meerscham coloring?'—and then follows the usual query as to the health of 'self and family.' We happened to overhear this colloquy the other morning: 'You know R. F.—?' 'Well.' 'Well, Sir, he is in the Tombs, for forgery!' 'Good Ev-ings!' 'S a fact: and what a fool! His meerscham was coloring beautifully: he was surrounded with works of art—he had 'GLEASON'S Pictorial' from the commencement—and he had at least eight thousand a year, beside a wife and two pretty children. Was n't he a fool?' - - - It was a lovely Sabbath morning, in the latter part of May, that we were returning from our little parish church. As we walked along in the pleasant sun-shine, past the 'bosky' hedges of evergreen that

bordered the path on either side, giving forth a sweet and pleasant odor, it so chanced that we were thinking of the *Universality of Application of the Church Service*. 'We could not but remember that such things were' *not*, in our days of juvenility; that, with all respect to the religious observances which attended our early 'broughtage up,' the long prayers to which we listened with childish impatience, were much more general than particular: only one class of our 'fellow-citizens throughout the world' being especially remembered: 'Bring in thine ancient covenant-people, *the Jews*:' was always cordially welcomed, as being the last thing to be thought of, and what was better, the last of the prayer. We knew that when the Jews came in, we should soon have a chance to go out. And so it was, that as we walked somewhat thoughtfully along, there came through the closed blinds of an open window, subdued but penetrating moans, repeated and continued, which would impress themselves upon any accustomed hearer, as if pricked with a bodkin upon the naked tympanum of the ear. As LONGFELLOW forcibly expresses it: we

—— 'Recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain:'

and we knew that a young mother's 'hour of sorrow, and of life's dearest joy,' was 'present with her.' And *then* it was, that we re-remembered the service which we had but just been repeating. Is there *any* class or condition of men that is omitted in that beautiful Litany? Setting aside all 'rulers and magistrates,' and 'all in authority,' how especially are all others remembered:

'STRENGTHEN such as do stand: comfort and help the weak-hearted: raise up those who fall.'

'Succour, help, and comfort, ALL who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation.'

'Preserve all who travel by land or by water; *all women in the perils of child-birth*; all sick persons, and young children; and *show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives*.'

'Defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed.'

'We beseech thee to hear us, good LORD, that it may please THEE to have mercy upon *all Men*.'

Because of the incident we have mentioned — (mother and daughter are *better* than 'could be expected,' as we ascertained in a walk in that direction two days afterward) — and because, when we rose the winding path over the hill, and saw Sing-Sing Prison, eight miles off, over the Tappaän-Zee, shining and shimmering on the eastern border of the glassy flood, with its thousand inmates; because of these things, we put these few lines into this page. - - - PERHAPS the best thing any man can do, so far as 'conveying information' is concerned, is, if he 'has got any thing to say, to say it,' 'an' there an end.' Not so the 'gentleman of the *Old School*,' (bald head, bad grammar, knee-breeches, 'wisdom of the past,' and white top-boots,) in this our day and generation. 'What did that fellow run away for?' asked a friend last summer of one of these antediluvians, who replied: 'I am not aware, Sir, of the precise reason of his absence; but I apprehend, Sir, that he was apprehensive of being apprehended, and so left, to avoid apprehension!' 'Ah!' responded his interrogator, '*that's* it, is it? I did n't know!' The manners of

these 'gentlemen of the old school' are the perfection of form and ceremony 'B ——,' said our friend Governor SEWARD one morning, in our hearing, at the Executive Chamber in Albany, 'where is ——? Is n't he coming up?' 'Yes, I think he will be in before long: I left him *making a bow* as I came out of the room!' The Governor took his segar out of his mouth, and much 'lafture' ensued 'at the time,' we remember. - - - It is *nineteen years* since the following was sent us, in a distinguished cacography, by 'I. C. F.,' of Kensington, near Philadelphia. It was mislaid among some filed letters, and it now emerges for the first time from its pigeon-hole of the past. The writer says: 'I met with the following poem in an old number of the *Analectic Magazine*, sometime published in Philadelphia, by Master MOSES THOMAS. The first part is said to be an old composition, by an unknown hand. The second part was written by Mr. RALPH ERSKINE, a celebrated Dissenting minister of Dunfermline—a man of piety, learning, and genius. I make no doubt, their quaintness and originality will amuse many of your readers, to most of whom, I presume they are strangers.' We remember, as a boy, reading the 'First Part' of the poem, but we have never before encountered the second. Snatches of the first, 'poor POWER' used to sing, with touching effect, in his own play of 'St. PATRICK'S EVE,' in a scene which occurs the night before his anticipated execution, by command of FREDERICK the Great, 'Old FRITZ:'

Smoking Spiritualized.

PART FIRST

I.

'THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay:
All flesh is hay—
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

II.

'The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak:
Thou art e'en such,
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

III.

'And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

IV.

'And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin:
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco:

V.

'And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.'

PART SECOND.

I.

'WAS this small plant for thee cut down,
So was the PLANT of Great Renown,
Which Mercy sends
For nobler ends:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

II.

'Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed:
Then what's the power
Of JESSE'S flower?—
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

III.

'The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of Faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

IV.

'In vain the unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heavenly fire
Your hearts inspire:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

V.

'The smoke like burning incense towers:
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.'

If the friend be extant to whom we were indebted for this ingenious and quaint production, he will please accept our late yet hearty thanks for his 'esteemed favor,' so long delayed. - - - 'AN inveterate reader of the KNICKERBOCKER' writes from Fort Vancouver, (W.T.,) under date of March 27, as follows: 'In these dim and distant solitudes, your 'Error's Table' is always more welcome than 'flowers in May.' Much do I admire the jottings and etchings of the 'Little People,' given by our dear 'Old KNICK.' Some years ago I happened, by invitation, to be at the hospitable residence of 'Col. JACK H —,' on the Colorado River, in Texas, some distance below Austin, the capital of that State. The Colonel once was the best lawyer and 'whole-soudest' gentleman to be found in all that region; but not particularly 'given' to piety. His wife, on the contrary, was a very religious and admirable lady, and strove successfully to impress upon the minds of her children those holy teachings, which are so hard to forget in after-years. Among their little group of 'wingless angels,' was a 'Four-year Old,' who at the time of which I am writing, passed all his days in efforts to capture one of the myriads of sand-hill cranes, which at that season of the year very much 'congregate' in a large field in the 'Colorado bottom,' immediately in front of the Colonel's residence. So repeated and pertinacious had been his efforts to this end, that the cranes became used to it; and he could do every thing except catch one. One evening about sundown, he came home, weary and soiled, from another day of unsuccess. When his clothes had been changed and his face washed, he clambered upon the Colonel's knee, (we were sitting on the piazza, enjoying the fresh 'south wind,' that came 'stealing' up the Colorado, from the Mexican Sea, and watching just such a sunset as no one ever saw elsewhere than in Texas,) and asked him if what his mother had told him about good boys going to heaven was true? The Colonel, surprised and somewhat moved at the serious expression of the child's countenance, told him it was, and that every thing his mother told him was the truth. 'Then, pa,' said he, 'do n't they turn to angels?' 'Yes,' replied the Colonel. 'Then they have wings?' 'Of course,' said the Colonel; 'if your mother told you so, yes.' 'Then I will be a good boy,' said our hero, with that indescribable look of solemnity which you sometimes see on the faces of the young; 'and I will die, and go to heaven, and be an angel, and have wings.' 'Why, why?' asked the father, now positively affected by the deportment of the infantine little fellow. 'Because,' said he, 'if I had wings, *I could catch a crane!*' I wish you to understand this is an actual, unvarnished fact.' - - - 'ALEXANDER McPHERSON,' writes a Penn Yan, Yates County correspondent, 'was a man of talent, but 'slightly' addicted to things spiritual; and he became at the last fearfully regardless of his toilet. He had worn for a long time a 'shocking bad hat;' and upon entering ELLSWORTH's store, in Penn Yan, one day, the proprietor proposed 'donating' to him a new one, provided he would extemporize in verse a few lines upon 'the hat aforesaid.' He immediately 'made right out of his head' the following:

'Mr old hat —
Well, what of that?
It's as good as the rest of my raiment:
If I should buy a better,
You'd set me down debtor,
And send me to jail for the payment.'

A 'swart sombrero, or glossy four-and-nine, to storm impermeable,' manufactured in the rural districts, was surely earned upon the occasion, by this muddled village bard. Let us hope, for the honor of the 'proprietor' aforesaid, that it was as surely paid:

'MR. ALEXANDER McPHERSON,
A most extraordinary person,'

evidently, in his neighborhood, we trust appears daily in the thoroughfares thatched with his renovated beaver — the 'reward of Genus.' *Apropos* of the name of 'Penn Yan,' the town whence this anecdote comes. The village was first started by an equal number of Pennsylvanians and Yankees. The latter wanted a Yankee name, the former a Pennsylvania one. After much dispute, and many severe tempests in agitated tea-pots, the disputants agreed to 'split the difference,' and come to a compromise. They adopted, by an unanimous vote, the first syllable in each proposed derivation: 'Penn Yan;' and 'Penn Yan' it remains, even unto this day. And how much better this is, than the ridiculous classical names given by Surveyor-General Dr WITT to many of the towns in Central New-York: we could stand, upon a clear day, on the top of the 'house where we were born,' and with a good glass, look into Pompey, Tully, Homer, Dryden, Fabius, Marcellus, Camillus, Manlius, and Syracuse; while Cato, Scipio, Sempronius, Lysander, and three or four other 'mighty an-cient' folk, were near neighbors! How much better would have been the musical *Indian* names! - - - 'I THINK with you, MR. EDITOR,' writes a Michigan correspondent, 'that amidst the grotesqueness of the quoted passage from the eccentric Dr. RICHARDSON's *Bayard Taylor Comet*, there is, in one verse at least, a certain sort of celestial 'grandeur.' The

— 'SHINING HAND
That rolls the SUNS out into space,'

is very Job-ish: and this questioning of the Comet, as to his 'experiences' while on his travels, 'when you come to *think* of it,' has much more in it, than meets the eye, upon a skimming perusal:

'WHAT hast thou seen, old BLAZING STAR,
While rushing on thy flaming way?
Have SUNS expired beneath thy gaze,
And smitten Sparks blazed into Day!'

Taken out of their 'disjointed connection,' there are very many striking things in the verses of poor McDONALD CLARKE, one of the most gentle, harmless, confiding of men. Every body remembers his simile of the 'curtain of the night rolled up and pinned with a star:' and let your readers at 'Old Newport' (how different now from the Newport of old!) be assured that the two lines which follow were, 'in my day' on the Narragansett, *exactly* descriptive of the place:

'T is an old town, fenced by the Surge,
And left alone for a hundred years!'

At that time, as was once forcibly remarked by a Massachusetts Yankee, they 'built all old houses in Newport:' *almost* a fact; for one month after 'bathing' in the salt sea-air of the *old* town of Newport, a new-built house underwent as complete a metamorphose in color as a New-York belle now does, in visiting it 'in the season.'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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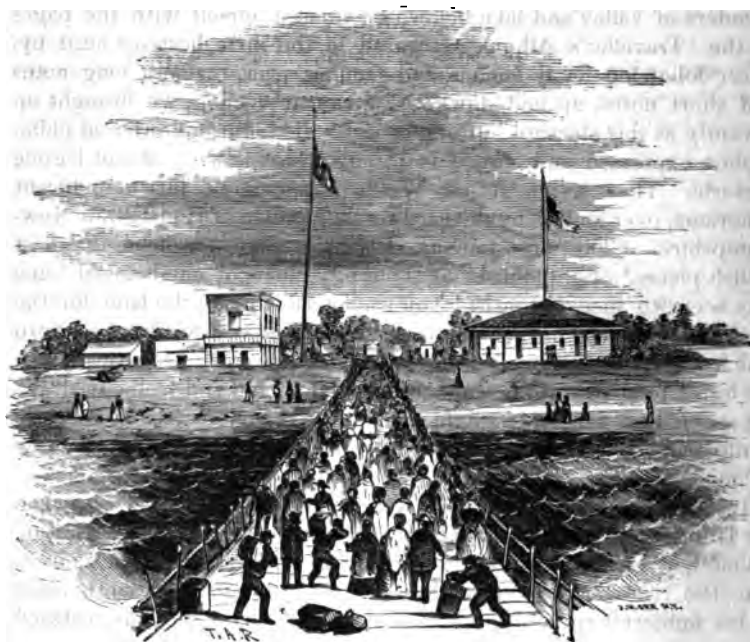
AUGUST, 1859.

No. 2.



To come at once 'to the point,' good reader, we beg to call your attention to the wee bit map which forms the tail of our frontispiece. This map we have taken from 'actual survey'—of the performance of competent topographers. It represents the fag-end of the renowned

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STEAMER LANDING.

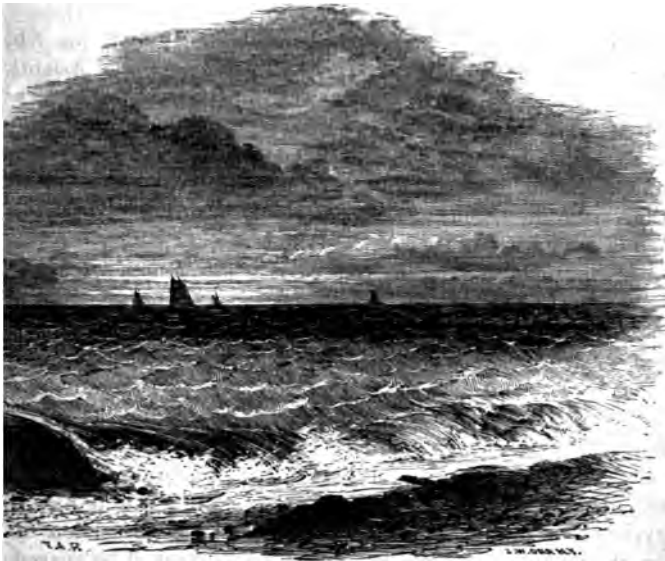
State of New-Jersey — that extreme southern point, at which the waters of the great Delaware Bay and of the greater Atlantic shake their briny hands. Now, taking into consideration the very patent fact that New-Jersey is not in proverbial estimation the latitude of all others to which a well-posted guide might be expected to direct his tourist, it may be a matter of surprise that we should not only bid him to the very region, but even to the littlest end thereof. We do so bid him, and we do it boldly, like General Jackson 'taking the responsibility,' in our firm conviction that the result will prove us to know exactly what we are about. This question we consider, indeed, to be at once settled, with the bare intimation that the neighborhood of which we are speaking is none other than that most charming of ocean summer resorts and watering-places, that famous refuge from the heat and dust of the weary city — the beach at Cape May.

The country here is, we admit at the start, as flat as any flounder in the sea, and as destitute of all attraction of changing hill and dale and forest glade as a low, sandy coast is apt to be; but it has yet most marvellous natural beauties of its own, in the possession of which, other characteristics may, for a change at least, well be spared.

Once upon a time, when waiting upon a forlorn mountain-top for the

s permission of the all-obscuring fog, to view the reputed
s of valley and lake below, we amused ourself with the pages
'Traveller's Album,' treasured in the little hostelry hard by.
Following many famous and familiar pens, through long notes
ort notes, up and down the gamut of feeling, we brought up
r at this staccato 'utterance' of a distinguished oriental philo-
expressed and signed in his own legible hand, if not legible
. Thus wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson of the magnificent
ia, over-looked by the hard-reached crown of Red Hill in New-
ire. 'The most famous views are often seen from the most
laces.' So, 'foolish' as the sandy plains of our beloved Cape
m to thee, O tourist! you cannot fail to love the land for the
spectacle of ever-varying sky and never-resting sea with
; will bless your eye and heart. Thus much aesthetically: in
r pleasures of the Cape, in out-of-door fun and frolic, in draw-
a diversion and delight, and in the solemn article of creature
and consolation, in its most protean aspect, there is no shadow
shness' whatsoever.

two and a half centuries ago, that is, in August, 1609, when
ch were occupied in greater enterprises than in the taking of
, a worthy navigator in their busy employ, none other, indeed,
e renowned Hendrik Hudson, sailed down the Atlantic coast
nmortal craft, the Half-Moon, and passing Cape May, entered



LOOKING SEAWARD.

the waters of Delaware Bay. He was frightened off, however, by shoals and sand-bars, and put incontinently back to sea. There we leave him, for he had nothing more to do hereabouts, his laurels having been already planted far to the northward, on the grand shores of the Hudson. Fourteen years later than the time of this visit, there came to Cape May another Dutch skipper, who was not to be bluffed off by such obstructions as shoal and sand-bar, but who, despite them all, doubled the redoubtable Cape, entered the unknown waters of the Delaware, and explored the wild shores as far as the site of the present city of Philadelphia. This second Dutchman was the man who took the Cape for 'their High Mightinesses' and took to it for himself, explored it, and stood god-father to it, a god-fatherhood which remains to this day, with only slight orthographical change. His name was Mey — Cornelius Jacobsee Mey. He built Fort Nassau hereabout, of which both the sight and site have, however, long been missing.

Often, as we have lounged in evening reverie, upon the broad piazza or the verdant lawn of Congress Hall, looking far out to sea, where the mystic moon-beams were kissing the more mysterious waves, have we thought of thee, O worthy Jacobsee! seeing in fancy thy phantom barque darkening the far-off horizon, and wishing that we could send out to thee one of the illustrious pilots of thy beloved Cape, to bid thee now ashore to witness the changes which time has wrought since thy distant visit! To show thee how the great forest has been swept away by the tide of civilization which thou thyself so much helped to roll upon the shore; to show thee how the simple wigwam of the savage has been supplanted by the sumptuous palace, and how the red man himself has given place to the lord and the lady of thine own race. What, O revered skipper! (why is not his statue in your midst, ye godless Cape Islanders?) what would you think of the scenes ashore of the present day, or what of the more strange scenes afloat; of the marvellous spectacle of the great steamers of the Cape, puffing their nightly way to and from the distant city, in spite of all winds and weathers whatever!

Looking yet further into the early chronicles of our theme, we find that eight years after the call of the great explorer, that is, in 1691, there came to Cape May a third adventurer. This was David Pieter-son de Vries. He landed at Cape Henlopen, thirteen miles south south-west of Cape May, on the east coast of Delaware. Here he planted a colony which, upon a re-visit the following year, he found to have wholly vanished under the murderous hatchets of the Indians. Thus, up to this period, twenty years after the discovery of the Delaware by Hudson, not a single European remained upon its shores. At this time, and long afterwards, the whale-fishery was very success-

fully prosecuted here, though the trade passed away many generations ago. De Vries, in his journal, says: 'March 29th, 1633 — found that our people had caught seven whales. We could have done more if we had had good harpoons, for they struck seventeen fish and only secured seven.'



THE BEACH—LOOKING SOUTH.

On the fifth of May, 1630, a purchase of sixteen square miles was made at Cape May of nine of the resident chiefs, by Peter Heyser, skipper of the ship 'Whale,' in behalf of the Dutch West-India Company. This was the first recorded purchase within the limits of the State.

In 1641 the Cape region was again bought by Swedish agents, a short time before the arrival of the Swedish Governor Printz at Tinicum.

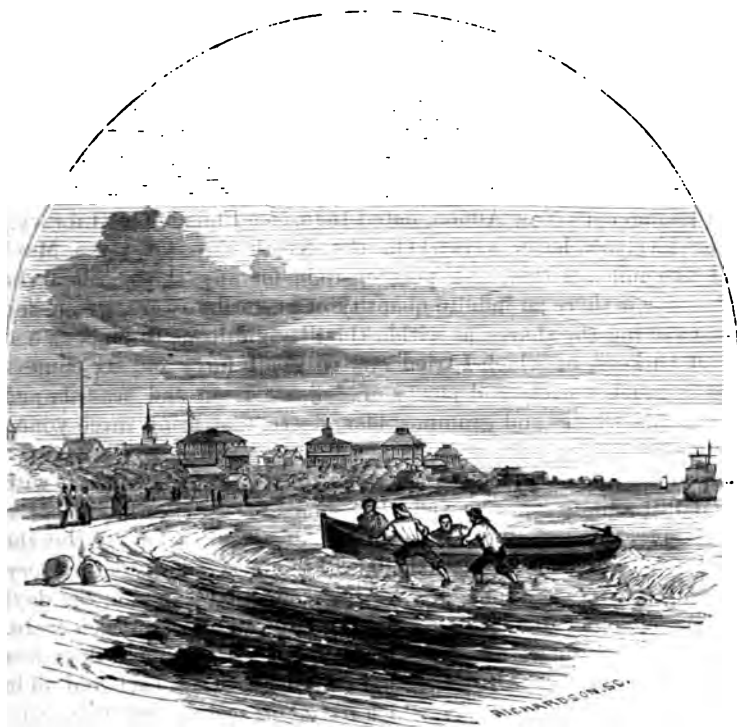
We have no reliable record of the vicinage being inhabited by whites at an earlier period than 1685, though Mr. Benedict, in his 'History of the Baptists,' speaks of the foundation of a church being laid there in 1675, upon the alleged arrival of a company of emigrants

from England. The remotest church chronicles do not go further back than 1711. The reader, familiar with the profound history of the learned Diedrich Knickerbocker, knows already how the valiant Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of the New-Netherlands, ascended the Delaware in 1654 with his seven ships and seven hundred men, and forever extinguished, with astounding daring, the spark of Swedish power which, as we have intimated, had been very early ignited there.

In Plantagenet's New Albion, dated 1648, (see Philadelphia Library.) Master Evelyn's letter says: 'On the North side (of Cape May) about five miles within, is a port or rode for any ships, called the Nook. I saw there an infinite quantity of bustards, swans, geese, and fowls, covering the shores, as within the like multitude of pigeons and store of turkeys, of which I tried one to weigh forty and six pounds. There is much variety and plenty of delicate fresh and sea-fish, and shell-fish and whales and grampus, elks, deere, that bring three young at a time.'

The whales, as we have said, are gone; so too, are the 'deere,' with their multitudinous young; and also, remember it, expectant sportsman, the pigeons, and all the forty-and-a-half pound turkeys. But the 'delicate fresh and sea-fish and shell-fish,' they are still there, in every appetizing variety, as abundant, yea, more abundant than in the days of the voracious Master Evelyn. Where else can you find such crabs, such blue-fish and black-fish, such rock and sheeps-head and flounders and perch and porgy, such drum and cod and herring, each and all in their season; and *such* oysters, which have '*all* seasons for their own.' 'A dozen on the half-shell' here, means something. It would be a serious matter even to a Manhattan alderman. If you love the royal bivalve, O reader! go to Cape May, and come away when you can manage so to persuade your steps. Had the 'first oyster' been eaten under the alluring circumstances of the shell-life of the Cape, we should not share our hero-worshipping friend Sparrowgrass's admiration of that daring feat. One might eat such oysters from mere instinct.

Here we leave the ancient chronicle, since it goes on to discourse only of the purchase and settlement of this and that tract; of the establishment of county courts; of the farming and trading operations of the early settlers, and of their little trials and successes; interesting reminiscence, enough, no doubt, to their admiring descendants, but of only moderate attraction to us just now. We add, briefly, that no incidents of the Revolution or of later national history are very vividly recalled to mind here; the chronicles of the vicinage being noteworthy only at the beginning and the end—the period of which we have spoken, of the early discovery and settlement, and the more recently acquired character as a popular summer resort. Enough, then, of the Cape of Jacobsee, the ancient explorer, and now for that of the modern tourist and pleasure-seeker.



THE BEACH, NORTH—LANDING A PILOT.

The popular impression of the physical aspect of New-Jersey is not of the most reverent sort. This, though natural enough, is in a great degree erroneous and uninformed. It chanced, unluckily, for the State credit in this respect, that the most occupied, most traversed and best known sections, have but little variety of surface, while all the country yet below, to our Cape, at the extremity of the peninsular, is flat and monotonous in the extreme. To the North, however, the land gradually rises into picturesque variety of form, and at last, into bold mountain ridges, as the Blue Hills step downward upon the plains from the north-western corner, and the Highlands of the Hudson from the east, though the said Highlands (it may be hinted in parenthesis) turn their backs upon their native land and look most lovingly away upon the face of the Hudson and the adjacent shores of the Empire State. Ungrateful and most traitorous Palisades! All this part of New-Jersey is rich in hill and valley, forest, lake and water-fall, and at many points, as at Budd's Lake and Greenwood Lake, and Schooley's Mountain, is much sought in summer-time, for its landscape charms and its amulets of health.

The lower point of New-Jersey, with which we have now more particularly to do, is politically called Cape May county. The soil is chiefly of alluvial formation. Some portions of the surface present great stretches of salt marsh, and others of dense cedar swamp, in which there lies buried beneath the living forest, another and yet sound



LOOKING INLAND.

one, though supposed to be almost as old as the pyramids. Immense trees have been disinterred here, bearing upon their bodies no less than two thousand annual rings. These forest catacombs have been for a long time, and are still industriously exploited for commercial use. The old mummies are exhumed in great numbers, when they are sawed and split into excellent shingles. The workman, in quest of the buried log, pokes about in the mud with an iron rod. When he happens to strike a subject, he then, by repeated trials, determines its direction, size, and length; afterwards he contrives to bring up a sample in the shape of a chip of the old block, by the smell of which he satisfies himself of its worth. The log is then loosened and floated to the surface, when it is divided into proper lengths and duly split for

market. It is said that for some years past as many as six hundred thousand shingles have been annually sent from one point alone (Dennisville) of a total market value of nine thousand dollars. Two hundred thousand white cedar rails, worth from eight to ten dollars per hundred, have been prepared at the same place in one year. The Cedar Swamp Creek, which runs into Tuckahoe River and Dennis Creek, emptying into Delaware Bay, rise in the same swamp, and the entire length of the two streams, a stretch of seventeen miles, is one unchanging mass of cedar. These swamp districts are among the curious features of the Cape May neighborhood, and may very profitably be made the end of a day's excursion from the beach.

Having reduced our text to the area within the bounds of the county, we now contract it yet further in coming directly to the *city* of the Cape. We speak literally, for it is a city, and not a village or a town merely, at which the traveller will land when he debarks at Cape May. We mention the fact for fear that it may not in all cases suggest itself. In area, to be sure, the municipality is ample enough, embracing the whole point of the peninsula, several miles in length; but not much can be said of the population, which, all told, certainly cannot exceed five hundred souls. In this census we speak, of course, of the permanent residents only, and not of the summer visitants. These may, in their season, be counted not by hundreds but by thousands; and with their help and that of the dozen or twenty imposing hotel edifices, and the infinite tail of restaurants, barber-shops, ice-cream saloons, bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, pistol-galleries, bathing-houses, and temporary houses of all names—the little city really grows metropolitan in aspect; and the ‘gas-works’ and the ‘mayor’s office,’ which at other times seem to have been sent there merely on storage, now appear quite in place. The numerous churches, also, are explained by the arrival of the special summer population. Without it, the stranger might be led to an over-estimate of the godliness of the Cape, or to an injurious opinion of the brotherly feeling of the people. So many churches, he would wonder, for so small a community! and of such varying faiths, too! from the cross-crowned Catholic, to Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist, and we forget how many others. The city is seen in very impressive guise as approached on the Atlantic side. The great hotels—and indeed the whole town, churches and all—standing close upon or not far removed from the shore, present a bold front, and greatly surprise the unexpected voyager as he sails. Near as we seem to be to our destination when thus gazing upon the shore, we find that we have yet to travel far on, beyond the city under our nose, even to the opposite side of the Cape, before we can land, and then ride two or three miles on terra firma to our hotel. This, however, is easily done by the help of the

liberal provision of Jersey wagons which await our use as we gain the shore end of the long wooden pier. In one of our pictures the traveller will see how and where he is to land at the Cape, come he whence he may — from the sea or down the bay. Of course the landing, remote as it is from the town, is a busy and gay-looking place at the hours of the arrival and departure of the steamers — morning and evening.

It may be well to advise the visitor, before we forget it, that the post-office designation of our watering-place is 'Cape Island' — and not Cape May. The latter title belongs to the county capital. Letters to journey direct should be addressed, accordingly, to '*Cape Island*;' not forgetting the concluding 'N. J.' Having now landed our traveller safely at the Cape, and put him into the ubiquitous Jersey wagon, (at a cost to him of twenty-five cents,) and seen him fairly *en route* over the remaining two miles and a half of easy land-passages, we will set him down comfortably at his hotel, and then help as we may be able to the agreeable outlay of his time — and money, of course.

He will have no difficulty in finding excellent accommodation of bed and board, unless he come, perchance, in the height of a very crowded season; in which case he will, like all reasonable men under such circumstances, spread himself with happy heroism upon the floor of the piazza, or in the hospitable shelter of a bathing box. It would be useless to undertake a *catalogue raisonnée* of the Cape hotels and boarding-houses. Their name is Legion. Suffice it to indicate a few of the leading establishments, as, for example, Congress Hall, the Atlantic and the Columbia Hotels, and the United States and National. These are all large structures, conveniently appointed in the matter of rooms, and provided in the way of tables, servants, cellars, and all *et ceteras*, in a style fully equal to that of the best first-class houses, either of country or city, any where in the land. Most of them are large enough to provide comfortably for four or five hundred guests each. Generally speaking, the apartments are of sufficient size, suitably furnished, and admirably ventilated, with liberal exposure to the fresh air without, either landward or seaward. Besides the houses we have mentioned, there are numerous others, into which the visitor will be content to get if he cannot do better, and which, indeed, he may even select from the entire list.

The largest and most elegant of all the hotels, and the one most pleasantly and conveniently situated for the picture of the great sea, and for beach and bathing privileges, is Congress Hall. It stands in imposing proportions near the edge of the noble beach, or separated therefrom only by the pleasant lawn, over which the guest steps from the interminable piazza to his bathing-house and the rolling surf. Nothing of the kind could be more agreeably arranged. In the more

recently built part of the house there is a beautiful parlor, of elegant architectural adornment, and a grand arched dining-hall, forty-five feet in width and two hundred feet long. This superb apartment would be an object of admiring remark in much larger cities than that of Cape Island.

For such 'entertainment' as we have here guaranteed, the guest must expect the customary 'little account' to be presented as a souve-



A CEDAR SWAMP.

nir of adieu. We are sorry to have to mention such matters, but they have their importance — amounting to no less than a quarter eagle per day, or fourteen dollars per week. If this figure is not high enough,

of liberty. The planets, wheeling silently in their vast orbits, give us the most perfect idea of freedom ; yet we are told, if one of them should falter for a second of time in its appointed course, the universe would be thrown into chaos.

In church, as in political matters, the voluntary system is found to work best ; and the existence of so many charitable institutions in New-



DR. ALEXANDER'S CHURCH, COR. OF FIFTH AVE. AND NINETEENTH-STREET.

York, is sufficient evidence that the spirit of her citizens is by no means so mercenary as some would have us suppose. More missionaries have sailed from our port than from any other in the world ; and

we believe there is no city where the poor, other things being equal, are better provided for, or where more is voluntarily done for the promotion of every good cause. Foreigners, therefore, cannot say that we are an irreligious people, from the fact of our having no established religion.

The first prominent objects that meet the eye, when sailing up the bay of New-York, are the spires of her churches pointing heavenward like silent fingers. Of several of these splendid edifices, of which New-Yorkers are justly proud, we give excellent illustrations.

In the last number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, we mentioned how Director Kieft managed to build the first church on Manhattan, and how, in contrast with that little edifice within the walls of old Fort Amsterdam, we have now over three hundred churches in the city, not enough, however, to accommodate one third of our population, were they all inclined to avail themselves of religious services. The Reformed Dutch Church was organized in New-Amsterdam as early as 1620, and the first sermon in English from the Dutch pulpit preached by Dr. Laidlie in 1764.

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* History of New-York City.



ALL SOULS' CHURCH, COR. FOURTH AVE. AND TWENTIETH STREET.

THE HARVEST STORM.

THE noon-tide comes, the harvesters
Are gathering in the grain :
The burning sun pours down upon
The groaning upland wain :

The reapers still ascend the hill,
And stretch the bright stalks low,
While in the west — o'er mountains pressed —
The clouds mount up like snow.

All 's still as death ! not yet a breath !
The reaper bares his brow :
When through the trees there steals a breeze
From the western bank of snow :

The cloud-banks rise high up the skies,
And wear a leaden hue :
The reapers now no longer mow,
There 's other work to do :

The clouds have run before the sun,
His rays are seen no more :
The thunder moans, in mournful tones,
As ever in days of yore.

The harvest hands in crowded bands
Are loading up the wain :
The driver speaks, the axle creaks,
Off moves his team again !

The oxen pull, the strong winds lull,
The clouds seem rent asunder,
The lightnings flash : then comes the crash
Of Jove's terrific thunder !

With many a shout the harvest rout
Move off to gain their shelter,
The clouds divide and open wide —
They scatter helter-skelter.

Ye denizens of brick-bound town,
At forty grown so hoary,
Ye cannot know, until ye go
To see the Storm-King's glory,

With what pride and stately stride
He moves across the mountains,
Refreshing earth — removing dearth —
And filling up the fountains.

Then let 's fill up a generous cup
Of nectar from the skies,
And drink his health, whose bounteous wealth
Makes Earth a Paradise !

A STRANGER IN GOTHAM.

To the emigrant from Continental Europe, landing fresh in New-York, our metropolitan city presents not a few remarkable characteristics. No one demands his passport. No one inquires after him. He is, in fact, unnoticed, save by some importunate coachman or runner. He beholds little or none of the pomp with which authority is

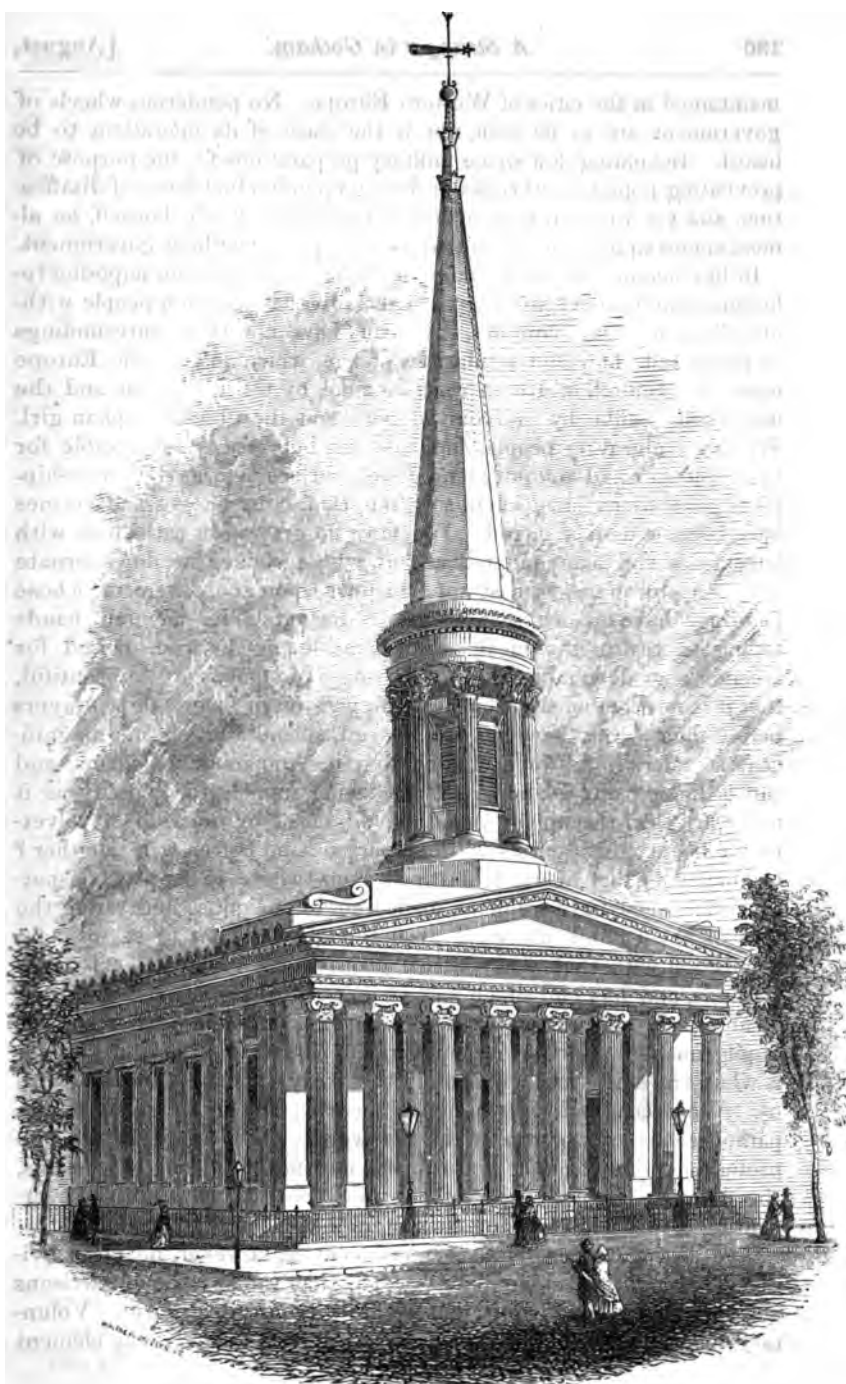


DR. MACAULEY'S CHURCH, COR. OF FIFTH-AVE. AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET.

maintained in the cities of Western Europe. No ponderous wheels of government are to be seen, nor is the clash of its operations to be heard. Beholding few or no military preparations for the purpose of preventing popular outbreaks or drying up individual drops of disaffection, and yet to learn how man can restrain and rule himself, he almost comes to the conclusion that we are a people without government.

In like manner, seeing no union of Church and State, no imposing religious establishment, he is apt to conclude that we are a people without religion. Our churches, it is true, have not those surroundings of pomp and show and solidarities of age, which in Catholic Europe make the Church of Rome revered alike by the intelligent and the unlearned — alike by the courted hero and the obscure orphan girl. We are a migratory people, and have no holy places remarkable for their splendor and antiquity; no gilded shrines before which worshipping generations have knelt so often, that both images and shrines have become doubly sacred. We have no gray-worn cathedrals with long aisles and many-pillared arches, whose stained windows, ornate with Scriptural scenes, cast soft shadows upon the pavement, whose paintings have grown into things of beauty under cunning hands toiling to realize the ideal, whose marble angels seem poised for ascending or descending flight, and whose Madonnas are so beautiful, that it is no wonder the silent worshippers often forget their prayers before them. But have we not, instead, splendid hotels and magnificent steamers — railways binding together our mountain-chains, and canals linking our inland seas? Believing in political equality, is it necessary that the apple-woman should kneel by the side of velvet-robed beauty, to teach us that one person is no better than another? Or, believing that liberty is destined every where to supplant despotism, what need have we of an institution in our midst illustrating the idea of the Church universal, even though it boasts of an intimate connection with that vast spiritual brotherhood which has existed in all lands, and has embalmed the memory of the good and the great of all ages? We are a nation of travellers, therefore what is the use of pilgrimage? For aside from devotion, pilgrimage, in the old world, is what travelling and frequenting the great watering-places are with us. We are an intensely practical people; and hence many of the paraphernalia of worship in the old world — the costly shrines, the profusion of images and pictures, the moving of solemn processions, the dress and genuflections of priests, seem to us very like the ever-shifting scenes and changing characters that belong to the stage.

The absence of a Church establishment is, however, no more evidence of our being an irreligious people, than the absence of garrisons and an armed police, is proof that we are without government. Voluntary obedience to the best laws, not the absence of law, is the element



REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH IN LAFAYETTE PLACE.

of liberty. The planets, wheeling silently in their vast orbits, give us the most perfect idea of freedom ; yet we are told, if one of **them** should falter for a second of time in its appointed course, the **universe** would be thrown into chaos.

In church, as in political matters, the voluntary system is found to work best ; and the existence of so many charitable institutions in New-



DR. ALEXANDER'S CHURCH, COR. OF FIFTH AVE. AND NINETEENTH-STREET.

York, is sufficient evidence that the spirit of her citizens is by no means so mercenary as some would have us suppose. More missionaries have sailed from our port than from any other in the world ; and

we believe there is no city where the poor, other things being equal, are better provided for, or where more is voluntarily done for the promotion of every good cause. Foreigners, therefore, cannot say that we are an irreligious people, from the fact of our having no established religion.

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ALL SOULS' CHURCH, COR. FOURTH AVE. AND TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET.

Street Church, which was also destroyed in the conflagration of 1835. Part of the old congregation now worship in Dr. Macauley's Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first street. The Reformed Dutch Church in Lafayette Place, erected in 1844, is now the most beautiful edifice belonging to that denomination in New-York.

The Episcopal denomination was introduced soon after the cession of the city to the English in 1664. The old Trinity Church was built in 1696, rebuilt in 1788, and ultimately supplanted by the present magnificent structure, the finest of which the city can boast. Next in order came the Lutheran and Presbyterian denominations. The Brick Church in Beekman-street, afterward known as Dr. Spring's, built in 1767, on the angular plot long called 'the Vineyard,' which had been granted by the Corporation, at a rent of forty pounds per annum, to John Rogers, Joseph Treat, and others, escaped the great conflagration, and remained, until recently, a land-mark of olden times. Dr. Alexander's Church, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth-street, sprung from the old congregation that worshipped in Cedar-street under Dr. Romeyn.

The first Baptist Church in New-York was erected in 1760, and the now numerous Methodist congregations had their origin in a small assemblage that worshipped in a rigging-loft in Horse-and-Cart Lane, (now William-street,) under William Embury. The famous John-Street Chapel, christened Wesley Chapel, was erected in 1768. St. Paul's Church, on Fourth Avenue, recently completed, is their finest church in the city.

In 1819, William Ellery Channing preached the first Unitarian sermon delivered in our city, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, then in Barclay-street. All Souls' Church, situated on Fourth Avenue, a short distance above St. Paul's, and dedicated in 1855, will be, when the campanile is finished, perhaps the most imposing edifice of the kind in the city.

OUT OF SPIRITS.

Is my wife out of spirits? said John with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning:
Quite out, Sir, indeed, said her maid in reply,
For she finished the bottle this morning.

THE OMNIBUS-DRIVER.

HAVING received from a highly respectable member of the omnibus-driving fraternity a letter, which enters more fully into the subject than I or any other layman can do, I subjoin it as a continuation of the street employments of New-York. Mr. William Gruff writes to me as follows :

'To the Amusing Riter in the Nickabocker Magezeen :

'SIR: I red your very entertaining artikl in the Nickabocker wich I'm a constant reader of, (I reads in the small ours of the morning and a number youshally lasts me a month,) and, supposin as my turn will be shure to come in your nex paper, I might as well give you some of the facs wich may be you aint aweer of. Stage-drivin is wun of the street-employments of this New-York, and there is things about stage-drivin as would make the publick's hair stand up—I'm alloodn to them as aint bald.

'When I says that I'm a stage-driver, I obvously declares myself a missantrop, a bein as seldom gives and never receives a kind word to or from his fellerman; a ermit whose solicitude is in the open air on a uncomfortable elevation; a stoick who daily contemplates the moving erd of men beneath him with the most perfound indifference; a sinio whose only verbl communicashn with mankind is under the influence of a temporary and very unplesnt kurveture of the spine, and through a little hole behind the two foot by eighteen inches, where he passes the most part of his miserable egistance; a victum of public persecution, who is scarcely ever addressed in words, but most frequently by insulting jerks upon his leg through the mejum of the stage-strap. Youmanity little knows the contempt I entertains for it, as indeed I must. Exalted above men, I lives not among them. Nobody knows or cares to ask what my name is. If I am wanted, I am called by the inexpressive moneysillabl 'Hi!' and if I do n't icknolledge this contempchous salutashn, 'Stupid fool' is the smallest compliment I reseaves. I wonder what the publick would say if I was to call out 'hi!' to them.

'They frekently addresses me in sines which is of so derogatry a karikter that my blood biles as I icknollege them. Sometimes these sines is made with a stick, a umbereller, a brown-paper parcel, or one finger held up, to indikate that I must stop. I do stop; but I feel that it would be a relief to me to do so with the off leg of the off horse on the korns of the contemchous customer. The individyal says nothing to me afore he enters. I aint as good as the dirt under his

feat. The rain may be a falling, the frost may be killing, the sun may be a briling me up on my elevated perch. What cares that individyal about *me*? I am only a part of the macheen. I suppose that the stage is drawn by two horses. I'm rong, it seams. That individyal regards the number of the cattle as three, me being included. He gets in and pokes his paltry sixpence through the little hole behind me. I heeds him not; I am meditating upon my wrongs, and looking forward to the happy day when I shall consummate my heaped-up vengeance by running my full stage down a opening in the street into the sewer below, or up agin a lamp-post. I pays no attention to the silver kine at my back. The passenger proceeds to insult me by jerking at my foot or beating a tattoo on the little pane of glass behind me. I takes his dirty pence and represses my indignation only to have my wounds opened afresh by a woman, with a bundle and a baby, calling with most unfeminine lungs that ebominable 'Hi!' Presently some fool in the stage diskivers that, being too intent on reading his paper or in staring at the young woman on the opsit seat, he has passed the pint where he wanted to stop. He frantikally seizes the strap, and not only in my leg but up in my very hart I feels the shock of his impatient pull. I checks the horses; but because I do n't pull them down upon their ams and bring the weakle to a sudden stop, a second jerk upon my leg manifests the impatience of the passenger, who scowls at me as he passes out, and wonders 'Why the jack-ass can't stop when he's told to.' Oh! what a life is this?

'Impashent as he is, however, to get out, the others is ekally ankshous to go on. He has scarsly stepped from the stage and I am jist preparing agin to start the horses, when two or three of the fools inside exclaims together, 'Driver, go ahead, can't you?' as though I did n't know my own bizness. I does go ahead, but I treasures up my rong. I sometimes thinks what a privelege it would be to hang six or eight of my fellow-men with the stage-strap every morning before breakfast, which meal, by-the-high, I almost alluz takes upon the box.

'Okashunly a street-boy, oaning three cents, orders me to stop; yes, *orders* me, a little boy with his shirt a hanging out of all parts of his trowsers, but with authority in virtue of his three cents, holds up his dirty finger and cries out to *me* — a man old enuff to be his grand-father — 'Hi!' I stops; but I asks myself was I born for this? Is this a legitimate intention of Provadense?

'One day a man from the Deaf and Dum Asylum wanted to get into the omnibus. He held up his finger to me. It was a sollum pleasure to me to know that at least one of my fellow-creachurs could n't call me 'Hi.' I gratified myself by pretending not to see him. He ran frantikally along the side-walk looking at me, holding both ands up in the hair and making mouths at me. I felt proud at

that moment; but my triumph was of short duration. A rufyan in the stage saw the dum person and pulled my knee up as high as my chin. I was phoaced to stop, and the dum man grin'd as he got in. Oh! LORD!

'Even the hurchings that hangs on to the step and rides for nothing, holds me in contempt, for they knows that I am their jupe. And I aint got no remedy. I yous'd to cut behind with my long wip at a venchur; but one day my evl jeneyus was rampant and the lash caut the i of a elderly femail who was a looking out of the stage winder. My Boss had to pay twenty dollars in cash for that operation, and the sum was dedukted in weakly instaulments out my pay.

'And what is my life off the stage? I have a wife and two children. Do they respek me? betwene you and me, I think not. They says I have no ickspearyance of the world — me who sees so much of it. One night I goes home at ten o'clock, and the next night at one. I mounts the box invariably at six, eksep one morning when I was lait.

'I had left my mittings on the table and was a wauking slowly down the yard, when my eldest boy a noticing of em, and knowing I should want em, darted out to find me. Direkly he come out he see me down the yard, and wanting to etrakt my attenshun, he kauled out that ebominable 'Hi!' This was too much. I went back and thrashed him. That made me lait, and my pay was dokt in consequans.

'As for my Boss, he is a Beast without no consence. He seems to think I ought to make people ride weather they will or no, for when the reseats falls off he vents his spleen in insinivations, which is very painful to the susseptable mind. He says: 'It's quear; he seen the stage several times that very day and it was as full as it could hold when he seen it; and he don't understand wy the reseats is so small.'

'The fact is, he thinks I prigs his money. May be I does.

'I feel that there aint no releaf for me but the graiv, and I do n't care how soon it comes to me, or rather how soon I am druv to it. I sinsearly hope, as there aint no omnibuses in Heaving, or leastways if there is, that I am to be a Passenger and not a driver, (won't I pull the strap though?) But if things aint so ordained, I do n't care if I goes to the other plais instead.

'Yours as truly as sukumstances will allow,

'BILL GRUFF.'

METAPHOR OF BIRTH AND DEATH.

There are two jewels in the ring of Life,
One white as snow, one black as ebony!

PALISSY THE POTTER.

In the south-west of France is the ancient town of Saintes, the capital of Saintonge, charmingly situated on the River Charente, and once the most flourishing city of all Guienne. It is a very ancient place, and was, in the time of the Romans, one of the principal cities of Aquitaine. There are still some slight remains of an amphitheatre, and a fine Roman bridge spans the waters of the Charente, bearing a Latin inscription (now illegible) upon its frieze. In olden times it boasted an ancient cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter, and said to have been built by Charlemagne; but only the bell-tower now remains.



TOWN OF SAINTES.

It was in the year 1538, one morning in May, that the people of the old, narrow-streeted town were surprised to find a strange family had arrived among them. The new-comers were a young couple who brought with them an infant in arms, and presently established themselves in a small house on the outskirts of the city, the frontage of

which looked upon one of the steep, crooked streets, and presented to view a work-shop, in which were displayed various objects calculated to attract the eyes of passers-by. Above all, at the entrance of the door was placed the figure of a dog, modelled and painted in such life-like fashion, that many a time was this sturdy-looking guardian of the threshold challenged to single combat by the perplexed dogs of the good town.

The head of this family was Bernard Palissy, whom, though of humble origin and occupation, Lamartine styles 'the patriarch of the work-shop, the poet of manual labor in modern days, the potter of the Odyssey, the Bible and the Gospel'—a self-helping and self-taught man, who united the practical power of the workman with the genius

of the philosopher and the virtue of the saint and martyr; one of those world-conquering men, as powerful in patience as in energy, who can watch and wait, reëxperiment, and endure privation from weary year to weary year in the pursuit of what, to ordinary minds, would seem but a vision of dream land, but which the forecasting instinct of genius affirms to be a possibility of sober life.



PALISSY AND HIS FAMILY.

Of the early history of Palissy scarcely more is known than that he was born in or near the little town of Biron, in the ancient province of Perigord, an inland, mountainous district, without commerce and manufactures, whose inhabitants depended for their subsistence upon the produce of their forests and the fattening of their pigs. His parents were too poor to give him the advantages of a liberal education; but he learned to read and write, and from

his early youth showed a talent for drawing and designing, and speedily attained a degree of skill which secured him employment in painting on glass and drawing plans. Though Palissy, in after-years, wrote several books as full of biographical anecdote and illustration as they are of shrewdness and good homely sense, he says little more concerning his early life than that for a long time he practised glass-painting, until he was assured that he 'could earn bread by labors in earth.' Our sketch of Palissy is based upon the lecture of the Rev. Henry Allon on the Huguenot potter and martyr, and the narrative of Miss C. L. Brightwell.* To the latter work we are also indebted for the excellent illustrations that accompany this article, and to it we refer the

* *PALISSY THE POTTER: OR THE HUGUENOT ARTIST AND MARTYR: a True Narrative*, by C. L. BRIGHTWELL. 12mo: pp. 235. CARLTON AND PORTER, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York. 1859.

reader for the best account of this remarkable man, who, as Lamartine says, by his example rather than by his works has exercised an influence upon civilization, and has earned a place for himself among the men who have ennobled humanity.

Palissy married and enshrined his Penates in the picturesque old town of Saintes, earning by surveying and glass-painting a scanty livelihood, for Lisette could not help wanting a 'grass-green camlet,' and little Nicole his calotte. But during the twelve preceding years he had lived the life of a wandering artisan.

Palissy says that many who worked at his trade in Perigord were nobles. We remember once in Eastern Europe to have given a Hungarian baron a shirt, an article of dress he had not worn in several

weeks. A Plantagenet, it is said, mended shoes in one of the inland counties of England. Not long ago a lineal descendant of one of the British kings wished to become a contributor to our Magazine. But the glass-workers of Perigord, whether noble or plebeian, could hardly pay their taxes, and young Palissy left his forest-home, turning his face first southward to the Pyrenees. For twelve years he wandered through France, the Netherlands, and Lower Germany; and, as churches needing his services were



LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA'S CUP.

not to be encountered in every village, now and then stopping to eke out his scanty income by portrait-painting and surveying, and later by making draughts and moulding images. These were the years of his education.



PALISSY UNDER DISCOURAGEMENT.

Amid the gorges and peaks of the Pyrenees he became familiar with their varied beauty and wild scenery; and thus drinking in the spirit of the mountains and the woods, he laid the foundation of his wisdom as a philosopher. He studied earths and rocks and insects and trees, questioning men much, but nature more. He visited the laboratory of the chemist and the work-shop of the artisan, but nature, after all, was the

nurse of his genius and the mother of his art, teaching him lessons from the rocky bed of the stream, the wild recess of the forest and the awful cleft of the mountain. In these twelve years of travel Palissy acquired a knowledge of various arts, and even dabbled in alchemy, being, as he tells us, 'alchemist enough to live on his teeth.' Eager and observant, he questioned philosophers of their knowledge and learned wisdom from the rude instincts of the peasant, so that in time he inevitably became one of the wisest and most practical of men — the Franklin of France.

During his wanderings, also, Palissy doubtless came in contact with the Reformers, and became a devoted Huguenot. The religious thought and passion of Europe were then stirred to their very depth. The celebrated protest of fourteen imperial cities against the decisions of the Diet of Spire had just given to the Reformed Church the name of Protestant. France was at that time the great stronghold of Papacy. Leo X. sat on the papal throne; and the heretics, though passing through terrible scenes of persecution and martyrdom, were greatly protected by Margaret, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis the First. In 1535 John Calvin fled from Paris to Saintonge, the district in which Palissy fixed his home.

Some two years after Palissy had settled in Saintes he received a little commission from one of the great seigneurs who lived in the neighborhood, a man of much taste in the fine arts, and having in his possession some choice specimens of ancient Moorish pottery. After showing these to Palissy (who had come to the chateau for directions) the nobleman, going to the cabinet from which they had been taken, drew out an earthen cup, turned and enameled with so much beauty, that at the sight of it our artist was struck dumb with admiration.



PALISSY AND HIS DEAD CHILD.

When Palissy had been mending painted windows in Saintes, Europe was without porcelain. The existence of tea was not even known, and a shilling china mug would have been a princely present. While Palissy was a boy the Portuguese obtained their settlement at Macao, and through them came the first specimens of china-ware called porcelain, it is said, from their resemblance to the backs of little pigs. How many

thousands of years, according to Chinese chronology, they have been manufacturing porcelain it is impossible to say. A tea-cup may have been the vessel and tea the liquor employed in the very first libation of Yoo-tsou-she when, three thousand years before Christ, he introduced his savage hordes to build their first hut. The earliest historical records of fictile clay are the bricks of Babel. The Greeks, Egyptians, Etruscans, and Romans were acquainted with the potter's craft; but while the art of tempering and glazing was disappearing in Europe, the Chinese and the Japanese were practising it in grotesque perfection.

'Who is there,' says Allon, 'that had not daguerreotyped upon his brain every line and dot of the immortal blue willow pattern, so called

from its astounding willow, with its four bunches of triple princes' feathers for foliage, and its inconceivable root growing out of an impossible soil; and its magical bridge suspended, like a leaping squirrel, between heaven and earth; and its three Chinese mermen, working themselves upon their tails in some inscrutable way or other in the funny little temple in the corner; and the allegorical ship that sails in mid-air over the top of it, and just under the baseless floor of an aerial blue villa, through which it threatens to thrust its mast; and its two nondescript birds, which would defy even the anatomy of Owen, billing and cooing in their uncouth Chinese fashion, besides the strange blue tree, with its round plum-pudding leaves—a permanent puzzle to botanists—and which grows out of the top of another temple with three deep-blue columns, and beneath which a mysterious stream flows, which sublime landscape, for millions of ages and upon tens of millions of plates, has represented to the world the artistic ideas of the Raphaels of the Cerulean empire?'



PALISSY RELATING HIS ACCIDENT.

The first reëpearance in Europe of the lost art of pottery was in the fourteenth century, when glazed earthenware was used in the pavement of the Alhambra, and in the Moorish mosques in Spain. This was the condition of the art when Lucca della Robbia, the first of European potters, became famous for his terracotta productions. He was the discoverer of his own enamel, and 'studied,' says Vasari, 'with so much zeal, that

when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night-time, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings.' After years of patient experiment, he produced a beautiful white enamel which gave almost 'eter-

nal durability' to his terra-cotta figures, and became so famous that it laid the foundation of the commercial greatness of Florence. His secret, however, died with him, his productions only remaining.



PALISSY AND THE DAME DE LA PONS.

The cup shown to Palissy was a specimen of the workmanship of Lucca della Robbia, and like Newton's apple it set his mind a-working. To discover Lucca della Robbia's enamel was henceforth the purpose for which he lived, and to which he consecrated all his labor and substance. No man in France possessed the knowledge. 'Somebody,' reasoned Palissy, 'must have found it out, and why should I not repeat the discovery?'

To be the only man in the land who could produce these beautiful vases, would be not only to secure an abundant supply for the wants of his family, but also a triumph of art.

That evening he called his wife to him, told her what he had seen, and how his heart was set upon learning to make enamels. The poor woman saw that he was pleased, and urged that he had better rest content with diligence in his own calling, as he told her plainly of the great cost with which the first experiments must be made, and at the same time bade her to be of good cheer. 'There will be the loss of my time,' said he, 'from my wonted occupation; besides that, I must purchase drugs and make me furnaces, and all, at first, a clear outlay, without fruit. I shall have many drawbacks, and it may be a weary while before I master this art. I shall be as a man that gropes his way in the dark; for I have no knowledge of clays, nor have I ever seen earth baked, nor do I know of what materials enamels are composed.'

But how was Palissy to begin. His autobiography tells us:

'Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were

composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make any thing; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them; and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish color; for I sought only after white enamel, because I heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others.'

But from ignorance of the degree of heat required, and bad arrangement of the materials, he obtained no good result. After he had blundered several times, at great expense, broken up his pottery, and exhausted his resources, he re-constructed his furnaces, bought new chemicals, and broke fresh pots, undeterred by an empty purse, a bare cupboard, and a remonstrant wife.



A PALISSY DISH.

'When,' says he, 'I had fooled away several years thus imprudently, with sorrows and sighs that I could not at all arrive at my intention, and remembering the money spent, I resolved, in order to avoid such large expenditure, to send the chemicals that I would test, to the kiln of some

potter; and having settled this in my mind, I purchased afresh several earthen vessels, and having broken them in pieces, as was my custom, I covered three or four hundred of the fragments with enamel, and sent them to a pottery distant a league and a half from my dwelling, with a request to the potters that they would please to permit those trials to be baked within some of their vessels. This they did willingly.'

With good-natured pity the potters put this strange batch of powders into their furnace, making merry while Palissy sat down with throbbing heart to watch for the result. But when the trial-pieces were taken out, to his shame and loss he found that they had not been affected by the fire. Unmindful of the ridicule of the potters, he

several times gave them new combinations of the chemicals to try as before; but with no more success. The necessities of his family and the curtain-lectures of his wife could, however, no longer be resisted. After three years of fruitless effort, he gave up the attempt to make enamel, and returned to glass-painting and surveying.



PALISSY JUG AND DISH.

The French king wanting money for his wars, determined to levy a tax on the salt-marshes of Saintonge. The royal commission came just at the right time, and Palissy thankfully accepted the appointment 'to map the islands and the district surrounding all the salt-marshes in his part of the country.' For a year and a half he was out-

wardly a happy man; but the fire had been secretly smouldering, and to the horror of his wife soon broke out fiercer than ever. Startling enough was the first symptom. 'I broke,' says he, 'about three dozen earthen pots, all of them new, and having ground a large quantity of different materials, I covered all the bits of the said pots with my chemicals, laid on with a brush.' These were all carried to the glass-house, in the hope that the intenser heat would melt them, and some one would prove to be the right combination. When the preparations were drawn out of the furnace, he joyfully observed that some of them had begun to melt, which still more encouraged him to search for the white enamel. Palissy persevered, but brought no wages to his neglected family. Poor Lisette thought her husband heartless, and scolded. The neighbors thought him mad. Death also entered his cottage and bore away the two eldest children. Finally a compromise was effected. He would make but one more trial, and if that failed, would, like a sensible man, go back to his glass-painting and surveying.

The last effort, however, must be a great one. Let Palissy tell his own story. 'For two years I did nothing but go and come between my house and the adjacent glass-houses, aiming to succeed in my intentions. God willed that when I had begun to lose my courage, and

was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial-pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature; and I thought that from that time I had the full perfection of the white enamel.'



PALISSY ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Palissy rushed to the chamber where his poor wife lay in her sick-bed, and holding up the shining white fragment, exclaimed: 'I have found it!' Lisette hailed the first ray of returning prosperity, but little knew how long she must wait before she could warm herself in its sunshine. A partial success was not to be relinquished. More money must be spent, even though Palissy has no money, and but little credit. He was now

so near the discovery of his secret that he must have a furnace of his own, lest the glass-blowers, whose sneers and gibes he had so long endured, should become acquainted with it, and the reward of his labor be lost. Having spent seven or eight months in making vessels of earth, although he had never understood earths, he began to erect a furnace like that of the glass-workers; and unable to pay any one to assist him, he was obliged to carry the bricks and mortar on his own back. At length, after eight months of experiment, he succeeded in baking his pottery. But how was it to be enameled? He was obliged to work more than a month, night and day, grinding the materials; and when the vessels had been put into the furnace, after feeding it with wood incessantly for six days and six nights he found it impossible to make the enamel melt. Is it strange that he was like a man in desperation, the very Job of his art sitting for six days and six nights

among his potsherds, his wants supplied perhaps only by his children? He will try again. The next experiment may be successful. Without letting his furnace cool, he began once more to pound and grind materials, and as the vessels he had made were all broken, he bought others with borrowed money, for this must be his last experiment. The new vessels are put into the furnace, which he has kept heated three weeks. But now a new and fatal embarrassment occurs. His fuel fails, and the furnace-fires will go out, and his new baking be spoiled. What shall he do? First, he tears up the palings of his garden. In vain does Lisette weep and wring her hands. The last stake disappears; still the enamel does not melt. The insatiable furnace craves fuel, and fuel it must have. His eye glaring, his lips compressed, Palissy rushes to the house. A tremendous crash: a table is split up and carried away; then follows a chair, and another, and at last he tears up the flooring. Lisette, seeing her furniture destroyed and her house pulled down, rushes frantic out into the streets of *Saintes*, proclaiming aloud that her insane husband is burning the house.



PALISSY AMONG THE ROCKS.

And what does Palissy himself think of all this? There is his own account of his misadventure: 'I suffered an accident that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dropped by the heat of the furnace; it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console, I was the object of mockery; and even those from whom solace was due, ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors; and in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was

regarded as a madman. Others said that I was laboring to make false money; which was a scandal under which I pined away, and slipped

with bowed head through the streets like a man put to shame. I was in debt in several places, and had two children at nurse, unable to pay the nurses. No one gave me consolation, but on the contrary men jested at me, saying 'it was right for him to die of hunger, seeing that he had left off following his trade.' All these things assailed my ears when I passed through the streets; but for all that, there still remained some hope which encouraged and sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out tolerably well, and thereafter I thought that I knew enough to get my living.'

Some of the chemicals melted over his jars and produced a white



PALISSY AT A HUGUENOT MEETING.

enamel; but months would be required to produce a batch of actual enamelled crockery. Although his children cried for bread, his wife gave him no peace, his neighbors thought him mad, and he was plunged in debt, he resolved to engage as an assistant a potter who understood his art, a magnanimous inn-keeper undertaking to feed and lodge the potter for six months, charging the same to Bernard Palissy's account. For six months they labored

together, moulding and baking pottery to be enamelled, when for want of funds the assistant had to be discharged, Bernard's clothes being given to him for wages.

Then he resolved to take down his furnace and re-construct it. He was obliged to bring the water, the mortar, and the stone without any aid; in loosening the masonry of the old furnace, his fingers were so bruised and cut by the vitrified mortar and bricks, that he had to eat his pottage with his fingers wrapped in rags.

When Palissy came to draw out of the furnace the vessels he had prepared with such labor and expense, a new discomfiture so augmented his sorrows and disasters that he lost all countenance. The enamels

were good, but the flints in the mortar, which he had used in erecting the furnace, bursting in consequence of the great heat, the pieces stuck into the soft enamel, so that the jars and medallions, which otherwise would have been very beautiful, were covered with them. These imperfect products might have been sold at some price, and at least a part of the three or four hundred livres which Palissy hoped to draw from the experiment for his family, the good-hearted inn-keeper and the rest of his creditors, might have been realized; but the grand old potter, gaunt, ragged, and furnace-stained — a very Lear in his distress — rushed upon the batch and broke it all to pieces, scattering the fragments at his feet. His neighbors remonstrated, his wife was more than ever convinced of his madness, his faith had been tried to the utmost; but the enamel had been discovered. He was now forty years of age, and had been experimenting in pottery eight years. He had only to learn by experience how to avoid the thousand accidents that marred the application of his great secret.

We need not follow Palissy through the next eight years of his life.



HUGUENOT MEETING BROKEN UP.

At the chateau in Pons, where he saw the cup of 'marvellous beauty' which had served as a talisman to elicit his genius, he had in the meantime frequently received commissions for various works of art in his peculiar line. The 'Dame de Pons,' being a lover of gardens, found Palissy's ready tact of great service. To her he related, after his last discomfiture, his many mishaps and failures, and so interested was she in his favorite pursuit, that

she became his patron, and enabled him in one way and another to procure means for carrying on his experiments. Eight years more he labored before being able to support his family by his pottery. After describing all his various failures he says: 'In short,

I blundered for fifteen or sixteen years. . . . I was so wasted in my person that there was no form nor prominence of muscle on my arms or legs; also, the said legs were throughout of one size,



PALISSY HURRIED OFF TO BORDEAUX.

so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels with the stockings too. I often walked about the fields of Saintes, considering my miseries and weariness, and above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do any thing that was considered good. . . . Nevertheless, the hope that I had, caused me to proceed with my work so like a man, that often, to amuse people who came to see me, I did my

best to laugh, although within me all was very sad. . . . I have been for several years — when, without the means of covering my furnaces, I was every night at the mercy of the winds and rains — without any help, aid, or consolation, except from the owls that screeched on the one hand, and the dogs that howled on the other, . . . and having nothing dry upon me because of the rains which had fallen, I would go to bed at mid-night or near dawn, dressed like a man who has been dragged through all the puddles in the towns; and turning thus to retire, I would walk rolling, without a candle, falling to one side and the other like a man drunk with wine, filled with great sorrows, inasmuch as having labored long, I saw my labor wasted; then retiring in this manner, soiled and drenched, I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which causes me to marvel now that I was not consumed with my suffering. . . . At last I found means to make various vessels of different enamels intermixed, in the manner of jasper. That fed me several years; and when at last I had discovered how to make my rustic pieces, I was in greater trouble than before,

for having made a certain number of them and put them to bake, my enamels turned out, some beautiful and well melted, and others quite the reverse; because they were composed of different materials, which were fusible in different degrees. Thus the green of the lizards was burned long before the color of the serpents was melted; and the color of the serpents, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs was melted before the white had attained any beauty. All these defects caused me such labor and heaviness of spirit, that before I could render my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat I really thought I should be at the door of my sepulchre.'



PALISSY IN PRISON.

Palissy was forty-eight years of age at the close of his sixteen years' struggle. Thenceforward his fame rapidly spread; his discovery was talked of, and specimens of his art were exhibited at court. Noblemen frequented his cottage; the victory had proved a war. Lisette smiled again; her children were well fed; and she purchased a finer 'grass-green enamel' than she had ever dared to hope for. At the mansion of the 'Dame de Pons'

Palissy met the Marshal Montmorency, who, although a rough, austere man, and a bigoted Catholic, sent by Henry II. to exterminate the heretics of Saintonge, became his chief patron, not only appointing him to decorate his famous chateau d'Econen, but afterward commending him to the King, and thereby saving his life.

The pottery made by Palissy (of which, under the name of Palissy-ware, exquisite specimens adorn a room in the Louvre named after him, and also the private collections of wealthy and noble continental amateurs) was very characteristic of himself. To reproduce in his works the bright colors and elegant forms of the plants and animals on which he had so long and so often gazed in the woods and fields,

was his delight; and he founded his reputation on what he called rustic pieces. The title which he took for himself was: Worker in earth, and Inventor of Rustic Figulines. These were, in fact, accurate models from life of wild animals, reptiles, plants, and other productions of nature, tastefully introduced as ornaments upon a vase or plate. His rich fancy covered his works with elaborate adornment; but all these designs were so accurately copied from nature, in form and color, that the species of each can be readily recognized; and there is hardly found a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, fields, rivers, and seas of France.



PALISSY AND THE KING.

This is, perhaps, the place to speak of Palissy as a philosopher, for as such he ranks among the sages of France. In his later life he delivered the first Natural History lectures in Paris; calling together the most learned men of the country that he might submit to them his philosophical speculations, lest he should unwittingly claim as his own discoveries things already known. In agriculture he anticipated many of Liebig's teachings. He

guessed keenly and wisely at the philosophy of health and disease; promulgated a correct theory of springs, and surface-drainage; and very nearly discovered the steam-engine.

'His scattered leaves,' says Lamartine, 'long forgotten, and at last collected, form two volumes — real treasures of human wisdom, divine piety, and eminent genius, as well as of great simplicity, vigor, and copiousness of style. It is impossible, after reading them, not to consider the poor potter one of the greatest writers of the French language. Montaigne is not more free and flowing; Jean Jacques Rousseau is scarcely more graphic; neither does Bossuet excel him in poetical power. In his allegories, his reflections, his pathos, his descrip-

tions, and his poetry, he is as great as any of the authors I have mentioned.'

We have already stated that Palissy, during his twelve years' wanderings, became a Huguenot; and that he zealously adhered to the faith of the Reformers. Soon after his settlement at Saintes, the persecution broke out there, and the first Protestant heretic was burned. Bernard began the Reformed Church of Saintes by preaching to his one poor brother Christian; his preaching courage failing, however, when others were to be addressed. Six poor and unlearned men, undertaking 'a business in which they never had been instructed,' met together every Sunday to recite passages of Scripture; and ultimately it was agreed that each of the six in turn should preach to the other five. In a contemporary list of preachers we find the name of Bernard Palissy.

Saintes had been a kind of Zoar for the Huguenots, and in the time of the persecution they were hunted down like wild beasts, and when caught were 'bridled like horses before being led to the scaffold, which bridles had to each an apple of iron which filled all the inside of their mouths—a very hideous thing to see.' Palissy, protected by Montmorency, labored on in his little work-shop. 'I had nothing, every day,' says he, 'but reports of frightful crimes that from day to day were committed; and it was of all those things the one that grieved me most within myself, that certain little children of the town, who came daily to assemble in an open space near the spot where I was hidden, (exerting myself always to produce some work of my art,) dividing themselves into two parties, (Catholics and Huguenots,) swore and blasphemed in the most execrable language that ever man could utter.'

But Palissy did not wholly escape. His house was forcibly entered by midnight, his pottery and his work-shop destroyed, and himself hurried off to Bordeaux. Palissy's secret saved him; nobody but himself could decorate the Constable's house with enamelled pottery. Powerful friends exerted themselves. Montmorency hurried to Paris, was importunate with the Queen-Mother, Catherine di Medici, obtained the potter's liberty; and lest Popery should repeat the experiment, Palissy was appointed 'Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King.' Not long after, he removed to Paris; and when Charles IX. became king, located himself and his works on the site of the Tuileries, which Catharine had begun to build. Madame Palissy had now real cause to bless the white enamel. She went to court, and for many years her husband filled France with his fame.

In the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, Palissy—more fortunate than his co-laborer, Jean Goujon, the celebrated sculptor, who was struck down on his platform while working at the caryatides of the Louvre—escaped; how, we know not, but probably in virtue of

the white enamel. When seventy-six years of age, he was still known as the uncompromising Huguenot, although the tyrant of France had afresh commanded that every one, on pain of death, should worship his gods. Sentence of death was delayed against him only through the intercession of powerful friends, who in order to save his life were compelled to imprison him in the Bastille, within whose gloomy walls, with two fair girls condemned also for the faith, he spent the last four years of his life.

Here King Henry III. visited him. 'My good man,' said he, 'you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party, and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also if you will not be converted.' 'Sire,' answered the old man, 'you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled;' that is not speaking like a king. These poor girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay.'

Two months later fagots blazed around the poor girls in the Place de Grève, but Palissy still lived. Some powerful arm had sheltered him, and he was saved from the fiery trial. But in the same year the brave old potter, now eighty years of age, fell calmly asleep in his prison — a different death-chamber from that which should have received the last breath of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the sons of France.

M A R C U S A N T O N I U S .

THERE WAS a man once, Cupid's best beloved,
Who gave a kingdom for a woman's smile,
A dusky woman of Egyptian breed —
Just think of that, JERONYMO!
Why, I might give this mortal life of mine
To sit astride the rainbow for an hour,
With half a yard of moon-shine in my cap
To dangle like a feather — might do this,
Nor be the fool that he was!

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Art thou not happy since love's words
Fell on thy heart like balm?

'Well now, I do n't know as I am,
And do n't know but I am.'

Did not sweet thoughts thy bosom thrill
When first thou heardest his vow?

'I think it's very probable,
But can't remember now.'

Then long and ardently he sued
Ere thou didst answer him?

'Well, no, considering every thing,
I thought my chances slim.'

And so thou gav'st thy fond young heart
With joy and hope elate?

'So far as what I gave's concerned,
He did n't get 'no great.''

Does not the draught of happiness
O'erflow thy brimming cup?

'Times, when he's 'setting up' with me
I kind o' feel set up.'

Does not thy fond thought follow him,
Even when thy lip is dumb?

'Yes, when he takes me by the hand,
I feel drawn towards him, some.'

Has he not vowed to do for thee
All that affection can?

'He seems, from what he promised me,
A promising young man.'

When evening brings its fancies sweet,
Is he not ever nigh?

'To tell the truth, he is a man
I 'set a great deal by.''

When he is thine, will not thy heart
Dismiss all care and doubt?

'I think 't will be a handy thing
To have a man about.'

Didst ever think, death's night alone,
Thy wedded day can dim?
'Sometimes I think of that, and then
I almost pity him.'

Henceforth your happy lives will blend
As mingled currents run;
'They do n't begin to, yet, but then
I s'pose 't will all be one.'

Maiden, thy words are strange to me,
Thou wak'st my fear and doubt!
'My talk is common-sense, and yours
The kind we read about.'

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum Corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

July 30th.

THE theory of chances is never more idly employed than on the thoughts and feelings of a woman. Not caring to find myself soon in Mlle. Marguérite's company, after the painful scene between us, I had passed two days without showing my face at the chateau. I scarcely expected that this short interval could have sufficed to soothe the resentment I had stirred up in that haughty heart. Nevertheless, the morning of the day before yesterday, toward seven o'clock, as I was at work near the open window of my turret, I heard myself suddenly called, in a tone of friendly gayety, by the very person of whom I thought I had made an enemy.

'Monsieur Odiot, are you there?'

I went to the window, and perceived, in a boat stationed near the bridge, Mlle. Marguérite, pushing aside with one hand the brim of her large brown straw hat, and raising her eyes towards my half-invisible tower.

'Here I am, Mademoiselle,' said I promptly.

'Will you come a walk?'

After the just alarm, by which I had been tormented for two days, so much condescension made me fear that, according to the saying, I was the plaything of a senseless dream.

'Pardon, Mademoiselle; what do you say?'

‘Will you take a little walk with Alain, Mervyn, and me?’

‘Certainly, Mademoiselle.’

‘Very well; bring your sketch-book.’



MONS. ODIOT'S INTERVIEW WITH MONS. LAROQUE THE OLD PRIVATEER.

I made haste to come down, and ran towards her on the bank of the stream.

‘Ah!’ said the young girl, laughing, ‘you are in a good humor this morning, it seems.’

I muttered awkwardly some confused words, intended to intimate that I was always in a good humor, which Mlle. Marguérite seemed not to believe very firmly ; and then I jumped into the boat and took a seat by her side.



MEETING ON THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE OF ELVEN.

‘Row on, Alain,’ said she immediately ; and old Alain, who piques himself on being a masterly boatman, began to take methodical strokes with the oars, which gave him the look of a heavy bird trying in vain to fly away. Then Mlle. Marguérite continued : ‘I am actually obliged

to come and fetch you from your tower, as you have been obstinately sulking these two days.'

'I assure you, Mademoiselle, nothing but discretion—respect—fear——'

'Oh! heavens! respect—fear. You were sulking, that's what it was. Positively we are too good for you. My mother, who insists upon it, I do n't clearly know why, that we ought to treat you with a very distinguished consideration, begged me to immolate myself on the altar of your pride, and, like an obedient daughter, I immolate myself.'

I frankly expressed my lively gratitude.

'Not to do things by halves,' she went on, 'I resolved to give you a treat that would suit you: so here is a fine summer morning for you, wood and glades with all the desirable effects of light and shade, birds singing under the leaves, a mysterious boat gliding over the water. You who like stories of that kind, you must be pleased?'

'I am enchanted, Mademoiselle.'

'Oh! that is not unlucky.'

I found myself, in fact, for the moment pretty contented with my lot. The two banks between which we were gliding, were strewn with newly-cut hay which perfumed the air. I saw retreating all around us the dark avenues of the park, pierced with lines of brightness by the morning sun; millions of insects were intoxicating themselves with dew in flower-cups, humming gayly the while. Before me was old Alain, at every stroke of the oars smiling on me with an air of satisfaction and protection: still nearer sat Mlle. Marguérite, contrary to her custom dressed in white; beautiful, fresh, and pure, she took away with one hand the dewy pearls which the early hour hung around the lace of her hat, and offered the other as a bait to the faithful Mervyn, who was swimming after us. Truly, I should not have needed very much entreaty to go to the world's end in that little white boat.

As we were leaving the limits of the park, passing through one of the arches that pierced the boundary wall, the young Creole said to me: 'You do n't ask me where I am leading you, Sir?'

'No, no, Mademoiselle, it is all the same to me.'

'I am leading you into fairy-land.'

'I suspected it.'

'Mlle. Hêlouin, who is more competent to speak of poetical matters than I am, ought to have told you that the clumps of wood which cover the country for twenty leagues round, are all that remain of the old forest of Brocélyande, where the ancestors of your friend Mlle. de Porhoët, the kings of Gaël, used to hunt, and where the grandfather of Mervyn here, enchanter as he was, was enchanted by a king's daughter named Viviane. Now we shall soon be in the very heart of the

forest. And if that is not enough to excite your imagination, know that these woods still preserve a thousand traces of the mysterious religion of the Celts; they are paved with them. You have the right therefore to fancy under each of these shady places a white-robed druid, and to see a golden sickle shining in every ray of the sun. The worship of those unendurable old men has even left near here, on a site that is lonely, romantic, picturesque, *et cetera*, a monument, at the sight of which persons given to ecstasy generally faint away; I thought it would give you pleasure to draw it, and, as the place is not easy to find, I resolved to serve as your guide, asking nothing in return, except that you will spare me any outbursts of an enthusiasm in which I can not join.'

'Very good, Mademoiselle, I will restrain myself.'

'I beg you will!'

'That is understood. And what do you call this monument?'

'I call it a heap of big stones: antiquaries call it, some simply a dolmen, others, who are more pretentious, a *cromlech*; the country-people call it, without explaining why, the *migourdit*.'*

Meanwhile we were gently following the course of the stream, between two lines of dewy meadow-land; small cattle, mostly black, and with long sharp horns, rose here and there at the sound of the oars, and watched our passage with a fierce gaze. The valley, down which the stream meandered, widening in its course, was shut in on both sides by a chain of hills, covered, some with furze and dry broom, some with verdant under-wood. From time to time, we crossed a ravine which opened out between two slopes a winding prospect, in the depth of which was to be seen the rounded blue summit of a distant mountain. Mlle. Marguerite, spite of her 'incompetence,' did not fail to direct my attention to the several charms of this sweet and rugged landscape, not omitting, however, to accompany every remark with an ironical exception.

By this time a dull, continuous sound had begun to announce to us that we were probably near a water-fall, when suddenly the valley closed up, and assumed the appearance of a wild and sequestered gorge. On the left rose a high wall of moss-covered rock; oaks and firs, intermingled with hanging ivy and briers, stood in the chinks even up to the top of the cliff, casting a mysterious shade on the deeper water which bathed the rocks below. Before us, at the distance of a few hundred paces, the waters boiled, foamed, and suddenly disappeared; while the broken line of the river stood out through a whitish smoke, against a distant back-ground of obscure verdure. On our right, the bank opposite the cliff now presented only a narrow strip

* In the wood of Cadoudal, department of Morbihan.

of steep meadow, to which the thickly-wooded hills gave a fringe of sombre velvet.

‘Pull to the bank!’ said the Creole. While Alain made the boat fast to the branches of a willow, she continued, springing out lightly on the grass: ‘Well, Sir, you don’t feel uncomfortable? You are not upset, petrified, thunder-struck? And yet they say this place is very pretty. For my part, I like it because it is always cool here. But follow me into the wood — if you dare — and I will show you these famous stones.’

Mlle. Margu rite, lively, nimble, and gay, as I had never seen her before, crossed the meadow-land at two bounds, and took a path which buried itself among the thick trees as it ascended the slope. Alain and I followed her in Indian file. After a few minutes’ quick walking, our guide stopped, seemed to consult with herself for a moment, and to be finding the right way; then, deliberately parting two entangled boughs she left the beaten path, and struck directly into the under-wood. The journey then became less agreeable. It was very hard to force one’s way through the already sturdy young oaks, of which this under-wood was composed, their sloping trunks and thick-leaved boughs interlacing like Robinson Crusoe’s hedge. At any rate, Alain and I got on with difficulty, bent double, hitting our heads at every step, and bringing down, at each of our heavy movements, a shower of dew on us; but Mlle. Margu rite, with the greater address and cat-like suppleness of her sex, glided without apparent effort through the openings in the labyrinth, laughing at our sufferings and carelessly letting fly back behind her the flexible branches, which would hit us in the eyes.

We reached at length a very narrow open space, which seems to crown the summit of the hill, and there I perceived, not without emotion, a gloomy and monstrous table of stone, supported by five or six enormous blocks, which are half buried in the ground, and form there a cavern, truly full of religious terror. At first sight, there is in this uninjured monument of almost fabulous times and of primitive religions, a power of truth, a sort of real presence, which seizes the soul and makes one shiver. A few rays of sunlight, penetrating the foliage, filtered through the disjointed rows of stone, played on the gloomy slab above, and lent an idyllic grace to this barbarous altar. Mlle. Margu rite herself seemed pensive and absorbed. As for me, after penetrating into the cavern, and examining the dolmen on all sides, I set about the task of drawing it.

I had been absorbed in this work for about ten minutes, paying no attention to what might be going on around, when Mlle. Margu rite said to me suddenly: ‘Would you like a Velleda to give life to the picture?’

I raised my eyes. She had twined round her brow a thick chaplet of oak-leaves, and was standing at the head of the dolmen, leaning slightly against one of a group of young trees; in the half-light under the branches, her white dress assumed the brilliancy of marble, and the pupils of her eyes sparkled with a strange fire in the shadow cast by her projecting crown. She was beautiful, and I think she knew it. I looked at her without finding a word to say, and she continued: 'If I inconvenience you, I will move away.'

'I beg you will not.'

'Very well, make haste; put in Mervyn too; he shall be the druid, and I the druidess.'

I was so happy as to reproduce with tolerable fidelity, thanks to the vagueness of a sketch, the poetical vision with which I had been favored. She came to examine my drawing with an appearance of eagerness.

'That's not bad,' she said. Then she threw away her crown, laughing, and added: 'Confess that it was good of me.'

I confessed it, and would even have owned too, had she wished it, that she did not want for a grain of coquettishness: but she would not be a woman without that, and perfection is detestable; the goddesses themselves, to be loved, would need something more than their immortal beauty.

We reached once more, through the dense under-growth, the path traced through the wood, and descended again toward the river. 'Before we go back,' the young Creole said to me, 'I should like to show you the water-fall, all the more as I intend to have a little amusement in my turn. Come, Mervyn! come, my good dog! How beautiful you are!' We were soon on the bank in front of the shelf of rock which dammed up the river's bed. The water dashed from a height of several feet to the bottom of a large deep-set pool of a circular shape, which seemed to be bounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of green turf, studded with dewy rocks. Still some invisible fissures received the overflow of the little lake, and these streamlets united again at a little distance in one common bed.

'It is not exactly Niagara,' said Mlle. Margu  rite, raising her voice a little so as to be heard above the din of the fall; 'but I have heard connoisseurs and artists say that it was pretty enough. Have you admired? good! Now I hope you will give Mervyn all the enthusiasm you have remaining. Here, Mervyn!'

The Newfoundland came and stood by the side of his mistress, and watched her, trembling with impatience. The young girl weighted her handkerchief with a few stones, and then threw it into the stream a little above the fall. At the same moment Mervyn fell like a lump into the lower pool, and quickly left the bank; the handkerchief mean-

while followed the course of the water, reached the shelf of rock, danced for a second in an eddy, then suddenly passing like an arrow over the rounded rock, came whirling in a flood of foam before the eyes of the dog, who seized it with quick and unerring tooth. After this, Mervyn proudly regained the bank, where Mlle. Margu rite stood clapping her hands.

This charming sport was repeated several times with the same success. It was now the sixth time, when it happened, either from the dog starting too late, or from the handkerchief being thrown too soon, that poor Mervyn missed his aim. The handkerchief was caught in the eddy of the falling water, and carried among some thorn-bushes which showed themselves above the water a little farther down. Mervyn went in search of it; but we were much surprised to see him struggle convulsively, loose his prey, and raise his head towards us, with piteous cries. 'Gracious heaven! what is the matter?' cried Mlle. Margu rite.

'It seems as if he was caught in those bushes. But he will get free, do n't doubt it.'

However, we soon had to doubt it, and even to despair of it. The net-work of weeds in which the unhappy Newfoundland was caught, as if in a snare, rose directly beneath an opening in the ledge of rock, which poured an incessant stream of foaming water on Mervyn's head. The poor beast, half-suffocated, ceased making the slightest effort to loose his bonds, and his plaintive bark took the strangled sound of the death-rattle. At this moment, Mlle. Margu rite seized my arm, and said in a low tone, almost in my ear: 'He is lost, come away, Sir. Let us go.' I looked at her. Grief, anguish, and necessity were working violently in her pale features, and forming a hollow livid ring beneath her eyes.

'There is no way,' I said, 'of getting the boat down here; but, if you will allow me, I can swim a little, and I will go and hold out a paw to this gentleman.'

'No, no, do n't try. It is a great distance. And besides, I have always heard that the stream was deep and dangerous under the fall.'

'Make yourself easy, Mademoiselle: I am prudent.' At the same time I threw my jacket on the grass, and stepped into the little lake, taking the precaution to keep at a certain distance from the fall. The water was really very deep, for I found no footing except at the moment when I came near the suffering Mervyn. I do not know if some little island were formerly there, and has been loosened or undermined gradually, or if a rise of the river has swept away and lodged in that channel, fragments torn off from the bank; but it is certain that a thick net-work of briars and roots lies hid under those treacherous waters, and thrives there. I placed my feet on one of the stems from which the bushes seem to rise, and managed to free Mervyn, who recovered all his strength immediately he became master of his mo-

tions, and made use of it without delay to swim to the bank, abandoning me with all his heart. This proceeding was in little conformity with the chivalrous reputation ascribed to his species; but good Mervyn has lived much among men, and I suppose he has become a bit of a philosopher. When I would have taken a start to follow him, I discovered with annoyance that I was caught in my turn, in the net of the jealous and mischievous water-nymph, who apparently reigns over these channels. One of my legs was entangled in some knots of weeds which I vainly tried to break through. Deep water with a slimy bottom is not the place to exert all one's strength with comfort; I was, moreover, half-blinded by the continual spray of the foaming waterfall. In short, I felt that my position was becoming equivocal. I cast my eyes on the bank: Mlle. Margu rite, hanging on Alain's arm, was leaning over the gulf, and fixing on me a look of deadly anxiety. I said to myself that it now perhaps only rested with me to be wept for by those beautiful eyes, and to put an enviable termination to a wretched existence. Then I shook off the weak thought; a violent effort set me free. I tied around my neck the little handkerchief, which was all in shreds, and peacefully reached the bank.

As I landed, Mlle. Margu rite gave me her hand, which trembled a little. That seemed sweet to me. 'What madness!' she said, 'what madness! you might have lost your life! and for a dog!' 'It was yours,' I replied in a half-whisper, as she had spoken to me. The word seemed to vex her; she abruptly withdrew her hand, and turning to Mervyn, who was yawning and drying himself in the sun, she began to beat him: 'Oh! the fool! the great fool!' she said. 'How stupid he is!'

Meanwhile I was dripping on the grass like a watering-pot, and did not quite know what to do with myself, when the young girl returned to me, and kindly went on to say: 'Monsieur Maxime, take the boat and go home very quickly. You will get a little warmth again as you row. I can return with Alain through the wood: the way is shorter.' As this arrangement seemed to me most suitable on all accounts, I made no objection to it. I took my leave, had for the second time the pleasure of touching the hand of Mervyn's mistress, and threw myself into the boat.

Returned home, I was surprised, while dressing, to find round my neck the little torn handkerchief, which I had entirely forgotten to give back to Mlle. Margu rite. She certainly thought it was lost, and I decided without any scruple to appropriate it, as the prize of my watery tournament.

In the evening I went to the chateau. Mlle. Laroque received me with that air of disdainful indolence, gloomy abstractedness, and bitter *ennui*, which habitually marks her, and which now formed a striking

contrast to the graceful pleasantry and hearty liveliness of my companion of this morning. At dinner M. de Bévallan being present, she spoke of our excursion, as if to take away any mystery from it; aimed, as she went along, some brief sarcasms at the cleverness of lovers of nature, and then ended by telling of Mervyn's accident; but she suppressed in this last episode every thing about me. If this reserve was intended, as I think, to set the tune for my own discretion, the young lady gave herself very useless trouble. However that may be, M. de Bévallan, on hearing the story, deafened us with his cries of despair. 'What! Mlle. Marguérite had endured that long suspense, the brave Mervyn had run that danger, and he, Bévallan, was not by! Fatality! he should never console himself for it; nothing was left him now, except to hang himself, like Crillon!' 'Well! if there was nobody but me to cut him down,' said old Alain to me in the evening when conducting me home, 'I'd take my time about it!'

Yesterday did not begin so pleasantly for me as the day before. I received in the morning a letter from Madrid, instructing me to inform Mlle. de Porhoët of the decisive loss of her suit. Her lawyer told me, moreover, that the family against whom she brought the suit does not seem likely to profit by its victory, for it is now engaged in a struggle with the Crown, which bestirred itself at the sound of these millions, and maintains that the disputed inheritance belongs to it as an escheat. After long reflection it seemed to me that it would be a charity to conceal from my old neighbor the utter ruin of her hopes. I therefore purpose to secure the complicity of her Spanish agent; he will make the excuse of fresh delays; on my side, I will continue to ransack her archives, and in short do my best to enable the poor woman to continue to cherish her dear illusions to her latest day. However legitimate may be the character of this deceit, I still felt the need of having it sanctioned by some delicate conscience. I went to the chateau in the afternoon, and made my confession to Madame Laroque; she approved of my plan, and even praised me for it more than the occasion seemed to me to demand. It was not without great surprise that I heard our conversation terminated by these words: 'It is now time to tell you, sir, that I am deeply grateful to you for your attentions, and that I feel every day more taste for your company, and more respect for yourself. I would wish, sir — I beg your pardon for it, as you can scarcely share my desire — I could wish that we should never part. I humbly beseech heaven to do all the miracles that may be wanted for that end; for miracles would be needed, I do not disguise it from myself.' I could not grasp the exact meaning of this language, any more than I could account for the sudden emotion which shone in the eyes of this excellent woman. I thanked her suitably, and went to carry my sorrowfulness out into the field.

Chance, and by no means a strange chance, to speak frankly, led me, at the end of an hour's walking, into the secluded valley, and to the brink of the pool which had been the theatre of my recent prowess. The circle of foliage and rock, which incloses this little lake, realizes the very ideal of solitude. There you are really at the end of the world, in a virgin country, in China, where you will. I stretched myself on the heather, and went over in imagination the whole of my promenade of the day before, which is one of those that do not occur twice in the course of the longest life. I felt already that a similar piece of good fortune, should it ever be offered me again, would not possess near the same charm of unexpectedness, of serenity, and, in a word, of innocence. I had good need to tell myself, that this fresh romance of youth, which now perfumed my thoughts, could have but one chapter, but one single page; and I had read it. Yes, this hour, this hour of love, to give it its true name, had been supremely sweet, because it was unforeseen, because I had not thought of giving it a name until I had exhausted it, because I had enjoyed the intoxication of it without blame! Now, my consciousness was awakened; I saw myself on the incline of a love that was impossible, absurd — nay, worse, culpable: it was time to watch over myself, poor disinherited man that I am!

I was giving myself this advice in this lonely place, and it would not have been specially needful to go there for that purpose, when a hum of voices roused me from my abstraction. I rose, and saw coming toward me a company of five or six persons, who had just stepped out of a boat. First came Mlle. Marguérite, leaning on M. de Bévallan's arm; then Mademoiselle Hélouin and Mme. Aubry, followed by Alain and Mervyn. The sound of their approach had been covered by the rumbling of the falling water; they were but two paces off, I had no time to beat a retreat, and I had to be resigned to the annoyance of being surprised in the attitude of a *dilettante* hermit. My presence here could, however, awake no particular attention; only I thought I saw a trace of displeasure flit over Mlle. Marguérite's brow, and she returned my greeting with marked stiffness.

M. de Bévallan, standing on the brink of the pool, for some time wearied the echoes with the common-place clamor of his admiration: 'Delicious! picturesque! what a tasteful spot! The pen of George Sand; the pencil of Salvator Rosa!' The whole accompanied with energetic gestures, which seemed to snatch from these two great artists in turn the instruments of their genius. At length he grew calm, and had pointed out to him the dangerous channel in which Mervyn had nearly perished. Mlle. Marguérite told the story again, still observing, however, the same discretion with regard to the part I had taken in the issue. She even dwelt with a kind of cruelty, relatively to me, on the ability, courage, and presence of mind which, according to her,

her dog had displayed in this heroic affair. She apparently fancied that her momentary kindness, and the service I had been so fortunate as to render her, must have sent up to my brain some fumes of presumption which it was important to drive down again. Still, as Mlle. H  louin and Mme. Aubry showed an eager desire to see Mervyn's highly-boasted exploits repeated before their eyes, the young girl called the Newfoundland and threw her handkerchief into the stream of the river, as on the day before; but at this signal the brave Mervyn, instead of plunging into the lake, ran along the bank, coming and going with a terrified air, barking furiously, wagging his tail, and in short giving a thousand proofs of a powerful interest, but at the same time of an excellent memory. Reason decidedly rules the heart in that animal. In vain, Mlle. Margu  rite, angry and confounded, employed caresses and threats by turns to overcome the obstinacy of her favorite; nothing could persuade the intelligent beast to intrust his precious person again to those terrible waters. After such pompous announcements, the stubborn prudence of the dauntless Mervyn had really something droll about it. I had a better right than any one to laugh at it, I think, and did not blame myself for doing so. However, the mirth soon became general, and Mlle. Margu  rite at length joined in it herself, though but slightly.

'And after all that,' she said, 'there is another handkerchief lost!'

The handkerchief, swept away by the constant motion of the eddy, had naturally been stranded in the branches of the fatal bush, at a very short distance from the opposite bank.

'Trust to me, Mademoiselle,' cried M. de B  vallan, 'in ten minutes you shall have your handkerchief, or I shall exist no longer!'

I fancied that Mademoiselle Margu  rite, on this magnanimous declaration, furtively darted at me an expressive look, as if to say: 'You see that devotion is not so rare around me!' Then she replied to M. de B  vallan. 'For God's sake, do n't do any thing mad! The water is very deep. There is real danger.'

'It is perfectly the same to me,' replied M. de B  vallan. 'Alain, you ought to have a knife about you.'

'A knife?' Mlle. Margu  rite repeated, in a tone of surprise.

'Yes. Leave me alone, leave me alone!'

'But what do you propose to do with a knife?'

'I propose to cut a switch,' said M. de B  vallan.

The young girl looked at him steadily. 'I thought,' she muttered, 'you were going to swim?'

'To swim!' said M. de B  vallan; 'excuse me, Mademoiselle. In the first place, I am not in swimming-costume; and then, I will confess that I do n't know how to swim.'

'If you do n't know how to swim,' the young girl replied, in a dry

tone, 'it matters little enough whether you are in swimming-costume or not.'

'That is perfectly correct,' said M. de Bévallan, with amusing calmness, 'but you do n't particularly insist on my being drowned, do you? You want your handkerchief, that is your object. As soon as I have attained it, you will be satisfied: is n't it so?'

'Very well! go,' said the young girl resignedly; 'go and cut your switch, Sir.'

M. de Bévallan, who is not easily put out of countenance, hereupon disappeared in an adjoining thicket, where we heard for a moment the creaking of branches; then he returned, armed with a long nut-stem, which he began to strip of its leaves.

'You do n't calculate on reaching the other bank with that stick,' said Mlle. Marguerite, whose gayety was plainly beginning to awake.

'Leave me alone, leave me alone, I beg!' said the imperturbable gentleman in reply.

He was left alone! He finished preparing his switch. and then walked toward the boat. We now understood that his plan was to cross the stream in the boat above the fall, and, once on the other bank, to harpoon the handkerchief, which was at no great distance from it. On this discovery, there was nothing but a cry of indignation from the group; ladies being generally, as is known, very fond of dangerous adventures — for other people.

'A fine invention, indeed! Fie, fie, Monsieur de Bévallan!'

'Gently, gently, ladies! It is like Christopher Columbus and the egg. The thing was, to think of it.'

And yet, contrary to all expectation, this expedition, apparently so peaceful, was not to end without emotion, nor without danger. M. de Bévallan, in place of reaching the other bank directly opposite the little recess in which the boat was moored, conceived the unlucky idea of going down to some point nearer to the water-fall. He accordingly pushed the boat off into the middle of the current, and then let it drift for a moment; but he was not long in finding out that in the neighborhood of the fall, the stream, as if attracted by the gulf and seized with dizziness, quickened its speed with an uneasy rapidity. We had a revelation of the danger in seeing him suddenly turn the boat, and begin to ply the oars with feverish energy. He struggled against the current for some seconds with very doubtful success. Still he was gradually nearing the opposite side, although the drifting of the boat continued to hurry him on with terrific impetuosity toward the falls, the threatening din of which must then have been filling his ears. He was now but a few feet from the brink, when a tremendous effort carried him near enough to the shore for his safety at least to be secured. He then took a vigorous spring, and leaped on the slope of the bank, in

spite of himself kicking away the abandoned boat, which was immediately upset over the ledge, and floated about the pool, keel uppermost.

As long as the peril lasted we had no other feeling in looking on the scene, than one of lively anxiety; but as soon as our minds were set at rest, they were of course vividly penetrated with the contrast offered by the issue of the adventure to the usual coolness and assurance of him who was the hero of it. Moreover, laughter is as easy as it is natural after alarm has been successfully calmed down. Accordingly, there was not one among us who did not give way to unrestrained mirth, as soon as we saw M. de Bévallan out of the boat. It must be told how, at this very moment, his misfortune was completed by a truly afflicting circumstance. The bank for which he had made a leap offered a steep, wet, sloping surface; he had no sooner set foot on it than he slipped, and fell back again; some solid branches were luckily within his reach, and he fastened both hands on them with frenzy, while his legs worked about like a pair of oars in the water, not however of any depth, which washed the bank. Every shadow of danger having now vanished, the sight of this struggle was simply laughable, and I suppose this cruel thought infused into M. de Bévallan's efforts an awkward haste which delayed his success. He succeeded, however, in raising himself up and getting fresh foothold on the slope: then suddenly we saw him slip again, tearing away the brambles, and he began once more, with evident despair, his irregular pantomime in the water. It was positively impossible to restrain one's self. Mlle. Marguérite, I fancy, had never seen such fun. She had utterly lost any care about her dignity, and, like a nymph intoxicated with the grape, she filled the air with the outbursts of her almost convulsive joy. She clapped her hands together while she laughed, shouting with a spasmodic voice: 'Bravo! bravo! Monsieur de Bévallan! very pretty! delicious! picturesque! Salvator Rosa!'

M. de Bévallan had, however, at length lifted himself upon firm ground; when he turned towards the ladies, and addressed them in a speech which the roar of the fall did not allow to be distinctly heard; but by his animated gestures, by the descriptive movements of his arms, and by the awkward smile on his face, we could understand that he was giving us an apologetic explanation of his disaster.

'Yes, Sir, yes,' Mlle. Marguérite replied, continuing to laugh with the implacable cruelty of a woman, 'it is an excellent success, a very excellent success! Congratulate yourself on it.'

When she had become somewhat serious again, she asked me about the means of recovering the boat that had been upset, which, by the way, is the best in our flotilla. I promised to return the next day with some workmen, and preside over its rescue; then we took our

way gayly across the meadows in the direction of the chateau, while M. de Bévallan, not being in swimming costume, had to give up the idea of joining us again, and hid himself with a melancholy air behind the rocks that skirt the other bank.

PALMER'S MARBLE MEDALLIONS.

MORNING.

Up from the ebon portals
Of the mysterious Night —
Up to the gates celestial
To greet the god of light :

Up with thy brow of beauty,
Thy glad, exulting eye,
Chasing the last star-lingerer
Off from thy Orient sky :

Through the blue empyrean
Soaring with tireless wing ;
Leading, perchance, the chorus
The starry minstrels sing :

Filling the earth with joyance,
Thou wingest thy heavenward way :
Angel of Morn, we bless thee !
Thou bringest the radiant Day.

EVENING.

SILENTLY, slowly sinking
From heaven's unmeasured height,
Thy amber tresses tingeing
The west with golden light :

With wings half-folded, lingering
On the still, slumberous air,
Peace to the troubled bringing —
Peace to the brow of care :

Thou art the pensive seraph
Seen by the watching soul ;
Softening the dazzling curtain
That hides the star-writ scroll.

Veiled in the purple twilight,
Thou wingest thy earthward flight :
Angel of Eve, we bless thee !
Thou bringest the holy Night.

O glorious Art ! thou smitest
With thine enchanter's rod,
And Beauty from the marble
Springs to interpret God.

THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. F. KING.

How it did rain! Not a fine, thin, winter drizzle; but a great splashing, sounding, unceasing pour. The grass, in the misty light, lay dark and bruised; the rose-trees trembled, and shook off the heavy drops; little streams formed themselves at the sides of the gravel-walks, and ran along like tiny rivers; and, as a woman came and leaned against the window-panes, the wind blew a fitful gust, dashed the water upon the glass, and dimmed her view still more. It was a dreary sight. There should have been a full December moon; but the gray, dingy clouds veiled the entire heavens, and you only guessed how bright it might have been, from the opaque light that showed the landscape so indistinctly.

How beautiful the scene, had the moon fulfilled what the almanac promised! The veranda, with its vine-draped pillars, the subdued tone of the cottage itself, (built of brown stone,) the nicely-kept, well-filled garden which surrounded it, and the still, calm, well-bred repose which characterized the whole place. Then, as the moon won her radiant way up the blue skies, I am sure the mistress of this pretty mansion would have sat at least for five minutes upon the upper step of the veranda, resting her chin upon her bended wrist in that attitude of listless thought habitual to her. Moon-light, roses, a pensive woman—there is a picture, none the less attractive because we all may see it, and have seen it, and hope to see it again a thousand times.

Now, she only mused beside the closed casement, and watched the rain as it fell, with a wearied, indifferent gaze.

‘Any hope, Sylvia?’

‘None, dear.’

‘Must we give it up?’

‘Yes.’

‘How very provoking! Of all evenings of this season! Of all nights of the year, to rain in this way! To have had day after day of sunshine, night after night of beautiful weather, and then! Oh! how very provoking!’

The speaker came to the window too: she formed a striking contrast to Sylvia. She was all impetuosity and sparkling grace: pretty, vivacious, smiling, (except that she was frowning now,) restless, hopeful.

Sylvia put her full white arm around the young lady’s waist, and laid the impatient head upon her soft, snowy shoulder.

‘Take care my love, you will crush my flowers; but what does that matter now — we must give up the ball — so ‘take me, Clifford;’ and back went the chestnut curls to their sweet resting-place.

At the trite quotation, Sylvia started slightly; but she smoothed the rosy cheek caressingly, and smiled as she asked: ‘Are you very, very much disappointed, Olivia?’

‘Of course I am. Is not that a question to ask? Really, extremes do meet. When you wish a positively stupid remark, seek it from a clever woman. Disappointed! would I not have been the belle of this ball? Is not Ralph Wilmot to be there? Does n’t he dance like a French angel? Is not Mary Parker, whom I detest, frantic to attract him, and would he look at her, if I looked at him? Would I not have eclipsed the whole room, and is not my dress perfect? Disappointed, indeed!’

‘What admirable reasons!’

‘Oh! sneer, if you choose, Mrs. George Augustus Sutherland! Because you are married, and a ‘superior woman,’ and never cared for any man on earth, and are worshipped at a distance, like the Grand Lama, you presume *du haut de votre grandeur* to look down upon such petty triumphs and fancies. And with a husband who adores you, you can afford to despise all the world, except your own, as you call this poor, pretty, rain-be-draggled possession.’

Sylvia Sutherland removed the pettish little head from her shoulder, as gently as she had placed it there, and two large tears were dropping from her grave eyes as she turned away.

‘Forgive me, darling,’ cried Olivia, springing toward her friend: ‘have I said any thing to wound you, Sylvia? Forgive me pray.’

‘It is nothing, nothing now, my dear. I am sorry, too, that you should be debarred from an entertainment which no doubt would have been very pleasant to you. I am too old now — that is what ails me.’

‘Too old! You are barely thirty. You are so much admired, so much sought after. When I said that I would have been the belle of the room, I meant only the *single* belle — you are the full chime, and *ring* me into insignificance, whenever you deign to let yourself out.’

‘Thank you, pretty flatterer.’

‘Why *are* you so indifferent, Sylvia? You look upon all men and women with such ill-concealed scorn sometimes; you receive a compliment or an attention with freezing nonchalance; your beautiful eyes pass over the countenance of your acquaintance with neither smile nor frown. You are gentle and kind to me — often affectionate; but I see you so to no one else.’

A deep shade settled far in the depths of those glorious eyes.

‘I have no faith, no belief left, Olivia. Compliments and attentions give me no pleasure, because they convey no truth to my mind. I go

into a ball-room; I receive in my own house; I pay visits; I am surrounded on these occasions by perhaps dozens of people, who may make me dozens of pretty speeches; but I am perfectly aware, as some woman said before my time, and as some woman may say after me, that 'were it the fashion to burn me, and I at the stake, I do n't know ten of my *friends* who would refuse to throw on a fagot.'

'O Sylvia!'

'Yes, Olivia! There was a time, little one, when my foolish heart yearned for almost universal sympathy. I liked every body, I believed in every body. The veriest simpleton could have gulled me. I wished to be popular, I wished to be loved. Where I felt deeply, I exacted deep feeling in return. I lavished my affection. I frittered it away. I had neither tact nor discernment. At one moment I gave a child-like faith, and then, if deceived, I was morbidly sensitive and doubting; but still I went on, sometimes wounded, sometimes having the blood stanchied and the scar healed over, by the wine and oil of fancied sympathy. Then, one day, came the reaction, and from the ashes of my buried hopes, from the wreck of all in which I believed, to which I clung, arose the woman that you see — cold, calm, scornful, cynical, wretched — no, not wretched. That belonged to my former state; for if, when I had a heart, it sometimes beat with deceitful happiness, it oftener paid for that short throb of bliss with hours of crushing misery. To the death-like calm in which I pass my days, come no joys; but no biting sorrow racks me.'

'But even if compliments and attentions are not offered from just the motive that would seem to prompt them,' said Olivia timidly, after a pause, 'at least they prove one's power; and if sincerity were to be the ruling spirit of society, we might as well live in that very uncomfortable Palace of Truth.'

'There is much sense in what you say, and it would be alike disagreeable and absurd for one to run about the world crying out, 'Now, tell me honestly what you think of me;' but believe me, Olivia, that when the lessons of kindred, friends, and the world teach you that such as you hoped to find them, they are not, retire within your shell; smother your own feelings, live within yourself, and you will be, in the end, more pleasing to them and to yourself. I am more popular as I now am, 'the stately Sutherland,' as your admirer, Ralph Wilmot, calls me, than when I —. There is another rule of action I might have pursued; perhaps without intending it, it is the one I do pursue. 'Use people like sucked oranges,' said a person once to me, 'it is my way. Squeeze them dry, so long as they are juicy and pleasant, and fling them aside when they are exhausted. You may soil your fingers with the peel, or your lips may smart with the essential oil; but no matter: do n't notice it till you have extracted the last drop.' I re-

member saying indignantly: 'I would rather be the squeezed orange myself.' I know better now.'

'I wish the 'person' who uttered that sentiment had found them all bitter oranges.'

'She did not, my dear. I think she was popular, and found a great many oranges.'

'I think she must have been horrid. How it does rain! Tell me, Sylvia, what shall we do, to pass this tiresome evening?'

'Just what we did last evening — chat, drink tea, sing a little, read aloud a little, and go to bed peacefully and calmly,' answered Mrs. Sutherland with a slight smile.

'Pooh!' and Olivia shrugged her shoulders and made a grimace of discontent. She paced the drawing-room with capricious motions, now marching like a tragedy-queen, now taking mincing steps; twice she paused before the mirror, and settled her wreath, and spread out her light white skirts, and smoothed her rippling hair. Then she turned to the piano, and struck a few bars, skipping from note to note like a bird upon its perch, or humming all the most lugubrious airs that seemed best suited to her frame of mind.

Meanwhile Sylvia staid at the window, and the night darkened a little, and then came a low, distant peal of thunder.

Olivia started up.

'I can't stand that.'

She rang for lights, and the servant lit the astral lamp, and the cheerful glow within the room soon put to flight the sombre fancies of the gay girl.

She drew out a pile of letters from the vase on the mantel-piece, where she had hidden them, and began to read extracts and to jest about the writers, and to talk scornfully of the *bal manqué*.

'After all, Sylvia, love, we are very comfortable here. This is a pretty house, to be sure. I like the chintz of your curtains and coverings vastly, for the country. You are snug, and not snobbish. Then you *are* in the country, and yet not solitary. That is a great thing. Oh! what a flash of lightning! Sylvia, pray come from that window. Sylvia!'

'Well?'

Mrs. Sutherland did not move, and Olivia drew her round with gentle force. The tears were dried; but the gloom remained.

'You are *maussade*,' said Olivia. 'Dearest, if my efforts to be gay displease you, or jar upon your feelings, just say so. I thought it was praiseworthy and proper to enliven your sadness; but I should far prefer sympathizing with you, if sympathy you need or desire.'

'You are a good child. I cannot shake off the dark shadow to-night. This heavy rain, which comes beating down with resistless

force, this thunder-charged atmosphere, this gloomy 'war of elements,' awaken thoughts and recollections which sweep over me, oppress me, and will have their sway. I cannot command them. I am weak to-night.'

Olivia silently pressed her hand; Sylvia suddenly turned and fixed a searching look upon her. Her lips partly opened, as if about to speak; she hesitated, and then said abruptly: 'This day is an anniversary —'

The noiseless tread of the butler, as he opened the door and prepared the tea-table, broke off the sentence.

The grand-looking hostess poured out the tea, and served her pretty guest with calm gravity.

What weight there is in these domestic details! How many a face, a moment before bathed in tears, has looked up with composure, when a footman respectfully presented a note or message; and how many a voice, choked with emotion, has struggled into calmness under the same important coercion! A woman is not an actress because she exhibits these transitions. What her own will, her own wish, could not accomplish, the dread of ridicule or vulgar curiosity would render possible.

While the servant remained in the room, their conversation was on indifferent topics; but no sooner had the silver kettle been carried off and the cosy little tea-board returned to its former position, than Olivia threw herself on the sofa by her friend, and softly asked, (quoting :) 'This day is an anniversary?'

'Are you discreet, Olivia?'

'I do not know. I have never been tried.'

'Did you ever keep a secret?'

'I never had one that was worth keeping. I profoundly despise 'baby dismals' and 'mysterious trifles,' crying over all sorts of stuff, which I class as one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines did, under the title of 'Sorrows of My Lord Plumcake,' and having tremendous confidences with some empty-headed simpleton, whose time as well as yours could not be worse employed. But tell me a sorrow which deserves the name, and which should not be lightly spoken of, and I shall feel the sympathy I may not be able to express, and keep it sacred to my honor.'

'Well spoken,' said Sylvia; 'and if I should offer to tell you a story which you must never repeat, do you think that it will prove to be from the *répertoire* of 'my Lord Plumcake,' and treat it accordingly?'

'I do not, and I shall not.'

Mrs. Sutherland mused for a moment, and then reaching out her hand, drew toward her a desk of *marqueterie*, each of whose enameled pictures was a gem.

She pressed upon a spring beneath the lowest medallion, and there appeared a key-hole. On her chatelaine was a tiny key — the drawer flew open, and there lay a manuscript closely written.

Olivia's eyes sparkled.

Sylvia sighed heavily as she slowly turned over several leaves. Her companion asked no questions, except with her eager look.

'This is my writing, dear. There is no attempt at authorship; that is, I 'tell the tale' just as is easiest for me. It concerns one whom I knew very well. The names are changed, lest, by accident, these pages should fall into other hands, and you will not be less interested because she of whom I write as 'Helen,' never answered to that name. It was a dreary pleasure I took in transcribing these pages.'

'Do I know Helen?'

'I think not.'

'She is alive?'

'After a fashion.'

'I am so much obliged to you. I am all impatience. And this is the anniversary —'

'Of the saddest events in a simple life-drama, which I shall call —'

'THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.'

THERE was not a more beautiful avenue of trees in all the world than that which led to the front entrance of Oaklevel. They were very old — they met over-head, and enlaced themselves with wreaths of moss: the sun-light came flickering through the branches, and fell stealthily and tremblingly upon the clean, smooth ground. Little heaps of dead leaves lay here and there, scattered by each breath of the December breeze, and forming their tiny mounds in fresh places, as the wind trundled them along.

On a fine, bright morning, some years since, two persons were slowly pacing up and down this grand, majestic walk. They were both young, and both were handsome. She was blonde, and he a dark, grave-looking man.

'Nelly, I do n't like flirts.'

'Yes, you do — you like me, do n't you?'

'I do n't like your flirting.'

'What do you call flirting? If I am to be serious, and answer your questions, and admit your reproofs and heed them — pray begin by answering me a little. Where and when do I flirt?'

'Every where, and at all times.'

'Be more particular, if you please. Name, Sir, name.'

'I am not jesting, Nelly. Yesterday, at that pic-nic, you talked in a whisper to John Ford; you wore Ned Laurens' flowers stuck in your belt-ribbon; you danced two waltzes with that idiot, Percy Forest;

and you sat for a full hour *tête-à-tête* with Walter James, and then rode home with him. I wish he had broken his neck, — him ;' and a low muttered curse ended the catalogue.

'If he had broken his neck, very probably he would have cracked mine, so thank you ; and please, Harry, do n't swear. It is such an ungentlemanly habit. I wonder that you should have it. And now for the list of my errors and crimes. The mysterious whisper to John Ford, was to ask him if he would not invite Miss Ellis to dance : I had noticed that no one had yet done so. You gave me no flowers, although your sister's garden is full of them this week, so I very naturally wore Ned Laurens' *galanterie* in the shape of half-a-dozen rose-buds. Percy Forest may be a goose, but he waltzes, certainly, with clever feet. One of those waltzes I had offered early in the day to you, and you said that you preferred a polka. Walter James is an old friend of mine, and for the matter of that, of yours too. We talked very soberly : I think that his most desperate speech was the original discovery that I have pretty blonde ringlets, and when he falls in love, it shall be with a woman who has curls like mine. You best know whether papa allows me to drive with you, since our accident : my choice lay between a stuffy, stupid carriage, full of dull people, and a nice breezy drive in an open wagon with a good, jolly creature like Walter, whom you and I know to be, despite his compliments to my Eve-like coloring, *éperdument amoureux* of Mary Turner's dark beauty. Now, Harry, have not you been unreasonable ?'

'How can I help being so, Nelly, darling, when I am kept in this state of misery ?' answered Harry, whose frowning brow had gradually smoothed itself into a more placable expression. 'What man on earth could patiently endure seeing the woman he adores free to be sought by every one — feeling himself bound to her, body and soul, and yet not be able to claim her in the slightest way — made to pass his life in solitary wretchedness, because an old lady and gentleman are too selfish —'

'Hush, hush, Harry : you are forgetting. I am very young ; papa and mamma think me too young to bind myself by any engagement.'

'It is not that. They choose to keep you as long as they can, moldering with themselves in this old house.'

'Harry !'

'Or else, it is I whom they dislike, and refuse to receive as a son. Too young ! — why, you are nineteen. It is an infamous shame.'

'I will not speak to you, if you go on in this way. You know just as well as I do, what their reasons are. My poor sister Emily made a love-match at eighteen, and died, broken hearted, at twenty-three. Her husband was a violent, jealous man, who gave her neither peace nor valuable affection. He looked upon her as a pretty toy, petted

her, and was raging if a gentleman spoke more than ten words by her side, so long as her beauty and novelty lasted. Her health failed, her delicate loveliness departed, and with these went his worthless passion. I was a mere child then — the last living blossom of a long garland of household flowers — when my father laid his beloved Emily in her early grave. I stood by his great-chair that sad evening, in my little black gown, when he returned from the funeral; and he placed his hands upon my head, and made a vow that, never, with his consent, should his only remaining darling follow in the steps of the lost one. 'No man shall have her, who has not proved himself worthy to win her. As Jacob served Laban shall her future husband serve for her, if it please God that she live, and that she have suitors.' Day by day, year by year, he has but strengthened himself in this determination; and when, last spring, you applied to him for my hand, he told you frankly, that if you had patience to wait, and were convinced of the strength of our mutual attachment, on my twenty-third birthday you might claim a Mrs. Harry Trevor from his fire-side.

'But, Nelly, four years to wait! — and all because poor Mrs. Vernon had weak lungs — forgive me, dearest Helen, dearest Helen.' But Helen walked on and away from him with proper indignation.

With impatient strides he passed her, just as they reached the lawn which bordered the avenue and surrounded the house. Extending his arms to bar her passage: 'Listen to me, my own dear Nelly,' he pleaded. 'I was wrong to say that; but you cannot understand, my angel, how furious and intractable I become, when I think of those four years, those forty-eight months, those incalculable days between this time and the blessed moment when I shall be sure of you.'

'If you are not sure of me now, you do not fancy that you will be any more so then, do you?' asked Helen gravely; but she permitted him to lead her away from the stone steps that she was about mounting, and back to the quiet alley under the old oaks.

He drew her arm through his, gently stroking her gloved hand as it rested in his own.

'If there is no truth and belief between us to-day, there will be none then,' Helen pursued. 'I am, in the sight of HEAVEN, by my own free will and wish, your affianced wife. All the priests on earth would not make me more so, in spirit, than I am now. But I respect my father's wishes and feelings: and you must do so too,' she added, lifting her eyes with such a lovely look of tenderness, that Harry, as he pressed the hand with renewed fervor, murmured a blessing in quite a different tone from the one which he had devoted to the now forgotten Walter James.

He glanced around, and was about to seal his happiness upon the dainty pink lips, smiling so sweetly and confidently; but Helen,

blushing and laughing, said: 'Take care: papa is reading yesterday's paper at the left-hand window of the dining-room, and I think if one eye is deciding upon the political crisis, the other is directed this way.'

'We are watched, then!' exclaimed Trevor passionately, all his short-lived good-humor again flown. 'This is worse and worse.'

Helen looked at her lover with a calm, searching expression in her blue eyes: 'Perhaps papa is right. He has a terror of violent men, and he may like to see if you are always as mild as he sees you in his presence.'

Trevor bit his lip and stamped his foot impatiently. Helen hummed a tune and settled her belt-ribbon with one hand, while she played the notes she was murmuring on the young gentleman's coat-sleeve with the other.

He let the mischievous fingers slide through his arm, and 'thought it was going to rain, and he had better be thinking of his ride to the city.'

Nelly looked up at the blue heavens, where not a speck of a cloud was visible, and gravely congratulated him on a weather-wisdom, which was equally rare and incomprehensible.

'But your season, my dear Harry, is always April: sunshine and storm succeed so rapidly, that you can never take in the unbroken calm of this—December, for instance. Beside, I thought you were to stay all night with us? I know mamma expects you to do so.'

'I am very much obliged,' said Mr. Trevor haughtily, 'I have business in town.'

'Clients? court sitting?' asked Nelly, innocently and demurely, lifting her pretty eye-brows.

'No. There is a party at Lou Wilson's, and I half-promised to go. We are to try some new figures of the German.'

'Indeed.' Nelly's eyes flashed, and the color stole up deeper to her cheek. 'I won't detain you.'

She bowed and turned from him, with a cold good-morning. Her heart was beating, and the tears were very near, but she managed to still the one, and send back the others, so as to say indifferently over her shoulder: 'Should you see Walter James, pray tell him that I shall be happy to learn that accompaniment by this evening; and as there is a moon, (in spite of your storm,) he can ride out after business hours, and practise the song. But, however, I won't trouble you—mamma is to send a servant to Mrs. James' some time to-day, and I will write a note.'

'I think it will be useless. He is going to Miss Wilson's.'

'Not if he can come here, I fancy,' said the wilful little beauty with a significant tone; and then repeating her cool 'good-by—let us see you soon,' she sauntered into the house, elaborately pausing to pick

off some dead leaves from the geraniums that were sunning themselves on the broad steps by which she entered.

Thus parted two foolish children — one of whom had a moment before expressed the most overwhelming passion, and the other had avowed herself 'in the sight of Heaven, his affianced wife!'

As might be conjectured, these scenes were not infrequent. Helen was pretty, coquettish, much admired. She was more brilliant than her lover, and had a tender heart, which was in very earnest given to him; but she had been spoiled and flattered a good deal: she was conscious of her own real devotion to Harry, and provoked when he was causelessly jealous. She felt in her own way quite as much disturbed by her father's determination as Harry did. It was hard not to see him, except twice a week or so; particularly as, while he had the city in which to entertain himself, and his business to occupy him, she spent her winters almost entirely in the country, and her summers at the sea-shore. True, the 'country' was but eight miles from the 'city,' and the roads were excellent; but papa could not allow the horses to travel sixteen miles every day, nor could Mr. Harry Trevor mount his thorough-bred mare every evening, and with a small parcel of brushes, etc., flatly packed under his over-coat, present himself at Mrs. Latimer's hospitable tea-table, with decided intentions of 'not going home till morning.'

So Harry fretted, and Helen was often naughty. She could not always have the patience to soothe his temper; but if he accused her of coquetry and of indifference, she was very apt to begin the one and to pretend the other. Walter James was his cause of offence generally, and her weapon of aggressive defence; while on the opposite side, Miss Lou Wilson held this honorable position.

Mr. Latimer saw with pain, and yet he was not quite hopeless, that this love, deep and strong as it was, promised no abiding happiness to his treasured darling.

'The boy loves her,' he would say to his wife, who was a warm partisan of Harry, 'no doubt he loves her, but he will never either make her happy or be so himself. Nelly needs a firm, strong, kind hand to guide her until she can guide herself. No violence, no anger, nor yet carried away by her pretty petulance, to pass over the ground of offence for the sake of the offender, but a judicious, warm-hearted, amiable man, who will neither treat her like a plaything nor a slave.'

'Oh! of course, my dear, you only want perfection for Nelly, and poor Harry Trevor can't please you. He pleases the child though, that's one comfort.'

'He don't please her — she loves him — but he does not please her. He brings out her worst qualities, and she brings out his. They don't act happily upon each other. Either of them would be better off with

some body else. Harry should seek a calm, quiet, submissive little woman, with charm enough to make him love her, while she just unquestioningly adores him — with not a grain of 'spirit,' nor a spark of intellectual 'fire,' who would do what he bid her: yes, I will bring about — or else a cold-blooded, calculating, smooth-spoken, sensible woman like Claudia Leslie. Yes — I'll have that girl to pay me a visit —'

'Dear! Mr. Latimer, how can you talk so! Claudia shan't come here to make mischief between her cousin and poor Harry. Don't leave the children alone, will you? You are going to make them wait for years — let things take their course — do.'

Mrs. Latimer was very fond of letting things take their course; she was thoroughly amiable, and really attached to Trevor. She believed in the 'children's,' deep-rooted love, and she did not wish to have them worried. She exerted all her influence, therefore, to keep matters in their present train, and such conversations as the above, with slight variations, frequently took place between her husband and herself, resulting in no step of any kind.

Meanwhile, I have left Nelly, snipping away at the geraniums; her broad-leafed hat hiding her down-cast face, and exhibiting in her absorbed horticultural interest, not the slightest care or attention for the angry lover who stalked off to the stables to order his horse.

Mr. Latimer sat reading in the embrasure of the window, with a newspaper held in a line with his nose.

Presently, up the back-steps, which faced the entrance and had a break in its view down the long hall, but the heavy staircase that led to the second story, rushed Trevor. He came with sudden force, and Mrs. Latimer, who with her basket of keys suspended from her matronly arm, emerged from the pantry just in time to arrest him.

'Well, well, well?' she asked, 'what is this?'

'Nothing, ma'am.'

'What kind of nothing? A very tremendous nothing, I should think by your hurry, and your frown. Good gracious! Harry will be as wrinkled at thirty as old Dr. Smith, who has not a half of smooth skin all over him, if you screw up your face in that fashion.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Trevor, forcing a smile, 'I am just out of town — I have something to do there. Good-by, ma'am. Can you tell me anything for you?'

'Yes,' answered the mother calmly, glancing from the impatient young man biting his under-lip, to the careless young lady tending her flowers, 'will you take a parcel to Mrs. James for me? My darling, let those geraniums alone, you won't leave a leaf upon them. As your father says, you are always more enthusiastic than good. Come here.'

Helen slowly obeyed, twitching her morning dress with nonchalant air as she tossed back her light ringlets and graceful head, and then dutifully stood beside her mother.

Mrs. Latimer searched for a key among the dozens which jingled in company with some loose cents and wooden labels in her basket; she was utterly uncognizant of the 'quarrel' which she very plainly saw was 'raging' silently.

'Go into the drawing-room, dear, and open that old secretary of your poor grand-mamma's. Look on the top-shelf, on the right hand, and you will see her manuscript receipt-book; I have promised to lend it to Mrs. James. Ah! they were better house-keepers in those days than we are now. Nobody makes bread like my dear mother, and as for Aunt Osborn, why, Harry, she would have scorned to have a loaf of baker's bread on her table. Where are you going, child? You must open the secretary for Nelly.' And, without a smile or look of significance, Mrs. Latimer trotted off, and her voice was heard immediately after, inquiring of the boy, whose business in life as yet was to brush flies and clean knives, where he expected to go when he died, if he brought her such cloudy steel now.

Helen walked into the drawing-room and Trevor marched in dignified silence after her. It was a very old-fashioned, curiously-built house; the furniture was a mixture of the antique and the modern. Little corner-closets, two steps leading to a recess in which a door opened into the adjoining room—a fire-place paved and lined with old Dutch blue and white tiles (those at the back quite obscured by the fire and smoke of many years, and those at the sides still clear and clean, showing their quaint scriptural subjects) and the walls covered with a paper, an inexhaustible source of entertainment to all visitors and to the household themselves. It was the landscape style of papering, thickly interspersed with what were considered, fifty years ago, human figures. Here tripped across a rustic bridge an elegant lady, with a waist-ribbon just beneath her arm-holes, a floating scarf giving an uninterrupted view of her narrow-skirted figure, and a parasol crowning her coal-scuttle bonnet. There, a coach-full of ladies, followed by a cloud of orange-colored dust, flirted and chatted with attending cavaliers, who were dressed in the preposterous fashion of those large cravats, narrow, long coats, and very tight continuations, by which, in the days that women made themselves frightful, the men showed that they were not to be out-done. On the one side, a party was preparing for an excursion on a lake of the deepest blue in a bark of the liveliest green. In this group colors went madder than ever, and the attitudes were more extravagant if possible. But the glory of the whole was a tender love-scene, where a gentleman with unapproachable hair and whiskers, thrown on one knee, before a modest

beauty, whose *coiffure, à la Titus*, was kept from blowing away by a yellow handkerchief tied under her chin, rapturously seized her hand at a distance of two yards, and was evidently pouring out his soul in language calculated to alarm an infant, dandled in its mother's arms, an inch or two from the lover's heels, for the paper suddenly joined just there and injured the perspective.

Mrs. Latimer would not have removed this ancient adornment of her walls for the finest panelling in crimson and gold, any more than she would have dismissed from the narrow, deep-set windows the fading chintz curtains, where dimly glowed those birds and flowers especially invented and reserved for chintzes.

The carved walnut chairs and tables, rich in lion's heads and eagle's claws, kept their places among a few more comfortable seats, introduced by Helen, and an *étagère* which likewise owned her as its mistress. She filled the old china bowls daily with flowers, when there were any, and her piano stood between the two front windows. Altogether, it was a room, which old-fashioned and old as it was, had not a shade of gloom about it, any more than it had a suspicion of dust. It had come to the Latimers through Helen's mamma, who was a small heiress, and proud of her good birth. They were not rich, the Latimers — they were comfortable, and that was all, lived quietly, made no debts, and as you have heard, Helen was an only child. The secretary stood opposite the piano, mounted with brass, shining with rubbing and care.

'You need not trouble yourself,' Helen said with formal politeness, 'I can turn the key, and would on no account disturb you.'

'As you please,' Harry answered sullenly. But the key would not turn; Helen drew off her glove and marked her white fingers with a deep red bar, while the blood mounted angrily to her brow. Harry would not offer again — he watched her with pretended indifference, then suddenly taking her hand in his with gentle force, he said, though she tried petulantly to draw it away, 'Nelly, you had better not reject my help,' and unlocked the door.

Instantly, the little hand lay quietly in his, and with a burst of tears, Helen's head sought his shoulder, while his strong arms held her tightly to him.

'Why do you treat me so?' sobbed Nelly.

'It was you, my love, my own spoiled darling. Why did you seem so indifferent just now, when I was angry? A word from you would have calmed me.'

'Yes, but why should you begin by being angry?'

'How can I help it? Was there ever a man so tormented as I am? What pleasure is there in life for me? Forbidden to claim you publicly as mine — almost forbidden to do so privately — having be-

fore me four years of probation and suffering—you, so much admired, so light-headed'—('Thank you,' Nelly put in, with pouting lips;) 'yes, Nell dear, you can't resist turning every man's head. (Helen smiled.) Yes, I see you approached on equal terms, by every man of your acquaintance, and God knows, you have a wide enough circle! I must listen to idle comments on this one's chance or that one's certainty of winning you, while I have not the power to shut up their impertinent tongues by boldly saying: 'She is mine.''

'Harry! Harry! if you were not my Harry, I should say that your love is more vanity than love. You have the reality, yet you only wish the world to know it.'

'It is not that. I do n't like you to be exposed to any man's attentions.'

'Then, my dear, you had better employ the next four years in laying aside your spare dollars to build an inaccessible tower in which you will hermetically seal up Mrs. Harry Othello Trevor on her wedding-day.'

'Will you flirt after you are married, Helen?' asked Othello looking down anxiously at the nestling, saucy face.

'Won't I?' said Nelly mischievously; but she followed the remark by such a pretty demonstration made by standing on tip-toe, that she effectually stopped any rebuke or anger.

'Children, have you found the book?' inquired Mrs. Latimer from the hall.

'Yes, mamma, we have found Peace—of it,' Nellie laughingly said, breathlessly disengaging herself from the detaining arms with the sweetest color on her fresh young cheeks, and a softened light dancing under her dark and still wet eye-lashes. 'Stop, Harry,' she whispered, 'let go my hand.'

'Is Harry ready to go?' asked Mrs. Latimer, innocently, as she entered, and found Helen's face resolutely turned toward the 'top-shelf,' Harry demurely and respectfully standing beside her.

'Are you ready, Harry?' repeated Helen ironically without looking round, 'here is the book, is n't it, mamma?'

'This is 'Fordyce's Advice to Young Ladies'; nonsense, Nelly, what have you been about?'

'The fact is, Mrs. Latimer, I will stay till to-morrow, if you will allow me to change my mind.'

'And Lou Wilson's party! and the new figure for the 'German!'
I thought you had to go? Here is this old book, at last. I thought you had to go?'

'Do n't tease, Helen. I am very glad that you stay, Harry. Never mind Helen's teasing. You are both young. At nineteen, Helen has had no real troubles; you at twenty-three can say the same, except

the loss of your dear father and mother, my boy; but you were very young then, and your sister has been every thing to you. You have nothing to worry you, and you worry each other. Take care, take care, my poor children. I have known many true hearts parted for a few foolish words — and more foolish actions. Thank God that *He* has given to each an honest and sincere love, and do n't throw away such a priceless gift. I blame you both. Harry is jealous and hasty, Helen is flirting and hasty too, (turn round, Helen,) but often you make Helen flirt and show off her airs because you suspect her when she is doing nothing, and you, Miss Nelly, aggravate Harry, as soon as he begins to get restive. Now, mind what I say, Helen's papa is fond of Harry Trevor, as Harry Trevor, but he does not think that he will answer for Helen Latimer's husband. Oh! do n't frown, my dear Harry; it is that temper, that violence which frightens him. Be more reasonable — both of you. My boy,' the old lady continued, for Helen was forty years younger than her mother, 'you are very dear to me. I never had a son that lived to be ten years — you — you are the son; well, never mind, only, I am your friend. God bless you both, my children,' and with tears in her kind eyes, Mrs. Latimer abruptly left them.

Helen's hand had stolen behind her back when first she turned toward her mother, had slipped into Harry's, and now they sat down, grave and subdued and silent. There was something solemn in Mrs. Latimer's manner and accents. Could any thing really part them? That was the thought of both. Oh! how earnestly, both vowed within themselves to correct their faults, to be patient, to forbear.

'Walter James shall never talk folly to me again,' thought Helen; 'and if Harry ever grows angry about any one or any thing else, instead of first resenting it, I will look and see if there may not be some cause for his temper.'

'I shall not go to see Lou Wilson for a month,' thought Harry; 'and I was hard on dear Nelly. How can she help it, if all the men admire her.'

It was a happy afternoon and evening. Helen's spirits soon went up to concert-pitch again; she was full of sweet mischief and loving laughter. Dutiful and affectionate at dinner to her papa, caressing and attentive to her mamma, and charming all the time to Harry. He was 'lapped in an clysium' of full delight. The four years were forgotten; the hours flew along 'velvet shod,' although below the pleasure he really felt and expressed, Trevor nourished a feeling of defiant resentment against his future father-in-law.

Eleven o'clock came all too quickly. It was the hour for retirement in this quiet household. Mrs. Latimer might have forgotten it, but Mr. Latimer produced his large, unerring watch, and there was no resistance.

A few moments of grace were pilfered by Helen, who again found the geraniums of infinite service in ministering to her wishes. 'They had not been taken in! did mamma think the night mild enough to leave them out?'

'You had better see,' said mamma.

So Harry and Helen opened the front-door and noiselessly closed it behind them. The moon was just rising; from her deep amber and flame-colored disk was shooting a broad stream of light through the sturdy and beautiful branches of the oaks. Not a breath stirred the almost holy calm. Not a sound broke it. From a distant cottage or two, where the house-servants lived, the ruddy glow of pine knots shone through an occasional crack in door or window. The atmosphere was clear and not cold. The stars twinkled in a heaven of the purest blue, and the milky-way formed the only break in the celestial color from dome to horizon.

'My own, own Helen,' murmured Trevor passionately, 'I never felt you so much mine, so entirely mine, as to-day. What day of the month is it? I wish to keep it as an anniversary.'

Helen named it.

'Ever blessed be this day. It began sadly, but it ends blissfully. I read in your dear face what I have never seen there before. A gentleness and softness most bewitching. What were those lines we saw the other morning? I feel as if they were written for us,' and he softly and fervently repeated:

'MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty,
Mine, all mine and for love — not duty.
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake as I love thee.
Duty, a servant, keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers, with song and shout,
Just as he please, just as he please!

'Mine, from the dear heart's crown, bright golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
Give a warm hand to a friend — a smile,
Like a generous lady, now and a while;
But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore —
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only, enters in.

'Mine, my own, without doubt or terrors;
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me, and to me alone, revealed —
'A spring shut up — a fountain sealed.'

Many may praise thee — praise mine and thine,
 Many may like thee — I'll like them too;
 But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
 Must be mine, mine wholly, forever mine.'

'Do you not feel this, beloved? This is what *I* feel, and yet you cannot call it jealousy?'

Helen smiled and pressed his hand, while she was almost uneasy at meeting his burning, darkly-gleaming eyes. His heart was beating with rapid throbs, and the arm which supported her trembled as he drew her nearer to him. This was the vehemence, the passionate earnestness which always alarmed her. It was not the deep, calm delight for which she thirsted. Impetuous herself, she admired control in others, and she had already learnt too well, that this fiery love could change, in half a moment, to fiery anger. But not to-night. To-night Harry was supremely happy; he kissed again and again the sweet lips that unresistingly met his own, 'had not mamma sanctioned their engagement?' and when the voice of that kind mother, fearful of paternal displeasure, called to the truants, they exchanged leaves from the convenient geraniums and said good-night with tones of such fresh and veiled tenderness, as sent them both to their pillows, satisfied with each other and with all the world.

A S O N G .

THE days when you and I were young,
 Long, long ago!
 How sweet the songs that then were sung,
 In Life's warm glow!
 Should loveliest lips the songs repeat
 That we heard then,
 They would not seem one half so sweet,
 For we are men!

Chorus—O merry, merry time of youth!

Glad holiday from grief!
 Fair season of the heart's delight!
 Why is thy stay so brief?

Since then, through shadowed scenes, and bright,
 I've sought for joy:
 Yet never knew such dear delight
 As when a boy;
 Though age may yield us fame and wealth,
 It brings no time
 For rapture, like youth's sunny health
 And golden prime.

Chorus—O merry, merry time of youth!

Glad holiday from grief!
 Fair season of the heart's delight!
 Why is thy stay so brief?

THE CIVILIZATION OF ALGERIA.

‘MONDBEGLÄNZTE Zaubernacht
Steig auf in der alten Pracht.’ — TIECK.

‘Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.’ — IN MEMORIAM.

‘WESTWARD the course of empire takes its way,’ wrote good Bishop Berkeley; and though perhaps intending only a rhetorical compliment to the New World, he in fact hit upon the law of universal history. Yet the rough earth is no easy channel for the current of civilization, which therefore throws numberless little counter-currents backwards, and is often broken into wild labyrinths of eddies, though pressing, in the main, steadily and majestically onward. That Destiny is capricious has been oftener said by poets than historians, and there are philosophers of history who proclaim with confidence the principles in obedience to which nations rise and fall, and empire passes from site to site. The drama of the world is reduced to a play of abstract principles, amid scenery which changes from age to age as the bird of destiny wings its way westward.

A curious episode in the story of the past lingers about the western portion of northern Africa, where people after people have sought to build up a civilization, and after centuries of struggle have uniformly failed when they were apparently upon the point of success. Egypt lies only at a short distance, yet civilization culminated there in the twilight of history, and Thebes was an ante-Hellenic Athens. Ruins of the massive art, and records of the fantastic sciences of the Egyptians still remain; and Egyptian priests were the teachers of Greek philosophers. Rome was almost in sight from the African coast, and in the days of Punic power who would have ventured to predict that Carthage would be remembered only for her misfortunes, while Roman dominion would extend from *Ultima Thule* to the Indus, which was funnily supposed to be the upper portion of the contorted Nile? Yet by a geographical or some other fatality, Carthage, after almost overthrowing Rome, was herself destroyed, her literature extinguished, and Western Africa defrauded of the empire and civilization which it had so nearly grasped.

In the period of barbarian invasions the Vandals passed into Africa by the Pillars of Hercules, marking their way from the Baltic by devastations. There they founded a kingdom, which long defied the emperors both of the East and the West. They captured Carthage in its ruins, pillaged Rome, and delighted in demolishing the master-pieces of classic art, and threatened to bring Christendom under the rod of

a savage and heretical African empire. But the genius of the Byzantine Belisarius triumphed over them, and the Vandal dominion was extinguished, as the finer culture of the Carthaginians had been before it.

Next the Arabs appeared in pride of conquest under the chivalrous Okbah, and after building the magnificent cities of Fez and Morocco, reached the Atlantic ocean. Reversing the old order of migration they crossed into Spain, where for centuries they played a leading part in arts and politics. In the tenth century they had produced poets who were the objects of national enthusiasm, and learned schools which were frequented by the Christian scholars of Europe; and they had covered the hill-sides of Andalusia with their rich and fantastic architecture, which Lamennais likens 'to a brilliant dream, inspired by the caprice of oriental genii, amid the varied and delicate complications of which the eye loses itself in pursuit of a symmetry which it seems ever about to apprehend, but which always escapes it.' But though Europe trembled before the Saracens of Spain, the Arab power of western Africa was soon broken into rival dynasties, and had to contend against native insurrections; and the country which seemed by its position predestined to be the occidental seat of Moslem dominion, shared again the fate of being the neighbor but not the centre of civilization.

After the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand the Catholic, and the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, the Spaniards and the Portuguese both vainly attempted to conquer the region of Algeria, and to extend the sway, the faith, and the institutions of Europe beyond the Mediterranean. The Arab sheik invited to his aid the powerful Sicilian corsair, the first Barbarossa, who quickly overthrew the Spanish domination and established his own. His brother saved himself from the combined attack of Arabs and Spaniards, only by asking support from the Sultan Selim, and thus the new power of the Turks was introduced upon the battle-field of the nations. Against the elite warriors of Spain, Genoa, Naples, Sicily, and Malta, the second Barbarossa triumphantly defended the Barbary States, gave to them a regular political existence, and made them important in the affairs of Europe. But the Turks in Algeria rose to nothing more enlightened than the ferocity of pirates, and the region which had so many times narrowly failed of the blessings of civilization, now seemed to seek vengeance for the advantages which it had lost; and to turn corsair as a disappointed man turns highwayman. The deys of Algiers maintained themselves, to the perpetual danger of the commerce of the Mediterranean, and in spite of repeated chastisements by the Christian governments, till the recent French conquest of the country.

France is now to attempt what has been vainly tried by dominant races for more than twenty centuries, namely, to civilize Algeria. To make it the germ of a powerful African colony is the idea of French political thinkers and the ambition of the French government.

The wonderful feature of this history is, that the original race, which first appears in history fighting against the Romans, has maintained itself on the soil from that time to the present; has rebelled against its conquerors in every century, and now enjoys comparative independence in the heights which cluster around the ancient Mount Atlas. The Kabyles, a branch of the widely extended Berber stock, are the original Numidians and Mauritanians, who have successively fought against Phœnician, Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Arab, Turkish, and French invaders, and who have been distinguished in all time for their ferocity and love of independence. Their present unsubdued state is not an accidental or transitory fact, but is their normal condition; reaching back to the origin of their history, and cherished in defiance of a long series of conquerors. The Romans gave to their principal mountain the name of *Mons Ferratus*, (the mountain of iron,) so impregnable was it. When overpowered by numbers they have always taken refuge on the mountains or in desert solitudes, from which they have suddenly reappeared to regain the land which they had surrendered with regret. During the middle ages, Kabyle dynasties ruled by the side of those of the Moslems; and though the Kabyles have shared the barbarism which has always been the lot of Algerians, they have never long been bereft of their savage freedom and authority.

A people which has thus permanently lived on the borders of all civilizations, and opposed them all, is an interesting phenomenon. They are now divided into a number of distinct tribes, forming a sort of barbarous Switzerland, and cherishing many democratic elements in their government. But their habitual social state is hardly better than anarchy; they have little of the sentiment of loyalty or nationality, and the only common interest which prompts them to union and successful struggles against their enemies, is their profound and inveterate hatred of foreigners. Robust, nervous, active, with brown complexion and black eyes, they embody in history the genius of perversity and disorganization, and have refused alike to take part in the social or political system either of the Orient or of the West, both of which at different times have been thrust upon them. They prefer the house to the tent, and agriculture to pastoral life; and their villages are often planted upon the very summit of mountains. A single room usually contains an entire family, together often with the horse, cow, and other domestic animals. The women, who are not infrequently of a brilliant brunette complexion, share the agricultural labors with the men. Though the Arabs say of the Kabyles that they neither fear God nor men, they yet have certain superstitions, and always keep upon their breasts as an amulet a verse of the Koran inscribed upon a piece of parchment. In the towns they are found engaged in commerce, and in the desert they are mingled almost indiscriminately with the Arab tribes. Though their ideal seems to be a state of barbarism, and though they have merited

the maledictions of invaders from whatever quarter, who have brought to them the prestige of culture and science, they are yet among the most industrious inhabitants of Algeria, and have the vigor and capacity, if they only had the temper, for a high degree of civilization.

Around them are grouped remnants of the various races who have disputed the country with them. The Arab is there, dwelling now as of old in tents, and having his riches in his horses and his flocks. He is nomadic; and throwing his tent upon the back of his mule, carries his country with him wherever he goes. The society of the Arabs is essentially aristocratic, and has well-defined distinctions of rank, unlike the democratic, or rather anarchical tendencies of the Kabyles. In the Algerian Sahara the Arab dwells indolently in his tent, occupied—if at all—only in feeding his horse and smoking his pipe, or in collecting his flocks at night. The pastoral life in that native region of camels and sheep and the finest horses in the world, is also devotedly cherished by the Kabyles. The Arabs, however, excel in the care of the horse, which they train most humanely and skilfully. They fight on horse-back, as the Kabyles on foot.

The Arabs of the desert cherish innumerable popular and marvelous legends, which prove their genius kindred to that of the authors of the Thousand-and-One Nights. They especially love to believe that the desert has concealed somewhere in its monuments of ancient Saracen dominion, filled with riches and the finest products of art, which shall yet be brought forth to adorn a future period of Saracen renaissance. No American dreamer about Captain Kidd has ever attained to visions rivalling in splendor these creations of Oriental fancy. Thus runs the story of Yusuf-ben-Cassem, an honest man, though he did get his fingers scorched with magic. After many feats of valor he was taken prisoner by the Christians, and sold as a slave. In the midst of his labors and sorrows, while he was thinking of his wife and children, and cursing in his heart his infidel masters, a grave form—as if of an Arab sage—appeared suddenly to him, and after trying his temper by a few interrogatories, made a strange proposition to him. He gave to Ben Cassem a paper written over with mysterious magical characters, and promised him his liberty on condition that he should repair to a certain solitary place at an appointed time, and burn there the magical paper, holding it in the light of the sun. The son of Cassem accepted, not knowing what he promised, and carefully obeyed all the directions that were given to him. Scarcely, however, had the last particle of the paper been reduced to ashes, when a lofty architectural monument rose gradually from the earth, and from the joints and crevices of the stones myriads of pieces of gold and silver began to issue, like bees from a troubled hive, and after flying round and round the monument, at length rose, somewhat like a flock of wild geese, and formed a pro-

cession almost infinite in length and quite infinite in value in the air. Then the living coins began their flight towards the land of the Christians, and Ben Cassem perceived that he had been employed and defrauded by a cunning necromancer, who by a sort of exorcism had thus drawn forth from the desert a whole royal treasure. Such is one of many traditions of the wealthy civilization of the Saracens.

The story of the gazelle and the lion is a universal favorite among the wild Arabs, and recalls the simplicity of the primitive ages.

The daughter of the bey of Hemcin was more beautiful than the most beautiful flower; her voice was sweet, like that of a Peri; her eyes were beaming and timid, like those of a frightened gazelle; when by chance a mortal saw her, he was changed to madness, and sometimes perished miserably. The son of a peasant once looked upon her as she was promenading on the bank of a stream, and though their eyes met, neither was turned to stone. The daughter of the bey fled like a sun-beam, and the peasant's son fell to the earth with loss of his wits. He recovered sufficiently to repair to the hermitage of Ben-Meida, a noted fool, who curiously was nevertheless possessed of supernatural wisdom. Ben-Meida revealed to him that the passion of the princess was as great as his own and her affliction hardly less, but that the result would be only mutual destruction unless they changed their human forms for the semblances of some of the animals which roam over the plains and the desert. Soon after, the peasant lost his son and the bey his daughter, and about the same time the occupants of the neighboring plains and mountains were terrified by the sudden apparition of a lion, and astonished by the rapid passage of a gazelle, both on their way toward the desert. In vain the horsemen traversed the country in search of the bey's daughter; she never came again; and it was observed that whenever her name was mentioned, the fool Ben-Meida exhibited horrible grimaces, and broke forth into shouts of laughter. The light gazelle was long pursued by the hunters, but to no purpose. The terrific roar of a lion was always heard near by when she was in danger, which overthrew horse and rider with sudden fright. Often, it is said, around the ruins of Manzoura a lion may still be seen proudly protecting a timid gazelle. 'Allah is Allah,' says the Arab story-teller, when he has finished this narrative; 'he alone is just, and punishes faithless daughters and too aspiring sons.'

The Arabs were the most numerous and formidable opponents of the French, though the resistance of the Kabyles was the more protracted. The character of Abd-el-Kader, the most redoubtable of the Algerine patriots, present an interesting revival in the present century of the spirit with which the followers of the Prophet first went forth to conquest. Twice in his youth he made a pious pilgrimage to the shrine at Mecca, and after his capture it was remarked that the expression of his countenance was rather mystical than war-like. Sur-

rounded with a few associates, after a conflict of twenty-five years, in the mountains of Morocco, he perceived that victory was impossible, and sought only to escape to the desert, whence he might reappear under more favorable circumstances. The vigilance and numbers of his enemies made this impossible, and he then surrendered himself to the French general, appealing to the generosity of France, and stipulating that he should be conducted to Alexandria or Acre. Yet the French government did not ratify the promise, and he was imprisoned for several years in France, on the ground that the peace of Algeria was insecure while he was free. Not till 1852 was he set at liberty, with the applause of the world which had admired his exploits, and since that time this modern Jugurtha has resided in the Levant. Even among the Arabs his fine and nervous organization was regarded as peculiar, and his assiduity in Mussulman devotion, his firmness and integrity in public life, and his mildness and purity in private life were unrivalled. In Paris a resemblance was discovered between his countenance and that which is traditionally attributed to CHRIST, and this report heightened the eagerness of the public to obtain a view of him. Not since the palmy days of Islamism has a more admirable Arab character been produced.

Mingled with the Kabyles and Arabs in Algeria are Jews, negroes, and Kouloughlis, besides Europeans, who are limited mostly to the cities. There are also the Moors, a *mélange* in whom all the races that have successively held the soil are represented. The Turks, to whom the country was so long tributary, have with few exceptions withdrawn from it. These various races render Algeria remarkably rich in contrasts, in respect to physiognomy, costume, language, religion, and manners. The Jews have arrived at various epochs, and are every where, among tribes as well as in cities, engaged in traffic. They especially took refuge thither from the persecutions in Spain and Portugal in the fifteenth century, and a special quarter of the city of Fez was assigned to them at that time. In Algiers they were far from enjoying equal commercial privileges or political rights until after the French conquest. The negroes owe their origin to slaves brought by caravans from the various countries in the interior of Africa, and the Kouloughlis are descended from Turkish fathers and Kabyle mothers.

A mixed race is said to always prove at some time conquering and powerful; and if the elements which now exist together in Algeria shall ever be blended into one composite nationality, civilization will then find for itself there a new arena. And as the drama of European history opens with lessons received from Egypt, on one side of Africa, so its concluding and most magnificent act may be perhaps reserved for the opposite side.

The climate, the fauna, and the flora of Algeria are not unlike those of southern Europe. The mountainous elevation of the soil, and the

proximity of the sea modify the temperature, so that the greatest heat of summer hardly surpasses that of Italy and Spain. The fertility of the soil was famous among the ancients who placed there the gardens of the Hesperides, and the finest European fruits now grow luxuriantly, and are already a liberal source of revenue to France.

The remnants of peoples which are clustered there combine many elements of power. To the Arab, religion is still a passion, and nothing offends him more than religious indifference. Even in the East, he hates unbelievers more than Christians. Napoleon the First wisely and very advantageously availed himself of this perennial religious feeling of the Bedouins in his Egyptian expedition. The European population have introduced schools and improved processes in all the industrial arts. The autochthonous Kabyles retain their original vigor and savagery, and if they would but accept the *contrat social*, would be powerful champions of a liberal government. The influence of French culture already appears in having reduced a half-nomadic population to a somewhat regular political life. Arabs, who spent the first half of their life on horse-back now reside in stone houses, have renounced roaming and robbery, and fulfil the ordinary avocations of citizens. These beginnings of civilization must be prosecuted for many generations by the united influence of authority, persuasion, and good example, before the races will become a race, with an efficient character and a certain destiny. When the fiery and restless Arabs shall some time learn to appreciate the excellency of European culture, they will perhaps rapidly extend it through their wide connections back to the East and into the depths of Africa.

England, the United States, and France, all have foot-holds in Africa, but the last takes the lead in the extent of her interests and influence. After thirty years of struggle she has pushed her conquests from the Mediterranean to the desert, and now possesses the country which was one of the great granaries of ancient Rome. From Marseilles French civilization, with its industry and commerce, has radiated, till it now almost encircles Africa on the East, the West, and the North, establishing at distant sites centres of future power. Wherever the French go they carry organization with them, and Algeria is already the field of large prospective measures under the control of the French government. England does not pride herself more on her East-Indian empire than France on her possession of Algeria, where she is rearing up a new colonial realm out of the *débris* of nations. The scheme of the present Emperor may embrace not only a flourishing colony, but a powerful Mediterranean empire. If the fortune of war gives him practical dominance over Italy and Spain, a passage through the Mediterranean may come to be hardly less than a passage through a French inland lake, and England may find her rival of a thousand years master of the path to the Indies.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

COSMOS: by ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Volume Five. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. 1859.

THE last volume of HUMBOLDT's most mature work comes almost as a requiem. At a time when a Napoleonic war threatens the dynasties and states of Europe, the news of the death of HUMBOLDT was heralded and received as an important event. The greatest savant of his century, he has sometimes been called the modern ARISTOTLE. But the comparison is an extravagant one, for ARISTOTLE was far more a philosopher than a naturalist, and has swayed the speculations of centuries by his profound insight rather into metaphysics than physics. The field of natural science has been constantly enlarged, and its objects multiplied; the voyages of COLUMBUS, the Copernican theory, the telescope, the microscope have successively revolutionized some of our largest views of nature; but the Aristotelian logic still remains, or has but lately been superseded, as the law of our intellectual cognitions. While ARISTOTLE made researches into the ultimate questions of taste and art and knowledge, HUMBOLDT is renowned only as an explorer of physical nature; but in the comprehensiveness of his scope in this department he has had no rival. To reveal the universe as a system, and especially to show the cosmical connection of all the phenomena of this planet, has been the purpose of his studies, most completely realized in the successive volumes of his 'Cosmos,' which unites a rigid statement of particular facts with wide syntheses and animated descriptions. Science also, and the history of science he links together. An instance will illustrate his method. His work opens with a reference to the influences wrought on the mind by the various aspects of nature, by mountains, fields, steppes, deserts, landscapes by night and by day, inland or bordering the ocean, with the diverse foliage and temperatures of different zones. From phenomena he passes to laws, and treats of the uniformity of atmospheric changes, and the contrasts of climates and vegetation according to latitudes and heights, as invariable as if governed by the celestial bodies. Thus he follows the grand connections of things, from stars and nebulous matter to the composition of rocks and the distribution of animals and plants, discussing as he passes magnetism, crystallization, and associated

forces and phenomena. An historical episode of curious interest is that in which he treats of the idea or conception of the universe which has been entertained in successive ages, and no where else does he exhibit so well the quality not only of a savant, but of a poet and painter. His last volume gives the results of some of his favorite researches in the domain of telluric phenomena, on the size, form, and density of the earth, and on the dynamic action within the earth, which reveals itself in earthquakes, volcanoes, thermal springs, and gas springs.

LOVE, (L'AMOUR.) By MICHELET. Translated by Dr. PALMER. New-York, 1859.

THE confounding of things that differ, and mixing together of all sorts of incompatibilities, are the general characteristics of recent French literature, a literature altogether capricious, brilliant, and indescribable. Romance is no where else so romantic, witty and thoughtful sayings are no where else clustered together after so eccentric a fashion, as in a favorite French novel, drama, or *feuilleton*. The driest item of science suddenly explodes as a bon-mot, the phenomena of life and manners are developed on airy principles of metaphysics, the most agreeable characters are delightfully mystified by fantastic illusions of history, politics, psychology, physiology, and past, present, and future modes of society, and after a series of wonderful complications and revolutions, we are surprised to find at last that a book, every page of which appeared full of exaggerated effects and astounding frivolity seems to have observed a sort of wild plan of its own, and to have had not a little truth and nature in its madness.

MICHELET's recent work, 'L'Amour,' is a curious mixture of transcendentalism and physiology on the subject of love. To an American reader, it seems the direct offspring of intellectual and moral chaos; and if not amused, he cannot fail to be vexed at the rapid transitions from medicine to poetry. We have hurled the book under the table on coming to one of those eternal allusions to some mystical flux to which M. MICHELET never wearies of returning, but have soon gone to reading it again, certain that the next sentence would present some branch of the subject in a transcendental and divine aspect. The key to the work is the fine and immense imagination of its author. Given a few physiological facts, and he transfigures them into poetical and universal relations, and builds the social system on them and disciplines the action of the affections by them. Such a mixture of science and sentiment would not be possible out of France, and often suggests a doubt as to whether the book was intended to be comic or serious, yet the final impression is a refined picture of ideal love, barely attained in spite of all the maladies recounted in medical libraries. The juxtaposition may be useful, but we should prefer the physiological science in one book, and the romance of love in another.

Considered from the author's own stand-point, the work has a character of high enthusiasm, not to say Quixotism. His own countrymen have received it with ad-

miration, its freedoms and odd combinations of things being congenial to Gallic vivacity and to the fashion of apparent disorder as the basis of literary art. The English reviews shook their heads at it as one of the eccentricities of their neighbors across the Channel, chuckled over it as a specimen of the serious works read in France, and we believe no translation of it has been published in England.

It is probable that it will be more widely read in America than in any other country except France, for American society is more akin to that of Paris than we are accustomed to think. The translator has performed a difficult task with excellent success, and while faithfully rendering the original, has given a peculiar grace and quaintness to the English style.

THE PASHA PAPERS. New-York: SCRIBNER. 1859.

THESE epistles, collected from the '*Evening Post*' newspaper, are designed to make us see ourselves as others may be supposed to see us. There is so much in every society which is peculiar to itself, and a matter of arbitrary arrangement—so many usages, habits, and 'smaller morals,' which are merely conventional and fashionable, which have grown up by degrees with the progress of experience, and have far run away from the idea of pure reason at which they started—that it is very easy to make fun of them by introducing a barbarian, or remote foreigner, to criticise them from the stand-point of a state of nature or of Turkish civilization. Turkey is grotesque to an American traveller, and New-York was grotesque to the Turkish Admiral. The best result, perhaps, of his visit is this volume of satirical 'Pasha Letters;' for we all know that we do a great many rather ridiculous things, which, though they may be inevitable, it will not harm us to be genially and humorously reminded of. Thus, the account of the City Hall, Tammany Hall, and the b'hoys; of the opera, and the young women and young men whom he saw; of how he went to Wall-street, and how he went to church, and how he went to a grand ball, and what he thought of each of these places; of the New-York press, of Boston poetry, and of the doctrine of manifest destiny; these are some of the topics which are treated in a style sufficiently oriental, and with a satire which never degenerates into rancor. The criticism is pleasant with no pretence of being profound or exhaustive; and we are not led to speculate very thoroughly on the philosophy of that species of practical wisdom known as 'humbug.' The truest state of nature is probably a highly artificial state, and he who satirizes whatever social ways and means, should, like the author of the 'Pasha Papers,' have much good-nature in him. There is much in New-York public and private life which it needs not a Turk to tell us is less refined, less honest, less spontaneous than we can conceive it; but New-York is as yet in the beginning of its career—is about as old as England was under the Plantagenets—and may some time rival the finest cities of Europe as much in the elegant arts as in political and commercial enterprise.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A WHISPER FROM 'THE PINES.'—Revolving dreamily, in our mind, after a delicious noon-lunch of bread-and-butter, and strawberries-and-cream, this pleasant June afternoon, the question, whether of the two we should like to choose: to be with a man hight DAWSON, a-catching of muscalonge off Cape Vincent, on the St. Lawrence, with our excellent friend PEUGNET for a guide, or away with our associates of the 'North-Woods WALTON Club,' a-inveigling of the 'Speckled:' revolving, we say, these *catagorii* in our mind, there comes us up, by the last train on our new 'West-Shore Rail-road,' from town, the following missive from a friend, of ours not only, but also of our readers. It is a voice from '*Up in the Pines*,' and cryeth in that garden-wilderness somewhat thus:

'AT the farther end of my garden there is a knoll covered with pine-trees. When the grounds were laid out, this elevation was left undisturbed; and although raspberries, strawberries, and other fruits have been fostered and trained to exercise their blandishments in the intervening grounds, still the best-worn path is that which is the most direct to the pines. I derive much pleasure in observing with what success the labors of POTTER among the flowers and fruits are likely to be crowned; and I realize a just pride in the flattering prospects of those humble but more practical and useful families, the peas, radishes, and potatoes. But when I see how much thought is bestowed upon these classes; the amount of labor performed and pains taken; the anxiety manifested lest the frosts or the storms or the winds of heaven should visit them too roughly, and then contrast my isolated pines, my sturdy, rugged pines, unkempt, unshorn and uncared for, looking down disdainfully upon their ephemeral neighbors, I exult in the hardy old heroes. All the winds are in love with that pine knoll. BOREAS, APOLIOTES, NOTUS, and ZEPHYROS—all in turn visit the spot, and revel or sigh on the summit. When the former makes his appearance, we generally retire to a respectful distance, and leave the revellers to themselves. Such a time as they have too! Old BOREAS seizes the cone-bearers in his arms as if he would hurl them to the earth, but they weave their pliant limbs about him, and seeming to delight in the mad encounter, roar and howl in concert, until the tired assailant departs. But when ZEPHYROS comes with softened violet-perfumed breath, then it is that we sit ourselves down and listen to the murmuring soul-whispers above us.

'Such an hour is the present. After a cold stormy week we have a day of sun-shine

and genial warmth. The farmers who have been talking about the seed rotting in the ground, and who have been lamenting the loss of valuable time, now call to mind the promise that 'seed-time shall not fail;' and rejoicing in the prospect of a 'good grass season,' are busily at work, with happy hearts. Not less do the birds and the insects seem determined to 'make up for lost time.' The air is full of aerial navigators. Freights by the Atmospheric Line may be quoted as 'improved.'

'The young robins have just been 'brought out,' or are about to be brought out. I am not able to say whether any *débûts* have been actually made or not. The only family I have the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with, is one which took the liberty of erecting a mansion on one of my cherry-trees, without a lease. The first time I saw the trespasser, he was standing on the limb of the cherry-tree with a worm in his bill. When he saw me he looked about for a moment or two and then flew in among the branches of a neighboring fir-tree. His secret was gone! Climbing the cherry-tree, I found three or four mouths propped wide open, in expectation of the intercepted supplies. The temptation to infanticide was very great, as my cherry crop has been monopolized by these fellows for several years. However, after taking the children up to see the 'woolly-heads,' we left them undisturbed. Robins, like *prima-donnas*, are delightful to listen to, but very expensive to feed. I presume that these young people have not been fairly brought out yet, as Madame ROBIN seems to be giving them a kind of preparatory rehearsal. Judging from her actions, her words, if translated, would be as follows: 'FANNIE, my dear, do hold your head up!' 'JULIA, my love, you *will* persist in turning your toes out!' 'AMELIA JANE, you *never will* fly gracefully in the world: now look at me!'

'There are some scenes which it is impossible to describe, from the fact that the other senses are charmed by certain influences as much as the eye is pleased. Indeed it always seems as if there were other additional senses participating in the enjoyment. For instance, it would signify little for me to speak of the beauties of nature visible to the eye; of the meadow, the foliage, the blossoms, the plumage of the birds; and little more would be added by an enumeration of the sounds which greet the ear: the songs of the birds, the hum of the insects, the murmuring of the trees, or the roar of the water-fall. There is an indefinable sensation of quiet and tranquillity which we experience, and which adds more of positive delight than aught else. By what avenue of sense we perceive this, I know not: that of feeling can lay a better claim to it than either of the others; but if feeling is properly entitled to the honor, then I hold that to enjoy a landscape one must *feel* it as well as see it.

'I really thought that I had something to say when I commenced this letter-sheet, but I have filled it, and left it all unsaid.

'One more last word' about the knoll. We have three or four rustic seats up here. As it was indispensable to the harmony of the scene that they should be rude in construction, I undertook the task of making them myself. I am not much of a mechanic, but I think those benches are a perfect triumph in the way of rudeness. We have an iron sofa or settee in the garden, the design of which is a collection of branches intertwined with serpents: it is thought well of as a work of art; but then any one can see at once that it is a settee, after all. Now, I have carried rudeness to such an extent in the manufacture of my benches, that no one supposes them to be benches until told to sit down on them; and very rarely even then, as it requires constant exertion to prevent tipping over. They are generally thought to be broken pieces of the fence! Does not 'a success' of this kind deserve to be removed from the humble sphere of mechanics to the realms of high art!'

'PAUL BERNOU' should sit once upon the natural benches under our sweet-scented cedars, 'thickly set with pale blue-berries:' moreover, he should hear *our* birds in the early morning, 'sweeter than the songs of Eden.' Also, he should look into *our* garden, now at exactly mid-June. Four styles of PEA contest the palm with his: the 'corn is green again,' as DEMPSTER sings: dewy beds of lettuce contend with silvery-purple cabbages; and aspiring 'Limas' twine lovingly around protecting poles. And the ROSES! We had the curiosity yesterday morning to count seven hundred and fifty climbing around the porch, opposite the sanctum windows.

THE PROPHETIC OFFICE OF CHRIST, AS RELATED TO THE VERBAL INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. BY E. LORD.—In this volume, 'the Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures' is argued: *first*, from the nature and limitation of the office of CHRIST as Prophet, and HIS exercise of that office, through the instrumentality of the sacred writers, by the inspiring agency of the Spirit; and *secondly*, from the fact of human consciousness, that men think, and receive and are conscious of thoughts only in words: so that thoughts conveyed to their minds by Inspiration, must necessarily be conveyed in words, in order to their receiving and being conscious of them.' We noticed at some length the two preceding volumes of the same author on the subject of Inspiration. In the first of those volumes, he laid the foundation for what is specially argued and concluded in the present. In particular, he advanced and insisted on the propositions, that 'we think in words;' that man, by his constitution, can think, receive, and be conscious of thoughts only in words and signs equivalent to vocal articulation; that words necessarily and perfectly express the thoughts conceived in them; that words represent thoughts, not things; that the Scriptures affirm Inspiration, not of the sacred writers, but of that which they wrote; and that an inspiration by thoughts necessarily required an inspiration by the words which expressed them. In the second volume he controverts the prevalent doctrine that Inspiration means a *guidance* of the sacred writers in the choice of words; shows what was and what was not effected by Inspiration; reviews Professor LEX's volume on Inspiration; and discusses the subjects of instinct, intuition, and intellectual action, in respect to their relation to his main theme. In the present volume, under the head of the 'Prophetic Office of CHRIST,' he contemplates 'the Logos in the beginning,' and 'the Logos incarnate,' as the Divine Prophet and Teacher, directly and through the inspiring agency of the Spirit, of all the words recorded in the original texts of Scripture; treats of the nature and limitation of His office as being that of a Legate authorized to utter only the words of HIM by whom he was sent: discusses the question whether the words of the original texts were indeed the very words of God; treats of the revelation of the Logos and the SPIRIT in the Old Testament, and of the FATHER chiefly in the New; examines the 'theory of *Guidance*,' and confirms his leading positions, by applying the doctrine of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON (now exciting so much attention in England and this country) that the Infinite, the Absolute, the *Unconditioned*, is incognizable and inconceivable to the finite capacity of man; that we can conceive, and consequently can know, only the *conditioned*, *limited*, *finite*; that thought is possible to us only of the *conditioned*; that to think is to *condition*, etc., etc. The doctrines 'that we think only in words;' and that we can have distinct thoughts only of the limited, finite, conditioned,' are in philosophy and theology alike novel; and in consequence of their novelty, we invite the attention of our readers to this able work, especially to the ninth and tenth of the several 'sections' into which its arguments are divided. It is published by Mr. ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, Number 688 Broadway.

LITERARY INCUBATION: AN EGG-SAMPLE TO BE EMULATED. — Our readers will remember our old friend 'R. S. O.,' and his faithful reminiscences of 'days that are no more,' which we published in this department of the *KNICKERBOCKER* a few months ago. Right glad are we that, retired for the moment from his banking-chambers and putting finance behind his back, he can 'incubate' so flavorously and so freshly. Our 'Persuader,' although a valuable and very popular invention, could be of no service to one whose 'lays' commend themselves so favorably to the public:

'DEAR CLARK: Those reminiscences of scenes and incidents about home, which get into your *EDITOR'S TABLE* occasionally, are exceedingly interesting to me. By 'home,' I mean up and down the river, and all around 'York Island,' from *THROGG'S NECK* to *Spuytten-Duyvel* creek, and beyond. Whether it is owing to reading such descriptions entirely, or in part to a circumstance which occurred to me not long since, I know not; but certainly my poor head has been teeming of late with the recollections of old times and transactions, local hereabout, and which are demanding release so vociferously, that I feel the necessity of letting some of them out, if only for the sake of keeping the others quiet.

'The circumstance referred to, happened on a visit at the house of a famous storyteller, who lives not many miles from your cottage. When about parting with him, after passing an evening that will ever be a memorable one with me, I took up his hat, which hung near the door, and placed it for a moment upon my head. This was not accidental; for I have a propensity for measuring the pericranium of certain people in this way; and it is not unlikely that some of my friends, if they chanced to observe me doing so, may have fancied that I designed to make away with their hats, or possibly to present them with a new one, and was thus getting the size of their heads for that purpose; but they were sure to be mistaken in either supposition; for, as I said, it is merely my whim thus to estimate the bulk of their brains by means of their hatbands. In this instance, the effect upon me was certainly peculiar; for I found myself presently travelling through the mazes of the past with astonishing velocity.

'One of the first things called up was, the recollection of the marvellous consequences which grew out of my putting into my hat one day, in my boyhood, a scrap of paper covered over with little yellow dots, as it appeared, which had been thrown to me by an old lady, who was dusting behind some ancient pictures on a shelf in the bed-room of an odd sort of a personage, who boarded with her at the time, and who was known many years previously to have made a voyage to China. Having walked home with the usual deliberation of a school-boy, I found, on removing my hat, that the lining was covered with minute black specks; my hair was also filled with them. They were very numerous and lively; and though exceedingly puzzled at the time, as to what they portended, I am now satisfied that they were the germs of ideal fancies, and that they are not all out of my head yet. One consequence of this vermifugal exhibition, as a physician might call it, was the introduction of silk-worms into our neighborhood, and the speedy incorporation of the boys around, (including a goodly representation from the ancient clans *CLARKSON* and *SCHERMERHORN*,) into a close corporation for the procurement of mulberry-leaves to feed them with; resulting in a wonderful development of mechanical ingenuity in devising reels, and methods for saving silk, by the said boys, and the occupancy of numerous Bibles and prayer-books — the property of their sisters and sweethearts — with beautiful little 'banks' of virgin silk, of hues

varying from white to golden yellow. This was doubtless the origin of the *Morus Multicaulis Mania*, which raged so furiously throughout the land in after-years, and which ought to have ended in the naturalization of the manufacturer of native silk with us, if the political economists of the day had been wise enough to appreciate the indication. O what journeys have I made before breakfast to Sun-fish Pond! — then far out of town, but now built over by the hither end of Madison Avenue: what risks have I run after supper in St. John's Park, in securing a hat-full of mulberry-leaves, (then an article more scarce in Gotham than gold-leaf is now,) in furtherance of the aforesaid enterprise!

'And now that the boys, who used to accompany me on those expeditions, have nearly all gone to Greenwood, and the girls, who were the recipients of their fruits, have, many of them, become grand-mothers, I begin to realize the purpose for which those worms were hatched out of my hat, during that summer walk across the city. Yes: I am more than suspicious of the source whence the immortal GEOFFREY CRAYON received the inspiration which has produced a library of literary enjoyment that all the world delights in: depend upon it, Mynheer CLARK, that old cocked-hat of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER'S, which got into GEOFFREY'S possession, the LORD knows how, comprehended the web of the whole matter: for my part, I verily believe that hat must have been full of eggs, whatever else there may have been hidden in it. For just consider the consequences of my putting on the hat 'herein first mentioned,' and holding it on my head just for a few seconds of time! I have told you of one effect: now let me relate farther inexplicable results.

'Incidents that occurred in my childhood, have since then been holding my brain captive in a manner before unknown and undreamed of. MONTGOMERY'S funeral, which I saw in my infancy pass through Wall-street, with 'BRADHURST'S Regulars,' and the 'Iron-Grays,' those forerunners of our 'Seventh Regiment,' and General STORMS'S cavalry brigade for an escort, has been tramping up and down my sensorium, until the whole procession has been drawn out like a living picture before me. Again I have crossed the East-River with JEEVES, (our 'Professor' that now is,) in a flat-bottomed skiff, to go a-swimming, down by the wind-mill at Gowanus Bay, as in days of yore; and have been beset by the young 'salvages' there, who threatened to keep our trowsers, after we had disrobed ourselves for the purpose mentioned, if we did not give them 'something;' and we having only nothing, were only saved from going home in highland costume, or 'taking a thrashing' in lieu thereof, by M — 's proposing to catch ball-in-cup a hundred times without missing once — which he did, thereby extricating himself and his companion from the terror of a savage foe, and proving himself the intellectual and scientific phenomenon in embryo, which he has since so abundantly established himself to be in fact. The 'Professor' had his ivory cup-and-ball in his pocket, opportunely enough, and which might indicate two things: one, that we were then very young voyagers, for he is a few years older than myself; and the other, that he at least designed to combine study with amusement in our aquatic expedition to the shores of Long-Island, just as CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS did, in a more presuming way, and at a somewhat earlier period of time. I have crossed to that island a great many times since, and have had ample revenge on the aforesaid young barbarians, from some of whom I have had astounding bargains in city lots, in the vicinity of that old mill, which lots they had been for years following assiduously cultivating for farming purposes. Some of those fun-loving and cucumber-raising islanders, transformed into polished-looking gentlemen, I occasionally see riding in coaches with coats-of-arms painted on the dark panels thereof, little dreaming of the stories I could tell of their youthful pranks, if I were so inclined.

'These transactions, I repeat, are returning upon me with such emphasis, and all the minute accompaniments which attended them, are haunting me so constantly by day and by night, giving me no peace until I begin to jot them down, that I am at a loss to imagine what may come of it, unless it is something to be hatched out. I am persuaded that there is a mysterious connection between these disturbances of my rest and the hat which I have several times alluded to herein, and which can only be satisfactorily explained with your assistance.

'And now, my dear practitioner, are you willing to minister to a subject thus exercised, by hanging up the accompanying portraiture, or rather, by inlaying it upon your 'Table?'—and thus, peradventure, arresting for the time being the panorama which is revolving so eg-regiously beneath the hat of

Yours inveterately,

'New-York, May 25th, 1859.

R. A. O.'

The Old Domicile.

'WHAT dreams of glad to-morrows
That old house brings to mind;
What mingled joys and sorrows
Are in its past combined!
How many warm hearts bounded
And throbbed within its walls;
What loving voices sounded
Amidst its hallowed halls!

'Bright glimpses are reviving
Of boyhood's merry days,
And through my fancy driving,
As on that spot I gaze:
The yellow-bird is singing,
The bee's low hum I hear,
The shout of playmates ringing
Around the school-house near.

'I miss the queen-like roses
Were wont that porch to crowd,
The cypress now incloses
The trellis like a shroud:
The box that used to border
The cherished tulip-bed,
Now spreads in wild disorder
With all its beauty fled.

'The hop-vine now is swinging
Where honey-suckles hung,
And flaunting climbers clinging
Where once the woodbine clung:
The brier its old place keeping,
With crimson berries glows,
The myrtle, lowly creeping,
The path-way overgrows.

'Lo! grand-sire, gravely sitting
Close by the door-step wide,
And grandame, with her knitting,
E'er busy at his side!
He, o'er the week's news napping,
With spectacles on nose;
She, on her snuff-box tapping,
Nor marring his repose.

'Thus have I seen them waiting
Their loved one's slow approach,
With patience ne'er abating,
Till came the tardy coach,
And brought the tired way-farer,
Through dust and summer heat,
At length to be a sharer
In rest serene and sweet.

'But where is she whose presence
Gave life-tone to the place—
Whose nature was the essence
Of self-denying grace?
Ah! there I see close by me
That dear familiar form,
It passed the gate-way nigh me,
And seemed with being warm.

'Yes, now she's softly stooping
The new-found brood beside;
She lifts the fledgling drooping,
But heeds no bird of pride:
The slighted pets grown jealous,
Her notice oft entreat,
And some of those most zealous,
Their greetings loud repeat.

'The garden-walk she measures,
And culls from each low bed,
Neglecting loftier treasures
Which cluster o'er her head:
With curious care she chooses,
From coverts where they're hid,
The fragrant flowers she uses
To cheer the invalid.

'How many paths were brightened
By her unclouded sun!
How many loads she lightened,
That patient, gentle one!
That unrepining true-heart
Ne'er weary grew nor faint,
What bliss deserved her new-heart,
When ended its constraint!

'And thou, protecting haven,
In life's e'er-shifting sea!
Each stone of thine's engraven
With some loved memory!
And here, 'midst innovation,
And fashion's eager pace,
Though changed, thou hold'st thy station,
Last of a by-gone race!

'Then fare thee well, old dwelling!
Thou canst not long delay,
For TIME will soon be telling,
That thou hast passed away:
E'en now, ere yet vacating
Thy place, I dimly see
A storied mansion waiting
To hide thy form from me!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We preserve, for obvious reasons, the incog. and locale of the writer of the following note: permitting him to have 'his say' in his own way, save that we omit his numerous underscorings, which only serve to weaken his remonstrance:

'Some time since I sent you a little incident for publication, entitled '*An Unexpected Mishap*,' upon which are the following comments in the April number of the KNICKERBOCKER, page 433:

'Is the writer of '*An Unexpected Mishap*' reasonably sure that he has not mistaken his man? Is he quite certain that he is not 'seen through' as though he were a piece of glass — half-cracked at that? If not aware of the fact, let us hint it to him gently: assuring him that he will find it quite impossible to smuggle a 'puff' into these pages, however disguised in the shape of a made-up incident, that is only equalled in its stupidity by its thin transparency,' etc.

'Now all I desire is, to vindicate myself in the above behalf, and relieve you from any doubt that you may entertain in regard to the truth of the incident, and the honesty of purpose with which it was committed to your hands. The incident may have been inflicted with inherent stupidity, owing to a want of judgment or tact in the writer: but I gave it to you just as I wrote it, containing, perhaps in a stupid way, the facts as they really transpired, (*occurred*, our friend means: to *transpire*, is to 'leak out,' to come to light.) You are not bound to publish 'stupid' articles of any kind; for I take it, you are not driven to that extremity for matériel, though you had not a correspondent in the world. Then, too, I did not ask you to publish, except in the event of its fitness, and your approval thereof: (the 'fitness' was lacking, and we *didn't* publish:) I have no especial liking to see my 'name in print,' or any article that I may write. Upon that score I am quite indifferent; and am just as well pleased that you did not publish the '*Mishap*' as if you had. But on the other hand, if there had been any thing in it but 'stupidity and transparency,' you were free to use it as you might see fit.

'I am no 'smuggler': that forms no part of my business, trade, profession, profit, or livelihood: and I hope I have a better idea of your 'smartness' than to 'mistake my man,' and smuggle into *his* pages any thing but the 'Simon-pure.' If there was any 'puff' in the thing, I was not aware of it, and never intended it. I presume 'the head and front of my offending' was in citing the manufacturers* of the *particular* 'safe' therein mentioned. Their names I have now forgotten: but whatever they are, I gave their true names and the fact; and if it amounted to a 'puff' or advertisement, it was innocently done.

'The charge of stupidity and transparency I do not care about; but when a man impugns my honesty and the purity of my motives, I ask him, if he can do so, to make me some kind of acknowledgment.

'I am not angry, nor excited; but I want you to have a proper understanding of 'your man;' and then hereafter, as heretofore, I will send you occasionally such things

* Don't know exactly how this is: evidently first written 'manufactur-er,' then crossed out, and made plural: then so over-written as to read 'manufac-ture.'

as I may have time and inclination to write ; and you will be at liberty to publish them or not, according as they rise above or fall below your standard of 'stupidity.'

'Yours very truly,' etc.

This note was accompanied by other 'Incidents,' submitted for insertion, some of which are clever, and will doubtless find accessible space in this 'Gossipry' by-and-by. Meantime, let us say to our correspondent, that if he had been as oblivious of the *names* of his safe-makers, when *we* met his first '*Mishap*,' as he says he is now — names which were dragged in 'by ear and horn' — we should have had nothing to infer, or to accuse him of, *except* 'stupidity.' He is a frank, manly fellow, 'any how,' and we are obliged to him. - - - ALWAYS regarding Austria as the most tyrannical power in Europe, we shall rejoice to see her pride humbled, and her pretensions lowered to a decent standard. And as we write, this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, seems well nigh certain of fulfilment. LOUIS NAPOLEON, VICTOR EMANUEL, and the brave GARIBALDI, with their 'aiders and abettors,' appear to have quite a finger in the Austrian pie. When the proud Emperor of that realm undertook to thrust *his* into JONATHAN'S pastry, through his agent BARON HULSEMAN, he was admonished to 'take it right eöut,' which 'request' was at once complied with. Admirably keen and cutting was the Secretary of State's letter to the 'noble Baron : ' 'If it had been the pleasure of his Majesty the EMPEROR of Austria, during the struggles in Hungary, to have admonished the provisional government or the people of that country against involving themselves in disaster, by following the evil and dangerous example of the people of the United States of America, in making efforts for the establishment of independent governments, such an admonition from that sovereign to his Hungarian subjects would not have originated *here* a diplomatic correspondence. The PRESIDENT might, perhaps, on this ground, have declined to direct any particular reply to Mr. HULSEMAN'S note ; but out of proper respect for the Austrian government, it has been thought better to answer it.' And it *was* 'answered,' and in language which the minister and his illustrious employer probably did not forget the next day after they had read it. Mr. WEBSTER gently insinuated that JONATHAN was somedele too big a younker to be bullied 'conveniently : ' 'The power of this Republic at the present moment,' (he wrote to the Baron nine years ago,) 'is spread over a region one of the richest and most fertile on the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the House of Hapsburgh are but as a *patch* upon the earth's surface.' 'Somehow or 'nother,' said an old Jersey farmer, in one of our 'Northern New-Jersey Rail-road' cars, the other morning, as he was looking at the portrait of FRANCIS-JOSEPH in one of the illustrated weekly journals : 'somehow or 'nother, I never see a picture of the King of Orstria, without thinking of what DANIEL WEBSTER once wrote to his minister here to Washington : says WEBSTER says he, 'Orstria, when you come to put it alongside the United States, aint no bigger than a patch on your pantaloons ! ' Ha ! ha ! And here he is, dressed up mighty fine, in his 'ridgeimentals ;' but I kin see the patch on his trowse's as plain as day ! ' Now we dare say that this plain Saxon word of the lamented ex-Secretary of State has made a similar impression upon thousands of simple minds. How well, come to think of it, DANIEL WEBSTER did *every thing* ! - - - THE ancient maxim '*Poeta nascitur non fit*' never received a more mortal stab, and 'put to proof its high supremacy' than in the subjoined instance of mercantile melody. The author,

we are informed, asserts his fondness of BYRON, and quotes SHAKESPEARE by the hour; especially some of the tenderer scenes of 'ROMEO and JULIET,' and some of the more thrilling passages of the 'Tempest.' This, we learn, is not the first effort of his Muse, whose wings (unfortunately for coming generations and the Bard's immortal fame) have been sullied by the vile contact of 'Butter and Lard.' But the author's genius rises superior to place, pursuit, and education: and throwing the gauntlet at the foot of PARNASSUS, banters him to stoop his mystic head and take it up:

- 'Good morning, Mr. CASH,
As this will be before the old and the youth,
This paper will speak the truth.
- 'Mr. FARMER, bring in your butter, eggs, and 'rocks,'
You can get a cart-load of goods for cash at LOCKE's.
- 'There 's the place to play smash,
Buy goods at from 10 to 20 per cent less for cash.
- 'I have goods of all classes,
Walk up and step up and get your 50 cent molasses.
- 'You can get ginger-bread, cakes, all you can swallow,
And eleven pounds of good sugar for one dollar.
- 'Fetch in all your butter and lard,
Trade them for Goods at 10 cents per yard.
- 'All this is truth I declare,
Here is the place to get your Queensware.
- 'On this your life you can bet,
You can get them from 30 to 37 per set.
- 'Please come, *do* come, and see,
I will sell you half pound of good tea.
- 'We have pickles by the can, dozen, or jar,
On hand plenty of good tar.
- 'Feather-bed cords, Ticking, and Pitch,
When you come to town, ride up to LOCKE's and hitch.
- 'We will try to give you for dinner a good dish,
And when you go home, sell you half barrel of White Fish.
- 'We can please the young, and the old, and the dandy,
And for babies always on hand plenty of candy.
- 'As long as we live let us love one another,
So give us a call, mother, sister, and brother.
~~So~~ We will do the fair thing at W. LOCKE's.'

We are not going to state where Mr. LOCKE 'buys,' nor where his customers can be accommodated. If he makes any use of the above, as coming from the KNICKERBOCKER, we shall send him a bill for advertising: 'taking it out,' perhaps, in a nice half-barrel of white-fish. - - - A CORRESPONDENT of a neighbor and friend, who sometimes drops in upon us to enliven our cottage-sanctum, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, (he had been visiting in the neighborhood not long before, after a prolonged absence,) writes as follows: 'I was greatly gratified by my little visit, and was right glad that I had 'been and gone and done it.' There is a quiet beauty, a certain *charm*, about the landscape, peculiar to the bold shores of 'Old Rockland,' mirrored in the waters of the Tappan-Zee, that in all my travels I have

never seen excelled elsewhere. We have here broad and fertile prairies, stretching as far as the eye can extend, their billowy greenness waving in this beautiful May-day sun: with flowers of every hue, and in ever-changing variety: we have rivers deep and swift, that bear upon their bosoms for thousands of miles the rich fruits of commerce: a sky as clear, an atmosphere as bracing, as can any where else be found: *yet*, were my 'pile' made, I should say: 'Give me a residence upon thy classic shores, O HUDSON!' I had rather live between Haverstraw Bay and New-York, on the shores of that glorious river, than in any other part of the world.'

'And so say all of us —
So say we all!'

every morning when we look abroad. - - - 'THE following,' writes a correspondent, 'were the closing remarks of Rev. Mr. W —, a Methodist minister in Central Ohio, at the funeral of an old and much-esteemed citizen and Christian: 'A word to the friends. Dry up your tears. He might well have said: 'For me to live is CHRIST, but to die, is gain.' He has only gone before; he will meet you up there! You need only say: 'Good night! we shall meet you — in the morning.' Like as the mother robes her child in its night-dress, kisses it, and lays it in its couch, saying, 'Good night, my love! — I shall see you in the morning;' so *we* have taken *him*, and laid him in the night-robes of the grave, until the morning.' Spoken with deep feeling, and with an eye beaming with Christian faith, the simplicity of this was very effective and touching.' - - - 'J. P. G.,' of Detroit, Michigan, was *not* 'misinformed' exactly; but between the 'report' of our mutual friend 'JOHN,' (by no manner of means a '*silent* John,' as every body knows, who knows *him*), and the actual *fact*, there is 'a distinction, with a difference.' You see, the way of it was this, 'for short: 'The first 'isew' of the penny press in New-York — the *pioneer*, in fact, of the several journals now so prosperous and so influential — was the '*New-York Daily Sun*.' We received, at the door of the first 'Sun' office, from the hands of Mr. DAY, (we were going home from FOLKE's Bindery, in Vandewater-street,) a copy of the first number of the first penny paper which was *ever* issued in our metropolis. This is, at the present moment 'neither here nor there.' It must suffice to say, that '*The Sun*,' shining for all, at a low figure, became an INSTITUTION of our town. It was emulated, it was imitated, but it was *itself alone*: and at this moment, Mr. MOSES Y. BEACH stands at the very apex of the monument which *should* be raised in honor of the first man who adventured *his* all in establishing the *First Cheap Newspaper in America*. Well, to 'cut it short,' after a time, when 'adventure' became a palpable reality, and enterprise had achieved its full fruition, the elder BEACH resigned his duties into the hands of his sons; and to celebrate the event, at his house in Chambers-street, opposite the north side of the old Park, he gave an elegant and numerous-attended supper, at which, with pleasant confraternity, almost all the brother-editors of Gotham 'assisted.' It was a pleasant, cheerful, festive time. There was plenty of enjoyment, without excess of any sort. There was an *esprit-de-corps*, not always, we grieve to say, to be found among our political journalists in New-York. The *FOUNDER* was elaborately and multitudinously toasted. He had been the '*Rising Sun*'; he was now about to become the '*Setting Sun*'; his beams, which had shone for all

in the morning of 'Penny Journalism' were still to continue to shine after that night, with renewed brilliancy, and so forth. There was too much, as we thought, of Moses and the profits of his establishment, and too little of the enterprising, spirited, experienced young men, his carefully-trained 'boys,' who were to succeed him. And when a thin reporter of marked procerity of frame, well stricken in years, whose forehead began at the back of his neck; whose head seemed to roll round in his thin, yellowish wig; and whose aspect made us think that his father must have been URIA HENRY and his mother JOB TROTTER; when *he* got up, the last hair of his loose thatch broke the camel's back: and so it was, that when he had finished his much speaking, and had dwelt in weeping phrase upon 'that good man' who had employed him so long, and paid him so well, we, being called upon, arose to do justice to his successors: 'Mr. CHAIRMAN, let us not forget to do honor to, and bestow our good wishes upon, the young gentlemen who are to succeed their venerable father, from this time henceforth, in the conduct of the New-York daily *Sun*. We yield, Sir, to none, in respect and honor for the elder BEACH, who is this night to retire from a station which he has so long held, and the duties of which he has discharged with so much credit to himself, and satisfaction to the public. But, Sir, while we do honor to the *elder* BEACH, let us not neglect to fill our glasses to the prolonged health, present prosperity, and continued success of the two sons of BEACH's who are to succeed him.' The justice of the sentiment was apparent. It was drank with all the honors: and that, Mr. 'J. P. G.,' was 'all there was of it'—and it was little enough at that. All we can say is, 'It made a considerable sensation at the time.' - - - The subjoined brief description of CHURCH's great picture, '*The Heart of the Andes*,' was pencilled as an immediate 'recollection' of some of its more prominent features, by Mrs. J. L. P., of the New-York Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and a graduate of that institution, a lady of rare personal and intellectual accomplishments:

'WHAT fascinated me most was the clouds and the mountains in the distance. The clouds seemed to me like those 'gates of pearl' that open into heaven. The atmosphere was the softest, most alluring and dreamy of any thing I had ever seen or imagined: the mountains, towering up on each side, crowned with the richest and most varied green. And, away up, so far that the eye could scarcely distinguish it, gushed out a little stream, gradually widening until it reaches your feet, where the waters seem almost to tarry; and so clear are they, that you can look down into them, and away beneath fancy you see the shells and pebbles lying. The banks of the stream on each side break off abruptly, while the earth seems to have caved off, and left the roots of the trees bare, still reaching down toward the water. On the other side the representation slopes away into a forest of such luxuriance that you wish involuntarily that you had no other object in life, at least for the time, than to lie on the soft, rich moss-covered earth, and let your soul float away in that heavenly atmosphere, up through the pearly gates of the mountains: and yet you would scarcely desire to pass, for it is hard to imagine a Paradise more perfect. There is one ray of sun-light glancing through the thickly-interlaced vines and foliage, and it falls with such a softening beauty, that it seems unnatural to believe it only a copy on canvas. Such mingled grandeur and enchanting softness are rarely combined, even in Nature: how much more rarely in Art!'

Having seen CHURCH's *chef-d'œuvre*, the reader of the foregoing would be tempted to say, that even though the Deaf might not hear, the Dumb could *speak*, 'and that right well.' It is terse and just. - - - '*A Reminiscence, done into Rhyme by Jones*,' we are informed, records an actual fact. 'But what an' if it does?' Is it thence to be inferred that his false friend represents 'all the world, and the rest of mankind?' By no manner of means, Mr. 'JONES:'

'Some years ago, when I was young,
And filled with hope and pride and folly,
Ere sorrow came, and o'er me flung
Its gloomy pall of melancholy,
I had a friend, of just my years;
I loved him with a deep devotion:
His griefs and joys, his hopes and fears,
Produced in me a like emotion.

'I toiled for years to win a name,
Through sleepless nights and days of trouble,
To learn this truth at last, that Fame
Is but an empty, air-blown bubble.
My friend sought wealth, and often wrote
That he was rich, and loved me dearly;
And always closed his friendly note
With, 'Yours most truly and sincerely.'

'And once he wrote: 'My dear old Chum,
If you are short—now, don't be silly—
Just drop a line, and name the sum
To me, your friend and crony, WILLIS.'
But still, I had a foolish pride
To keep from him my little pinches:
We like, if possible, to hide
Our wants from one who never flinches.

'And thus I labored late and long,
Until my hopes and nerves were shattered,
Until my health, which never strong,
Gave out, and then my friends soon scattered;
For they had learned that I was poor:
Now penury is not disgraceful;
But to the rich, it shuts the door,
And makes its victim seem distasteful.

'And now, I thought, since health has flown,
My ancient, wealthy friend will aid me.
A small amount, a trifling loan
From one so true, will not degrade me.
For still he wrote, that better far
He loved me than a blood relation;
He talked about his 'lucky star,'
His wife and means, his wealth and station.

'Then with a faltering pen, one day,
(I had not nerve to do it boldly,)
I wrote: 'I have my rent to pay,
Nor dreamed that he would take it coldly.
I waited long: I watched the mail,
Till all my clothes were growing seedy;
It came at last; I read (in jail)
'I've nearer friends just twice as needy.'

'Thus ended one of boyhood's dreams,
As many a dream before has ended:
Friendship is rarely what it seems—
With money often closely blended.
I left my books, and earned my bread
By earnest, patient, healthy labor,
And sleep serenely in my bed,
Nor owe a dime to friend or neighbor.

'The moral here is easy shown,
If they who read will only heed it:
To test a friend, just ask a loan
Of money when you really need it.
Another lesson may be learned,
Unaided by the light of science:
That gold and fame are only earned
By patient toil and self-reliance.'

This last lesson is a good one: it is a maxim of FRANKLIN's, and one of the very best to be found in 'Poor RICHARD's Almanac' - - - Mr. SAMUEL H. HAMMOND, when he was the editor of a daily journal in Albany, was challenged by a certain 'blood' of New-York, to 'go upon the field of honor' with him, either in Maryland, or in Canada, nearer by. After thinking the matter over, Mr. HAMMOND declined the 'cartel,' for the subjoined 'good and sufficient reasons,' as he regarded them:

'1. The thing was contrary to law, and I had no desire to be hung for killing him, or that he should be hung for killing me.

'2. I had a wife who loved me, and who would mourn for me if I fell. He had only a mistress, who would rejoice at his death as relieving her from the necessity of flying from his protection to that of some other man.

'3. I had three children, for whose education I was in honor and by nature bound to provide. He had none.

'4. Society had no stake in his life. His continuance would be no blessing, and its extinguishment no loss. Society had some claims upon me—upon him it had none; I had some claims upon society—he had none.

'And there the matter has rested ever since.'

This is somewhat akin, although not exactly in kind, with an anecdote of a duel proposed and accepted at Albany, before the abolition of the 'code of honor' in our Empire State. A gentleman, a member of the State Legislature, from a northern county, was challenged by another member for offensive words spoken in debate. The belligerent proposition was at once received by 'the defendant,' who, being the challenged party, was conceded the choice of weapons and of the ground. He chose broad-swords, and the 'position' was to be on each side of the St. Lawrence river, where it was not less than a mile wide! The idea was scouted as evasive and absurd, by the sanguinary challenger. 'Very well,' answered the challenged party, 'what do you desire?' 'Why, that you should fight with the weapons of a gentleman.' 'What do you *call* 'gentlemanly weapons?'' 'Why, pistols, of course.' 'Very well, pistols *be it*, then: I shall not balk your inclination.' 'Where shall we meet?' 'On the top of 'Sugar-Loaf Hill,' a mile from the village, at six o'clock to-morrow morning: we shall stand back to back, each march forward fifteen paces, then turn, and between the words 'One,' 'Two,' 'Three,' we fire.' 'All right:' and the next morning they *did* meet, as agreed upon: but the 'make of the ground' was found to be peculiar: 'Sugar-Loaf Hill was *almost* a sharp cone; and when they had marched their fifteen paces, and turned to fire, each was entirely out of sight of the other! The challenger marched back, and roared out to his escaped 'victim,' who was walking off from the 'field of honor,' 'What new subterfuge is *this*? You are a *coward*, sir!' 'I know that,' was the instant reply, 'and so did *you*, or you would n't have challenged me!' And so it was that he held on his way down-hill, at a rapid pace. - - - LATE reports from the seat of war, over-sea, inform us that the French frigate *Pomone* has been chasing several Austrian vessels, which, to avoid capture, ran ashore on the coast of Troy. The same Gallic frigate captured and towed into Tenedos an Austrian bark, with a cargo of *rags*! This is a renewal of ancient scenes in those classic waters: but how different from the 'years of old'—say in the era of *TROILUS* and *CRESSIDA*? Do you remember the freights of the shipping in that quarter, 'about those days?' Somewhat otherwise. *Then*, 'the princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,' against those coasts sent forth their ships 'fraught with the ministers and instruments of cruel war:'

'To Tenedos they came:
And the deep-drawing barks did there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage.'

Pass the centuries: and a bark, drawing, nobody knows how much water, is chased into Tenedos, where it disgorges an un-warlike 'fraughtage' of—*rags*! What a 'falling off' from the olden time! - - - We recently received from a correspondent who shall be nameless, a note to the following effect: 'Inclosed please find a second edition of '*The Harp of a Thousand Strings*.' If you wish to record it, it is at your disposal: if not, please return it to me.' We *did* return '*Whangdoodle*' at once, accompanied by a brief note, of which the subjoined was the 'net upshot and purport': 'Imitations of keenly-individual sketches, however well done, belong merely to a class of clever plagiarisms. The *first* is the original: and if it '*bites*,' as the 'Harp' did, most emphatically, no one can successfully 'play second-fiddle' to it. Thanks, however, for your kind intentions,' etc.

And these are 'our sentiments.' - - - THE New-York '*Evening Post*' daily journal records the following anecdote of Judge GOULD, of Troy, above us, on 'Udson, presiding (at this present writing) over the Oyer and Terminer of this metropolis. He must have not a little of the vim and strong common-sense of his exceedingly clever brother, the lamented JOHN W. GOULD, mentioned in the Narrative-History of the KNICKERBOCKER, in our July number.

'THE trial of JAMES GLASS for the murder of RICHARD OWENS is now in progress before Judge GOULD, of Troy, at the Oyer and Terminer in this city. Dr. FERGUSON having yesterday been called by the prosecution to prove the cause of OWENS' death, testified that OWENS had some bruises on his head of a comparatively trifling character, and that he had a gun-shot wound through the heart. On cross-examination, Mr. WHITING put a variety of questions to the doctor, as to whether the bruises on the head might not have caused the death of OWENS; whether, if those bruises might not, more severe bruises would; whether, if more severe bruises would not have caused the death of OWENS, they might not have caused the death of a man of OWENS' size, and so forth. After Mr. WHITING had pursued this line of questioning till, perhaps, some of the jurors began to doubt whether poor OWENS was in fact dead, Judge GOULD took the witness:

JUDGE: 'You have now, Doctor, answered the counsel as to what *might* have killed OWENS. Will you tell me what *did* kill him?

DOCTOR: 'The bullet, Sir.

JUDGE: 'Have you any doubt on that point?

DOCTOR: 'Not the least, Sir.

JUDGE: 'That will do, Sir.'

Curt and especially to the point: reminding us very forcibly of an incident which occurred before a certain Albany judge, waggishly inclined, several years ago. The case before the Court was one of Assault and Battery. A pompous, wordy, windy, and witless young limb of the law was for the plaintiff. 'Did you,' said he to the witness upon the stand, after the case had well advanced, 'did you, Sir, see this man, this person here before you, this individual, this defendant here now before the bar of this Honorable Court, did you *see* that person raise his muscular arm and excite and aggravate the already sufficiently alarmed fears of my client?' 'S-i-r-r?' asked the utterly dubified and dumb-founded witness.

'My question,' repeated the inexperienced legal '*Blatherskite*,' '(and the honorable Court will perceive that it was sufficiently explicit and direct,) was this: and let us see whether this unwilling witness will answer it *this* time: The question is: Did you, Sir, have an unclouded view; were there no intervening obstacles between you and the object of attack — in other words, were your optics unobscured, in all respects, when you beheld this individual raise his powerful and muscular arm, and attempt to coerce, and, as it were, to *preponderate* upon the already (as I have said) abundantly-sufficiently excited fears of my client, who stands before you, yourself, and this honorable Court, to demand — ay, Sir, and to receive — justice, simple *justice* (he asks no more) at the hands of this bench, this bar, this court?'

'S-i-r-r-r?' asked the poor bothered witness, once more, with an 'inquiring countenance,' which was almost pitiful to behold.

Here the commiserating Judge kindly interfered: 'The counsel will please per-

mit the court to ask the witness a single question: Did you see the defendant in this case, that man standing on your right, strike this plaintiff, the man near you on your left? — did you see him strike him?’

‘Oh, yes: I see him *strike* him: ’t was a walloper, too: knocked him as flat as *caif*: you ought to have *seen* him, when he tried to get up, and ——’

‘That ’ll do,’ interrupted the Judge: ‘we have the *fact* which the learned counsel, we believe, was trying to elicit!’ - - - ‘Do you care, dear KNICK,’ writes a Lawrence (Mass.) correspondent, ‘to hear again from the poet-shepherd of New-Hampshire, who sang of the vitriolic fate of MILES SHOREY; who bewailed the bulky JOHN MARCH; who lamented the premature demise of the fair ESTHER MEXBOW, with her ‘soft flesh’ and ‘dense bones?’ (Well, yes: *we* do n’t care: ‘Go ahead:’) I see by ‘pome’ eighty-second, in his volume, that his lyrics were published by subscription: ‘said pome’ being a tribute to those who had aided in giving to the world his exquisite effusions. In a sort of poetical preface, he tells us that they are ‘suitable’ to all ‘peoples,’ good for all sorts and conditions of men:

‘SUTTING white, and men of color,
In the north or torrid zone:
But the critic, who’s annuller,
Best to let my book alone.

‘In my book are various beauties,
Painted fairly to the eye:
And a score of real duties,
On which the public may rely.

‘Though my writings are not handsome.
Yet some beauties may be seen;
And if never termed handsome,
Every rank they may convene:

‘Fit for saint, and fit for sinner,
Fit for all the world at large;
Giving each or all a dinner
If from it do not emerge.’

And now listen, for a moment, to the poet’s all-embracing ‘puff’ of his ‘patrons.’ The SHEPHERD is an ass, of the ‘first water,’ and a humbug of the large blue kind: all this is not to be doubted: but such fools are often more amusing than solemn rhyming owls who may *see* deeper, but are not themselves half so transparent:

‘Upon the shores of Saco river
I have friends as free as life;
Noble husbands (pleasant children)
Each possess a charming wife.

‘Husband firm as Gibraltar,
And in business ne’er give o’er,
Nor in labors ever falter
While the Saco falls do roar:

‘Those are men I much admire;
When among them I have been:
Helped to grace my noble lyre,
And awakes my nimble pen:

‘Lent their names to aid my poem,
Followed by a generous sum;
Pleaded not that ‘they were owing,’
But their lively feelings run.

‘Noble men, of different stations,
Lent their names my book to rear,
Which may flow to unborn nations—
Through the trackless ages steer!

‘Doctors, they were well designing,
Looked my little poem o’er,
And with other names combining,
Offered freely of their store.

‘Merchants, with their lawns and gauzes,
Cast no scornful eyes on me;
Beheld my book—inquired its causes—
My remark was: ‘Come and see!’

‘Mixed with elegance and beauty,
Each subscribed his flowing name,
Smiled to think they’d done their duty,
Hoped they ne’er should be to blame.

‘The tavern-keepers, they were pleasant,
Called me round their flowing board,
And in manners each were fluent,
Their assistance did afford.

‘Farmers, and the lively teamster,
Led by some internal ray,
Both the aged and the youngster,
Help to grace my noble lay.’

The greater fools they: but why do *you* continue to make a dolt of yourself?
‘Gentle ‘SHEPHERD,’ tell us why!’ - - - BAYARD TAYLOR, in one of his very

entertaining autobiographical chapters in the '*New-York Mercury*' weekly journal, speaking of his humble lodgings at a chop-house, in an obscure quarter of London, on his first visit to that mammoth metropolis, mentions one fact, to which we desire to call especial attention. He says: 'The chop-house was the resort of actors, from some low theatre in Whitechapel; hackmen, sailors occasionally, and pawn-brokers' clerks. I kept aloof from them, taking my chop in a solitary stall, and reading old numbers of the *Times*, or a greasy copy of the *Family Herald*, when it was too cold to remain in my room. The people never interfered with me in any way. They respected my silence and reserve; and so I fared better than might have been expected. During the whole six weeks of my stay, I was never asked a personal question. Could the same thing happen in the United States?' A pregnant question this last, implying and rebuking, and *justly* rebuking, a general JONATHAN-ish impropriety. One may be reading a morning journal on board a steamer; he may be looking out of a rail-car window, enjoying his own quiet thoughts, or surveying with a loving eye the passing landscape; he is *not safe*, any where, from the intrusion upon him of questions which the stranger-querist has no right to ask, and of voluntary remarks, talked *at* him, which as the lawyers say, are not only 'leading' but 'impertinent to the case.' A good cure for this sort of intrusion and enforced '*conversation*,' is a resort to monosyllables: 'Yes; 'no; 'ah; 'certainly; 'indeed,' etc. 'Not much to be got out of *that* witness,' is a speedy inference, and the impertinence very suddenly 'expires from want of sustenance.' - - - 'THE inclosed application for discount,' writes a friend, an officer of the 'State Bank of Iowa,' at Des Moines, 'would not perhaps be considered in 'proper form' on Wall-street, although genuine, and made in good faith. You are at liberty to use it, in consideration solely that you will give our correspondent some light on the 'bank-in systiam,' and suppress proper names. Oh, certainly: so here's 'the document,' in type from the original ms:

State of Iowa, W ——— County.

January the 1th, 1859.

'DEARE SER I can informe you that we are all well Hoping When thes few lins comes to hand tha Will find you all in the same helth I wich to git some infermation from the bank in systiam I dont Noe but what I shal hafto borow sum money I which You to let me Noe how they lone money whether by free hold seccourity are tha take real Estate and what lenth of time tha Will give to pay it in What per cent We which to Borow about \$500 and Ef we shal fail to pay the princeble at the time Ef we can pay the intrust and renew or Ef we can put other notes and Draw and what Discount tha Will have on Good notes or notes on Good men Dew, Drawing ten per cent from Date this from L ——— T ——— and J ——— I ——— to S ——— H ———.

'rite quick and Direct your leter to H ——— county, H ——— post office.'

It will be seen that some 'lenth of time' has elapsed since the foregoing was written: nevertheless, we 'wish to git the infermation' before our readers. The 'bank-in systiam' needs explication. - - - M. SALAMANCA, of Madrid, according to the London '*Spectator*,' (and there is no better authority,) is an eminent and exceedingly wealthy Spanish banker. He was formerly a literary man, a journalist, belonging to the 'moderate' political party of Spain: and it has been his custom, for a long time, once a week to draw around his hospitable board his author.

friends, painters, sculptors, editors of prominent journals, etc. These guests of his not long since invited him to join *them* at an unpretending dinner, given at an excellent restaurant, at which the table, instead of being ornamented by rare and costly flowers, presented a tasteful pyramid of books in its centre, surrounded by busts of CALDERON, LOPE DE VEGA, CERVANTES, VELASQUEZ, and others. We ask a moment's attention to M. SALAMANCA's brief remarks:

'GENTLEMEN,' said he, 'about twenty-five years ago, the old and thread-bare cassock of SALAMANCA, then a student in the University of Grenada, might have been among the oldest and most worn-out cassocks of his comrades. When my education was completed, I proceeded to Malaga, and made myself a *gacettillero* (journalist) of the *Avisador Malagueno*. Then the love of gold took possession of my soul, and it was Madrid that I found the object of my adoration; but not without the loss of my juvenile illusion. Believe me, gentlemen, the man who can satisfy all his wishes has no enjoyment. Keep the way you have entered on, I advise you. ROTHSCHILD's celebrity will cease on the day of his death. Immortality can be earned, but not bought. Here are before you the busts of men who have gloriously cultivated liberal arts; their busts I have met with throughout the whole of Europe: but no where have I found a statue erected to the memory of a man who has devoted his life to making money. To-day I speak to you with my feelings of twenty-two years, for in your company I have forgotten that I am a banker, and only thought of my youth and days of gay humor.'

The recognition of the fact here recorded by M. SALAMANCA has become a positive necessity in our own metropolis, with all who would essay and achieve a refined and distinguished social position. - - - We think so too: we agree with our contemporary of '*Harper's Weekly*.' Boston is a great institution: and it had a right to do honor to the gifted and modest MORPHY: it had a right to 'revolve the honors' among the peers of its intellectual 'circle.' We like to see this provincial *esprit de corps*: for, as the poet sings: Lives there

'A BOSTON man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native Boston?''

When New-York feasts a prodigy, shall the men of Boston be forbidden to have a 'lively time' in dining him? When Gotham gives him gold and silver chess-men, shall not Boston present him a silver coffee-pot, with the tale of his exploits engraven thereon? Why should *we* complain, because our little sister presents her 'storied urn' and has her animated 'bu'st' in honor of one who wears the laurels so meekly which he has won so nobly? 'Marry, tell us *that*, and unyoke.' The implication is unexplainable. - - - To our mind, there is something very touching in this *Incident of the War in Italy*, which is mentioned in a letter from Alexandria, at the seat of war, which we find in the *Evening Post* daily journal. Such feeling on the part of French soldiers toward their wounded enemies we are afraid is not fully reciprocated on the part of their foes. 'I noticed several of the wounded who were dangerously hurt; one in particular had three serious wounds: the one most so, was a deep cut on the forehead. On it was laid a piece of cloth that had been wet and placed there to cool his head. A young French officer who was passing noticed the poor fellow's sufferings, and taking off the small bit of dirty

cloth, he took from his pocket his handkerchief, and dipping it in some cool water, he laid it upon the fevered brow of the prisoner. The relief was great; the man opened his eyes, took hold of the officer's hand and pressed it to his lips. The young man passed on: I hastened to have a look at one so kind-hearted, and saw that he was decorated with a variety of crosses and medals, which proved that he was brave as well as generous. The treatment extended to these wounded Austrians is so kind that they seem really astonished at it.' Well, as CARLYLE says, 'these men have no quarrel: busy as the DEVIL is, not the smallest: only their governors have fallen out!' - - - MRS. PARTINGTON is turning her attention to physical science and metaphysics. Here are specimens: 'The airth is round, my son, like a napple, and revolves on its own axel-tree round the sun, jest as reg'lar as any machine you ever see. The airth is made up of land and water and rocks, besides vegetation and trees, and things growing. The mountings upon the service of the earth, are very high — more'n a half a mile, I should think; some of 'em are called white mountings, because they aint black. The ocean is very deep, and some folks thinks it has n't got no bottom: this is all gammon; every thing has got a bottom, my son. The reason they can't find it is 'cause the world is round. They throw their sinker over-board, and it goes right through one side, and hangs down underneath: *of course* they can't find any bottom!' And this is a sample of the good old dame's logic, demonstrating the proposition that 'When it does not rain, it Rains.' 'When it rains, the atmosphere is surcharged with moisture, and whenever the atmosphere is surcharged with moisture it rains. No atmosphere has ever been so fully charged with moisture as was the atmosphere at the time of the deluge. The present atmosphere is more fully charged with moisture than no atmosphere. Hence the present atmosphere is more fully charged with moisture than was the atmosphere at the time of the deluge. Therefore it rains: and 'not only rains, but pours!'' - - - Mr. GEORGE DAWSON, of the *Albany Evening Journal*, (with whom we should have 'forgathered' aforetime, when we were up in 'The Tract,' with a numerous deputation from the 'Brothers' of the NorthWoods Walton Club) is right. G. H. EDWARDS is 'the' man to cook brook-trout. We know: because, as the gentleman remarked, when he came away in some haste from a burning building, we 'have been there.' Witness the 'SHANTY' at the South Lake — on that glorious summer evening! But observe Mr. EDWARDS' 'style,' as well depicted by Mr. DAWSON, who was expected by sundry confrères, when our 'occasion' was being fulfilled:

'It is a study to see him engaged in the work of preparation and consummation. First, the pork-frying process. Every drop of fat must be extracted by a slow and careful process. Then the trout, if small, to the number of twenty, are placed (heads and points alternately) into the huge frying-pan. Their upper surface is then profusely sprinkled with salt, and the cooking begins. He selects a cozy resting-place for his pan, at a proper distance above a gathering of live coals, and, (frequently removing them lest they should cook too fast or be scorched,) when they are beautifully browned upon the one side, he thrusts his knife beneath them and flaps them over as a house-wife does a pan-cake — all at once. And then the picture which these turned fish present! A rich, juicy brown — crisp and odorous! And when cooked, what a luscious morsel — with a flavor which reduces nectar to the low grade of small-beer, and marks turtle-soup as insipid as barley-broth.'

As Mrs. GAMP says, 'not to be deniged of by no person' who has ever tasted EDWARDS' cooked 'SPECKLED.' Chenango-forks, (the only place where he can draw off his big fishing-boots,) is not so *very* far off, but what a mess of trout, in ice, might reach us by the Erie Rail-road—though what would *that* be to 'the SHANTY!' N'atheless, let 'em come! - - - We called attention, in our May number, by a brief line or two, to a work from the press of Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, entitled '*Tressilian and his Friends*,' by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, the very name of which must have been happily chosen, as it caused the book to be borrowed from our table by a lady-lover-of-good-books; and it was only until recently that it was returned to the sanctum, bearing external evidence of having been 'numerously' if not *carefully* perused. And the book *deserves* the success which it has achieved. We write in late June, and already the third edition, we perceive, is announced. It consists of several tales, various in kind, but all exceedingly well told, from a locality and in a company admirably described and individualized. One of them was contributed by the author to the KNICKERBOCKER some twenty-three-years ago; and we especially remember that it was widely copied and commended at the time. And here, calling to mind Dr. MACKENZIE's frequent and always most acceptable communications, in prose and verse, to this Magazine, almost from its very commencement, it is proper, 'in this connection,' that we should advert gratefully to the fact. When he was the editor-in-chief of a daily journal in Liverpool, England, besides his own favors, he interested other and eminent pens in our behalf. It was through him that we received the several beautiful poems of the lamented MARY ANNE BROWNE, a sister, we believe, of Mrs. HEMANS; he obtained for us, from ROBERT SOUTHEY, the original of that beautiful poem, 'Queen MARY's Christening;' and we *think* it was from his hand (though it may have been inclosed by the author in a letter to our twin-brother) that we received an original poem from BULWER: and especially will our readers remember Dr. MACKENZIE's long and very able article, published not long since in these pages, touching SOUTHEY's denial of the authorship of 'The Doctor,' and the ingenious discovery, through the KNICKERBOCKER, by the lamented HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, that he *was* the author, 'nevertheless and notwithstanding.' We are the more anxious to mention these facts, in justice to Dr. MACKENZIE, and 'in satisfaction' of our grateful acknowledgments, since, in common with many another of our most popular contributors, his name was omitted from the nearly twenty-year-old list, published in the last number of our Editorial Narrative of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. - - - 'The following characteristic *Anecdote of Aaron Burr*,' writes a friendly correspondent, 'is good enough, I think, to have found a place in Mr. PARTON's memoir. It has at least the merit of being entirely authentic: 'AARON BURR, it was related to me by a nephew of the venerable DANIEL CADY, who often heard that eminent jurist rehearse it. BURR was always sententious and pointed in his 'summing up:' and he was annoyed whenever any thing occurred to disturb the attention of the Court. He was one time making an argument before the Court of Appeals, when two of the judges put their heads together and began to whisper. BURR instantly ceased speaking, and waited deferentially for the 'confab' to close. One of the judges observing this, made a gesture, and said rather curtly: 'Go on, Mr. BURR, go on; there is no occa-

sion for stopping!' BURR bowed with that irresistible suavity for which he was noted, and remarked: 'I was afraid that I should disturb the *deliberations* of the Court!' It is needless to add that the 'grave and reverend' seigneurs' gave the most undivided attention to the remainder of his argument.' It was a deserved 'hit,' and 'duly appreciated.' - - - Mr. FREDERICK SAUNDERS' *'Mosaics,'* published by CHARLES SCRIBNER, is doing good service to his reputation. Besides being externally even a handsomer book than his *'Salad for the Solitary,'* it will, we think, prove to be still more popular. 'With a wide and various range of reading, an excellent memory, and a cultivated taste, he has gathered together a brilliant collection of intellectual gems, which appear to great advantage in the appropriate setting that here surrounds them. Among the topics which find illustration, from the ample resources of the compiler, are Author-Craft, The Human Face Divine, Origin of Celebrated Books, The Magic of Music, and others of a kindred character. In arranging his materials, he has not given his volume the appearance of a mere selection of 'elegant extracts,' but has molded them together by a natural process of suggestion into a compact and effective unity. His favorite authors include the great lights both of English and American literature, while he has also drawn from oblivion many names of inferior note.' - - - THERE is supposed to be, and without question there is, a mistake, (doubtless a typographical error,) in a certain passage in SHAKSPEARE'S play of the colored person, OTHELLO. He, OTHELLO, in most editions of the Great Bard, is made to give the following direction:

— 'Put out the light,
And then — put out the light.'

This language embodies a tautological solecism upon the very face of it. The simple injunction which SHAKSPEARE intended that Mr. OTHELLO, (who, although haply he was black, was an Irishman, from 'County Cork,') was, that the serving-man should extinguish the sperm luminary, and then retire, leaving him (OTHELLO) 'all alone by himself in that place.' Hence the specific instruction:

— 'Put out the light,
And then — 'put!''

Meaning, of course, after having snuffed out the 'dip,' 'Go away;' 'Subside;' 'Make yourself scarce;' 'Disperse;' 'Leave;' 'Cut;' 'Git eout' '*Voilà le grand simplicité! — voila Monsieur Shak-espier himself!*' Yes: you never hear the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. Unquestionably, we have here the true 'reading:' and farther, it is a step in the right *direction*: for being eleven o'clock at night; the rain dripping upon the piazza; 'while all the air a solemn stillness holds;' we are going to 'douse the glim' and retire:

— 'Put out the light,
And then — put!'

Good-night all! — good-night! - - - THE processes of reasoning, by which children arrive at conclusions, are often very quaint and original: E. G —, a diminutive kins-boy of ours, 'just rising four year old,' after an unusually long silence at dinner the other day, suddenly accosted his father with: 'Pa, did you know I had a soul?' 'Certainly, WILLIE,' replied his somewhat-taken-aback

'parient'; 'but who told you, you had a soul?' 'Mamma told me, and' — with a quaint look of puzzled intelligence WILLIE added: 'I think it's on my back.' 'On your back!' exclaimed both mother and father; 'what makes you think your soul is on your back, WILLIE?' 'Why, mamma told me *I could n't see my soul, and I can see all over me but my back, so I think it's on my back!*' Is n't that a curious specimen of induction-infantine? - - - Mr. JOHN F. TROW, corner White-street and Broadway, has just issued, well printed on strong paper, the most copious, comprehensive, and conveniently-arranged *New-York Directory* that was ever published in this city. However, it may always be assumed that what Mr. Trow undertakes to do, will be done in the best manner in which it can be done. He has shown this in many ways. - - - Who is the author of the very clever sketches in the *Dublin University Magazine*, oddly enough entitled 'The Season Ticket?' Let us modestly vaticinate the authentic response: staunch old Tory though he be, (yet a loving desiderater of all the Democratic KNICKERBOCKERS, 'from the beginning hitherto,') we will wager 'a ducat to a beggarly denier' that the premature 'Sir SAM SLICK' is the man. 'Hear till him, just:'

'THE Irish can't eat nothing but tators, and drink nothing but whiskey, and talk nothing but priests and patriots, auctions, and repeal. They do n't do nothen like nobody else. Their coats are so long they drag on the ground like the tail of a Nantucket cow, which is so cussed poor that she can't hold it up, and their trousers are so short they do n't reach below their knees, with two long strings dangling from them that are never tied, and three buttons that never felt an eyelet-hole; and wear hats that have no roofs on 'em. The pigs are fed in the house, and the children beg on the road. They won't catch fish for fear they would have to use them in Lent, nor raise more corn than they eat, for fear they would have to pay rent. They sit on their cars sideways, like a gal on a side-saddle, and never look ahead, so they see but one side of a thing, and always act and fight on one side — there is no *two ways* about them. And yet, hang me if I do n't like them, take them by and large, better than the English, who are as heavy and stupid as the porter they guzzle all day; who hold their chin so everlastin' high, they do n't see other folks' toes they are for ever a-treadin' on; who are as proud as LUCIFER, and ape his humility; as rich as CRÆTUS, and as mean as a Jew; talking from one year's end to another of educating the poor, and wishing the devil had flown away with Dr. FAUSTUS before he ever invented types; praising us forever, and lamenting COLUMBUS had n't gone to the bottom of the sea, instead of discovering America; talking of reform from July to eternity, and asking folks if they do n't hope they may get it.'

If that is n't HALIFAX HALIBURTON, Gent., may we, when we visit the 'Green Isle,' (which we hope one day to do,) be compelled to cudgel our way through Donnybrook Fair, without any hat to take care of our head; 'and that is no joke, if you knew the place,' according to poor departed 'PADDY POWER.' Judge HALIBURTON says Mr. SPARROWGRASS is 'a perfect trump.' - - - To '*A Spiritualist from the Beginning Hitherto*,' we answer most decidedly, '*No!*' Such a man as our old and esteemed friend, Judge EDMONDS, may perhaps present 'all that can be presented in opposition to the arguments against Spiritualism; ' but such an epigrammatic sputter of darkness visible as that with which our would-be correspondent furnishes us, could enlighten nobody, and 'convince' nobody, ex-

cept as illustrating *one* fact, and that is, that the writer must have been an ass, 'from the beginning hitherto.' His 'arguments'

——— 'dispense a ray
Of darkness like the light of DAY
And MARTIN over all.'

The '*Spiritual Cosmos*' went into our grate, early one June morning, when we had a little fire, before 'sun-up,' to take away the breezy chilliness. - - - Coming up on our new '*Northern Railroad of New-Jersey*' the other morning, the annexed hand-bill, in flaring guise, first in German and next in English, was handed to us by an excited Dutchman:

\$ 5 R E W A R D ! \$ 5

'THERE have be lost a white and red spotty Cow with red ears.
'He who brings the Cow back or gives any information of his, will get the above
Reward.

WETZEL,
'Northhoboken, near the Church.'

Who has seen the 'white and red spotty cow with red ears?' - - - MUCH too brief and incomprehensive was the notice in our last number, of Mr. F. S. COZZENS' '*Acadia, or Life Among the Blue-Noses.*' The work was thoroughly re-written after its appearance in the KNICKERBOCKER, and half a score or so of new chapters, replete with interest, have been added. It is a book full of *entertainment*, in the best sense of the word. The Nova-Scotia journals are unanimous in its praise. One of them says: 'How it could have been written by an *American*, is a mystery.' This is slightly 'cool,' it strikes us on this last day but one of June, the hottest as yet of the season, when nothing but our friend LUCIUS HART's *glorious* Ice-Pitchers can keep one from dissolving. By-the-by, speaking of Mr. SPARROW-GRASS: we predict from his pen a new book, and that this sketch of an English cockney on the Rhine, which we take from his lively and instructive '*Wine-Press*,' will flourish in its pages:

. . . 'IN the midst of this excitement and enthusiasm, a traveller, with whiskers and straps, satchel and opera-glass, walked up and down, unobservant of the scenery, miserable and melancholy, without a glance at the vineyards, or the mountains, or the castles. Then I knew that he was an Englishman, doing the Rhine. He walked up to our table and said, in that peculiar English voice which always suggests catarrh:

'Going up the Rhine, Sir?'

'Rather,' said I, drily (for I hate bores.)

'Aw!'—now the reader must translate for himself—'Forst time ye'beene h'yar?'

'Yes,' I answered; 'is it your first visit also?'

'Aw—no! 'been hea-r bu'fuh; sev-wal times. How faw'r 'goin, Saw'r?' (Don't talk of Yankee inquisitiveness.)

'To Mayence, and no further this evening.' Opera-glass levelled directly at Ehrenbreitstein.

'Gaw'ng to Hydl-bug?'

'I think so.'

'Hydl'bug's 'good bisness; do it up in 'couple of awhrs.'

'Gaw'ng to Italy?' chimes in the camel's hair whiskers.

'No,' (decidedly no.)

'Gaw'ng to Sowth 'f Fwance?'

'Probably.'

'Wal, if 'r not gaw'n t' Italy, and you'r gaw'n to South 'f Fwance—gaw'n to Nim?'

'To Niams? what for?'

'F yaw'r not gaw'n to Rhawm, it's good bisness to go to Nim—they 've got a ring thar.'

'A ring?'

'Yas, 'ont ye know?'

'A ring?'

'Yas—saim 's they got at Rhawm; good bisness that—do it up in two hawrs; early Christians, y' know, and wild beasts!'

'Oh! you mean the Roman amphitheatre at Nismes—a sort of miniature Coliseum.'

'Yass, Col's'm.'

'No, Sir, I am not going to Nismes'—another look at Ehrenbreitstein and its shattered wall.

'Never be'n up th' Rhine before,' quoth whiskers.

'No; we are approaching the banks of the 'Blue Moselle.'

'Eh'nbreitstine's good bisness, and that sort o' thing; do 't in about two hawrs!'

'I do not intend to stop at Ehrenbreitstein, and therefore intend to make the best use of my time to see the general features of the fortress from the river.'

'Aw—then y'd better stop at Coblanz, and go t' Wisbad'n, by th' road.'

'What for?'

'Why, the Rhine, you know, 's a tiresome bisness, and by goin' to Wisbawd'n from Coblanz, by land, you escape all that sort aw-thing.'

'But I do not wish to escape all this sort of thing—I want to see the Rhine.'

'Aw!'—with some expression of surprise. 'Going to Switz'land?'

'Yea.'

'Y' got *Moy* for Switz'land?'

'Moy? I beg your pardon.'

'Yes, Moy—Moy; got *Moy* for Switz'land?'

'Moy—do you mean money? I hope so.'

'Ged Gad, Sir, no! I say *Moy*.'

'Upon my word, I *do not* comprehend you.'

'Moy, Sir, *Moy*!' rapping vehemently on the red cover of my guide-book that lay upon the table. 'I say *Moy* for Switz'land.'

'Oh! you mean *Murray*.'

'Certainly, Sir; did n't I say *Moy*?'

Pronounce as spelled, and appreciate accordingly. - - - 'I was once walking out,' writes a friend, 'with a young man, not very strong in the head, who was a most extravagant admirer of BYRON. On our way, a black thunder-storm suddenly gathered, and the heavens put on a brilliant, changeable brunette air in general, with special darkness in the west. My friend drank in the beauties of the scene; was for a long time too intent to say any thing; but at last broke forth as he gazed full at the west: 'Ah! that is BYRONIC!' - - - The length of certain of the 'Original Papers,' and the number and size of the illustrative engravings, in the present issue, have so crowded upon this department, that a long number of our 'Narrative-History,' although partly in type, must 'bide its time' until our next, if we would preserve for this division of the Magazine its necessary and accustomed variety. - - - 'The Albion' weekly journal, whose favorable criticism may always be regarded as well-deserved praise, speaking of Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT's pictures in the Academy of Design for the present year, says: 'Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, over whom we passed curtly last season, is himself once more, we are glad to perceive. His half-dozen or so of contributions, well-drawn, fraught with individuality, and well colored, make an agreeable relief in the long line of charmless 'ladies' and sapless 'gentlemen.' We would especially instance among them his portrait of ex-Governor ENOS T. THROOP.' We think the picture here designated, in naturalness of color and position, to be one among the very best which ever came from Mr. ELLIOTT's facile pencil.

Recent American Publications.

The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal. A new Translation; with Historical Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Thomas M'Crie. Preceded by a Life of Pascal, a Critical Essay, and a Biographical Notice. Edited by O. W. Wight, A.M., 12mo: pp. 470. Derby and Jackson. \$1.25.

The Greek Testament: with a critically revised Text: a Digest of Various Readings: Marginal References to verbal and idiomatic usage: Prologomena: and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. By Henry Alford, B.D., Vol. I., containing the Four Gospels. 8vo: pp. 944. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

Plutarch's Lives. The translation called Dryden's, corrected and revised from the Greek, by A. H. Clough, sometime fellow and tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, and Professor of the English Language and Literature, at University College, London. 5 vols. 8vo: pp. 414, 422, 452, 570, 618. Little, Brown and Company. \$10.

Our Press-Gang, or a Complete Exposition of the Corruptions and Crimes of the American Newspapers. By Lambert A. Wilmer, (ex-editor) author of 'The Life, Travels, and Adventures of Ferdinand De Soto,' 'The Quacks of Helicou: a Satire,' etc. 12mo: pp. 394. J. T. Lloyd. \$1.

Webster. An American Dictionary of the English Language. New edition, with Pictorial Illustrations, and Appendix. 4vo. G. and C. Merriam. \$6.50.

The Cavalier. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of 'Richelieu,' 'Lord Montagu's Page.' 12mo: pp. 391. T. B. Peterson and Brothers. \$1.25.

The Bertrams: a Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of 'Doctor Thorne.' 12mo: pp. 528. Harper and Brothers. \$1.

History of Charles XII., by M. De Voltaire; with a Life of Voltaire, by Lord Brougham, and Critical Notices, by Lord Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle. Edited by O. W. Wight, A.M. 12mo: pp. 452. Derby and Jackson. \$1.25.

The Two Paths: being Lectures on Art, and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. Delivered in 1858-'9, by John Ruskin, M.A., author of 'Modern Painters,' 'Stones of Venice,' 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' 'Elements of Drawing,' etc. With Plate and Cuts. 12mo: pp. 217. John Wiley. \$1.

Tin Trumpet (The), or Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. A new American edition, with alterations and additions. 12mo: pp. 262. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.25.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Contemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Vol. 3, 8vo: pp. 573. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Wyandotté, or the Huttet Knoll: a Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings, by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo: pp. 523. W. A. Townsend and Company. \$1.75.

Seacliff, or the Mystery of the Westervelts. By J. W. De Forest, author of 'Oriental Acquaintance,' 'European Acquaintance,' etc. 12mo: pp. 436. Phillips, Sampson and Company. \$1.25.

Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters. By Mrs. Jameson, author of 'Characteristics of Women,' etc. From the tenth English edition, Blue and gold: pp. 352. Ticknor and Fields. \$0.75.

Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. Second edition, greatly enlarged: 8vo. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.25.

Hewett's Encyclopædia of American Banking Currency: an Infallible Detector of Spurious, Altered, and Counterfeit Money, by Photo-Lithographic Fac-Similes in miniature of every Genuine Bank-note in the United States and the Canadas. New-York: Wm. Conland and Company.

John Halifax, Gentleman. By the author of 'Olive,' 'The Ogilvies,' 'Agatha's Husband,' 'Avillon,' 'The Head of the Family,' 'A Hero,' etc., etc. Library Edition. With four Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, Esq. 12mo: pp. 485. Harper and Brothers. \$1.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LIV. SEPTEMBER, 1859. No. 3.



THE HUDSON.

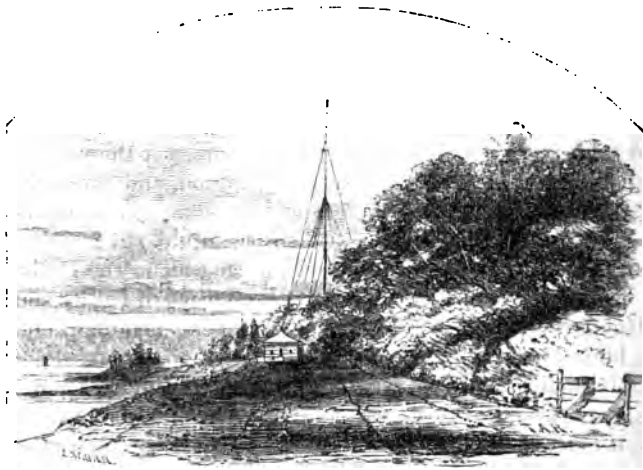
BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

FORT WASHINGTON AND THE PALISADES.

OUR voyage to-day,
though extending
but a very few miles,
will be amidst scenes of

PALISADES OFF FORT LEE.

VOL. LIV.



RAIL-WAY STATION AT FORT WASHINGTON.

natural beauty and of historic story scarcely exceeded in number and interest by any other portion of the Hudson. Leaving the more densely populated districts of New-York—the city proper—behind us, we bend our sails towards the upper end of the great metropolitan island, and soon come within sight of the classic waters of *Spyt den Duivel* on the east, and opposite the lower spears of the famous *Palisade* rocks on the western shore.

Thus afloat, we are at a loss, amidst the world of surrounding attractions, where to rest our eyes—whether on the right hand or on the left, back upon the cities which guard the entrance to our river, and to the noble bay which receives and bears its waters to the sea; or forward, amidst the lonely cliffs and the smiling woodlands which far away, on either side, delight our wondering vision. Turn which way we will, it is a marvellous picture upon which we gaze, a picture upon which one might close his eyes forever as contentedly as upon far-famed *Napoli*.

Chewing the cud of sweet fancies one still summer evening far away on the quiet banks of the Hudson, there came to our little inn a weary wanderer asking shelter for the night and work for the morrow. He had been living for a year, he said, some miles back in the country, but he was born and brought up on the river, and he found it impossible, after painful struggle, to content himself out of sight of its banks. He would rather beg on the shores of his native waters than fare sumptuously any where besides. Our landlord listened with little credulity and less sympathy, but we, with the enlargement of the heart to which a country ruralizer lately escaped from long durance in the city streets is subject, eagerly accepted the pleasant sentiment, and ex-

pecially coming as it did in such grateful contrast to our national irreverence for local loves.

Though the island of Manhattan, in its whole length of twelve miles, falls within the corporate limits of the metropolis, and is every where covered with a net-work of streets and avenues, yet the upper portion is, at present, still a comparatively rural region, and the streets and avenues, only names, or at best very country-like looking roads. The most beautiful part of this every where beautiful *rus in urbe* is the crown of the narrow stretch of highlands lying along the Hudson, and famous as the site of fortifications and as the scene of battles and sieges in old Revolutionary days. The character of this neighborhood is but slightly hinted at in the glimpses caught from the road-sides ashore, and is only inadequately revealed by its woods and lawns and its villa porches, cupolas and towers, as seen from the river; to be justly comprehended, it must be explored in its hidden recesses. Let us run our boat ashore at the railway station at Fort Washington, and look about us.

This locality is strongly marked by the tall mast which comes into most of the river-views here, like a huge phantom-ship stealing up behind the hills. It is the spar which, with the help of another on the crest of the Palisades opposite, bears the telegraph wires across and above the wide waters. The railway at this point enters a dark passage cut through the rocky heart of the promontory of Jeffrey's Hook which here steps boldly out into the river. It is dangerous, however,



WOOD CLIFF, THE RESIDENCE OF A. C. RICHARDS, ESQ.



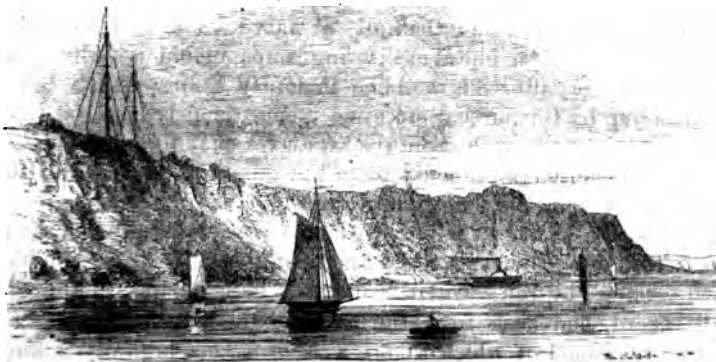
SEAT OF MR. CATTENBACH, NEAR OLD FORT TICON.

and rather hot in summer-time, to walk on rail-way tracks: so we turn aside and directly opposite the station ascend the steep, forest-covered hill-side. So primitive do the woods and rocks look, so much like the country hundreds of miles away, that we quite forget we are still in the city, until our eye falls in surprise upon the procession of spruce-looking gas-lamps which every where precede us, climbing and descending before us as we go — up hill and down dale, over rocks and through the forest — leading the van at all points, as if in token of the issue of the inexorable struggle forever going on here between the contending powers of country and of town. At even-tide, when the rush of travel has subsided and the notes of katydid and whippoorwill are heard, these prophetic lines of glittering lamps remind us oddly enough that we are not, after all, rambling in lonely country roads, but are promenading on this or that street or avenue, or perchance on Broadway itself. But slip aside from the highways, and nothing happily remains to remind us of the noisy town but the glimpses here and there of its distant roofs and spires and towers.

The road up which we follow the lamps as we turn aside at the station, is that into which all the paths from the villas around debouch when seeking the rail-way; it bears some high number in the municipal record, and leads from the river to the road on the east of the neighborhood of which we are writing. This highway is known to the city carriages and the '2:40' nags as the King's Bridge, or Bloomingdale Road. It is, in point of fact, despite its rural ten-

deney, none other than Broadway itself. In coming so far north it has skirted, for two pleasant miles, the river-side of the new Central Park; continued a mile or two beyond, it would touch the Spyt den Duivel creek and the northern extremity of Manhattan. Instead of seeking this highway as we leave the river shore, we will, without doubting our welcome, turn aside into one or other of the park gates, which open so numerously before us. In rambling thus, now over gravelled walks and now through the primitive forest, we come continually upon the verge of fragrant gardens and within sight of half-hidden cottage or castle homes. Rising the hill to its very crest, we find ourselves upon the summit of Mount Washington, the very highest point of the neighborhood and of all the Island. Here once stood the military works famous in history as Fort Washington, the exact position being still clearly indicated by the remains which in embankments and otherwise are still well preserved. Not long ago the workmen employed in the cultivation of the grounds, discovered, a few inches beneath the surface, numerous cannon-balls and chain-shot, which had been cast there, no doubt, long years ago, from the British vessels which attacked the fortifications from the river. These cannon-balls were twelve-pounders, and, excepting the rust with which they were covered, were as perfect as if but just made. Ten years ago there were also turned up here some old, well-worn bayonets, and a coin of the reign of George the Third; even human bones have been disinterred from their long burial in the process of improving and cultivating the spot. The whole area is now a garden, and under the transforming wand of taste and wealth, is every day growing in grace and beauty.

The panorama is exceedingly fine in all directions and from every point of these highlands, which rise between five and six hundred feet above the river; but no where else is the view so extensive and impos.



THE PANORAMA ACROSS FROM FORT WASHINGTON.



THE RIVER—SOUTH FROM JEFFREY'S HOOK.

ing as from Mr. Bennett's grounds, and especially from the lofty **cn** of his mansion. From this supreme elevation the windings of the northward, with its interminable line of rocky cliffs on one side a valleys and villa-covered hill-slopes on the other, are visible for long miles. On the east is seen all the suburban part of the i its many localities of poetic and historic reminiscence—the course of the Harlem River and the Spyt den Duivel Creek and on the east there is the Sound and Long-Island beyond; v the southward, every roof and dome and spire of the great me and of the neighboring cities, come into the picture, which tinued into the far distance by the panorama of the Bay, of S land, and finally, of the wide ocean. It is scarcely possible to a scene more beautiful and more varied, and, despite the val- exchange, we cannot but look forward, regretfully, to th hour when its charms will all be buried behind the encreas walls.

Not far to the northward from Mr. Bennett's, and ne

same elevation, just between the site of the old fortifications there and the closely neighboring locality of old Fort Tryon, there stands a stately castellated cottage, built of rough brown stone in a manner and style admirably suited to the character of the region. We have preserved a picture of this elegant seat among those of our present chapter as an excellent example of the beautiful villa architecture of this portion of the river shores.

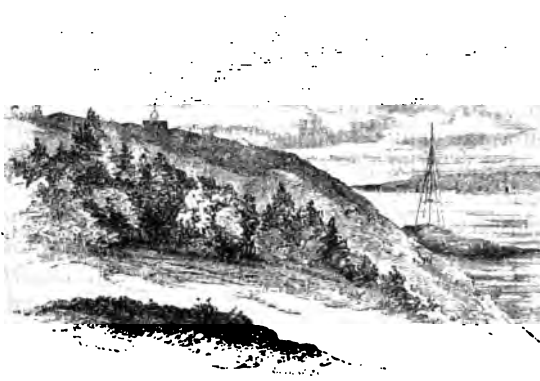
Still close by, as we proceed, is another cottage, which comes also into our little gallery — not so much on account of its architectural pretensions, which are not great — as in intimation of the topography of the country homes hereabouts, and of their charming relation to the river-pictures up and down. This last-mentioned villa is the residence of Mr. Chittenden. It stands directly upon the verge of the hill, overlooking the landscape far and near in all directions. Almost within reach of the shadow of its walls is the bold point once occupied by the redoubts and batteries of Fort Tryon; and just beyond, looking down into the waters of the Harlem River is the lofty site of Fort George.

The reader will find in our port-folio glimpses both up and down the river from old Fort Tryon. In the latter, all the villas of which we have spoken are to be seen, their walls and cupolas rising high against the sky. In the upward vista, we should, but for the intervening trees and rocky bluffs see the Fort Tryon station, (formerly known as Tubby Hook,) the next point above Fort Washington, on the east side of the river, and the terminus of the voyage which we have proposed to ourselves in the present chapter of our history.

In the middle ground of our upper Fort Tryon sketch there is seen a part of the cottage of Mr. Hays, nestled in the shade of the lower portion of the Fort Tryon district. It is as pleasant an example of the valley nooks of the neighborhood as are the homes already mentioned. of the more elevated and commanding sites, replete as it is with the gentler, if less imposing beauties of lawn and garden and grove and thicket, with peeps through all at the beautiful river and its ever-passing life. It was here that happened a little incident, to which sad circumstances have given a touching interest in the hearts of all who witnessed it. It was on a pleasant summer eve, as the sun was sinking behind the opposite heights of the Palisades, and as the great river-boats were passing up on their evening voyage, that the gifted young preacher Abner Kingman Nott stood gazing with



REMAINS OF THE REDOUBT AT JEFFREY'S BOG.



DOWN THE RIVER FROM OLD FORT TRYON.

high hopes and, may be, eager and happy anticipations of his coming life—only a very short time before his melancholy end called him so instantaneously from all his promised pleasures. He looked forth earnestly upon

the striking scenes around him, grasping a tree upon the bank as he leaned forward in his intense enjoyment. That noble craft the 'New-World' chanced to pass, in all its pride, at the moment, heightening the glory of the landscape by its beauty, and by the prestige of its power, read even in its very name. Little did the young preacher dream at that hour of high anticipation, how much higher was the destiny even then awaiting him—of the 'New-World' beyond, to which his sight was then opening. How often is it that the saddest associations cling to the loveliest and fairest of scenes.

From another lofty site up the river—the yet unoccupied domains of Mr. Flint—we look down upon the rail-way station at Fort Tryon—a new and more euphonious name for the wonderful little valley and hill-side nook just above Fort Washington, heretofore called Tubby Hook, from a certain Tibers, who used to ferry people across to the Palisades.

Of this point we shall speak further in our next chapter, and so, too, of the Palisades, which, in their great extent, belong as much, at least, to other parts of the river as to that which we are to-day visiting.

Before we turn back to the historical associations of the neighborhood of Fort Washington, let us add a word in regard to the military character and appearance of the place at that period. The fort was a strong earth-work—in form a pentagon—occupying, with its ravelins, that part of the lofty hill-regions of Manhattan Island now embraced between One hundred and eighty-first and One hundred and eighty-sixth streets. Just to the northward, on the same rocky heights, was the redoubt called Fort Tryon, and to the eastward was Fort George, looking down upon the Harlem River; and immediately below was another redoubt—a sketch of the remains of which we have here preserved—on the crest of the promontory of Jeffrey's Hook. Beyond, near the Spyt den Duivel Creek, was Cockhill, Fort Inde-

pendence, and still other defences, which we shall notice hereafter. Though the works at these posts were but slight, the position seemed to be one of great strength, and so it was generally considered until a sad experience proved it to be otherwise.

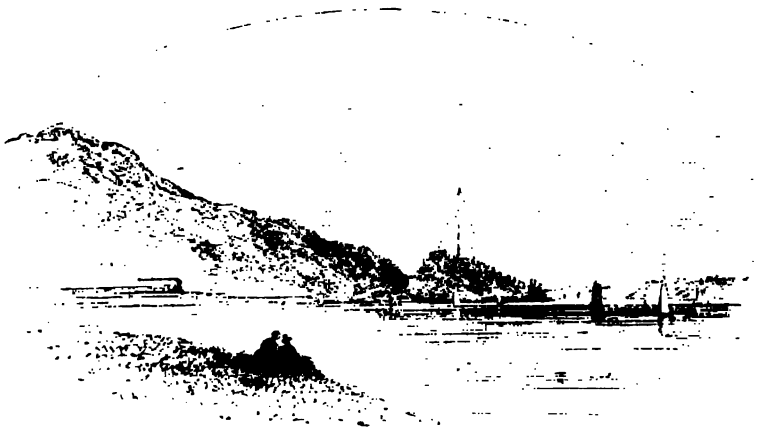
Let us now, as well as the limited scope of our subject will properly allow, look back into the eventful past, and see what claims the old chronicle makes upon our attention and interest.

The revolutionary history of Fort Washington and vicinity lies under the darkest shadows of the dark days of '76. It is, throughout its brief past, a record of events the most disastrous and disheartening to the patriot forces; a story of defeat and retreat which might well have left even the stout hearts of that period without hope.

The enemy held Long Island, and thence from all points watched the opposite City of Refuge to which Washington and his brave men had just been driven. The main body of the British fleet was at the same time within cannon-shot of Governor's Island. It was very evident that New-York, also, must in turn be abandoned to the victorious foe.



THE RIVER NORTH FROM OLD FORT TRYON.



SOUTH FROM THOMPSON'S PIER, FORT TRYON.

'Our situation,' writes Washington at the time, 'is truly distressing.' And in another letter he says: 'It is evident the enemy mean to inclose us on the island of New-York, by taking post in our rear. while the shipping secures the front; and thus, by cutting off our communication with the country, oblige us to fight them on their own terms or surrender at discretion, or by a brilliant stroke endeavor to cut this army in pieces and secure the collection of arms and stores which they well know we shall not be able soon to replace.'

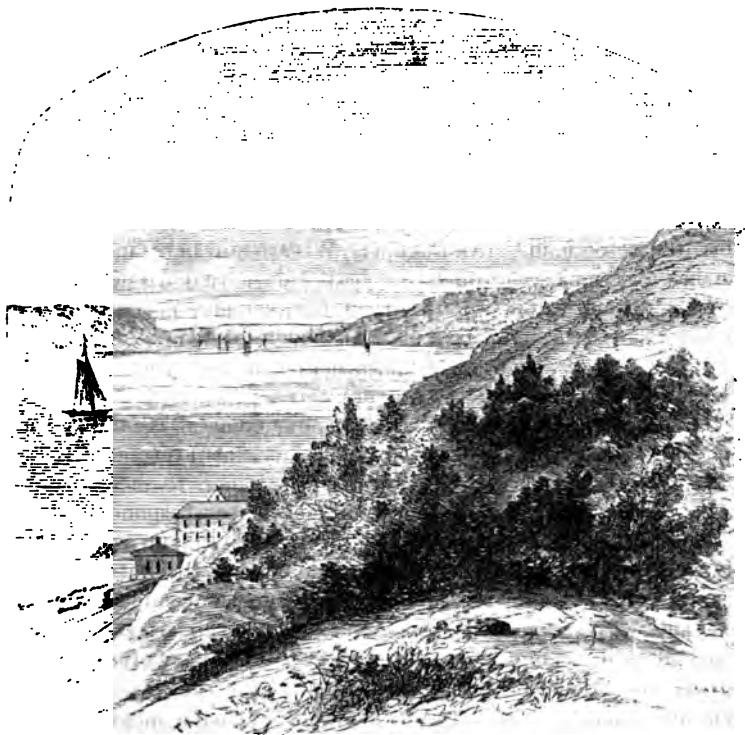
Colonel Reed writes: 'My country will, I trust, yet be free, whatever may be our fate who are cooped up, or are in danger of being so, on this tongue of land.' And again: 'We are still here, in a posture somewhat awkward; we think — at least I do — that we cannot stay, and yet we do not know how to go; so that we may properly be said to be between hawk and buzzard.' Another officer, in addressing an absent New-Yorker, says: 'I fear we shall evacuate your poor city. The very thought gives me the horrors.'

A British officer writes: 'By the steps our General is taking, I imagine he will effectually cut off their (the Americans') retreat at King's Bridge, by which the island of New-York is joined to the continent. Another of the enemy flattered himself and his correspondent 'that this distressful business would soon be brought to a happy issue.'

Thus the reader will see that the prospects of the patriot troops were, at the time our history opens, dreary enough; and the night in which they were wrapped darkened and darkened before the dawn at last blessed their aching eyes. Circumstances soon answered for them the grave question respecting the abandonment of the city, the potential circumstances of necessity, in the rapid offensive movements of the enemy, assuring a speedy and in all probability a successful attack.

The sick and wounded were hurried to New-Jersey; the military stores and baggage were conveyed some twenty-two miles up the Hudson, to a fortified post at Dobb's Ferry, and on the 14th of September (1776) Washington removed his head-quarters to King's Bridge, and New-York soon fell into the hands of the British, and was thenceforward uninterruptedly held by them until the close of the war in 1783—a period of more than seven long years.

Thus driven from the city, (of that time,) the American army set to work to establish itself, if possible, on the narrow neck of high rocky country which lies between the Harlem and the Hudson river, separated from the main land by the Spyt den Duivel Creek, and which thus formed the upper part of the island—as now of the city—of New-York. The central and loftiest part of this mountainous district was, as we have seen, our present beautiful garden of Fort Washington. It overlooked the Hudson at the high opposite shore of the Palisades, and with the help of defences there, was the most promising point at which to prevent the passage of the enemy's forces northward by way of the river. This was deemed to be an object of the last im-



UP THE RIVER FROM BELOW FORT MIFFLIN STATION.



VIEW FROM THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HAYS.

portance; and thus those persistent efforts of the Americans to maintain their position on Manhattan Island, from which comes the history so interesting to us now.

During the interval between the departure of the patriots from the city, about the middle of September, and the capture of Fort Washington on the 16th of November following, many stirring events transpired in the neighborhood; events which it would be pleasant to pass leisurely in review were we not compelled to content ourselves, at this time, with the consideration of those passages only which are more immediately a part of our river story.

While the Americans now occupied the upper neck of Manhattan, the enemy was posted in force below, in the city. The position of each army was protected by strong lines extending over the whole breadth of the island, from the Hudson to the Harlem River. Their respective defences were separated by the central valley-section of the region. The encroachments of the enemy increased day by day, and attacks were continually made and met, with varying fortunes, but

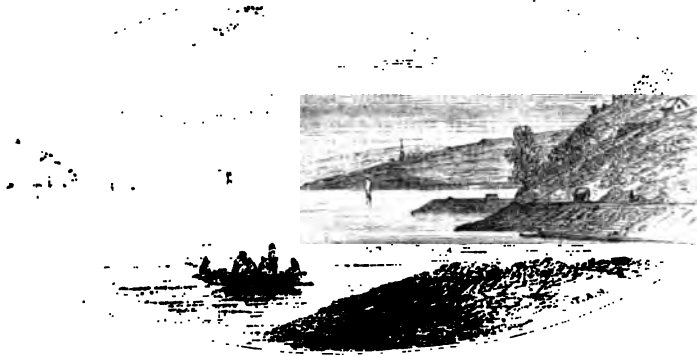
most frequently at the cost of the patriots, who, in addition to their wonted wretched condition, were dispirited to the last degree by the series of rebuffs and by the gloomy horoscope of the morrow. Desertions from the camp were so numerous as to materially reduce its strength, and to disquiet even the bravest and most sanguine of the leaders themselves. Boats and ships-of-war were daily bearing the British flag triumphantly up the East River, and they made their way securely even up the Hudson, despite the obstructions upon which so much reliance had been placed. The *chateaux de frise* in the river, and the wonderful submarine batteries, were but straws in the way of the British vessels; and the guns, also, of Fort Washington and its twin fortress of Fort Constitution, across on the Palisade shore, were quite as contemptuously disregarded.

Washington, at this time and under these inauspicious circumstances, desired, as did most of his officers, to evacuate Fort Washington, and abandon the islands altogether. General Lee said that for his part he would give Lord Howe a free-simple of them. The better judgment of the Commander-in-chief was, however, unhappily overruled by his too great deference to the opinions of others, and somewhat, of course, by his respect for the express desire of Congress that the post should be held at all risks.

After the neighboring battle at White Plains, which occurred on the 28th of October, one of the most important occupations of the patriot army was the strengthening of Fort Washington, in anticipation of the approach of the enemy. General Howe was at this period encamped at Fordham, near King's Bridge, in preparation for his meditated descent. On the night of the 14th he dispatched thirty flat-bottomed boats up the Hudson, which they quietly ascended, passing the American forts undiscovered, and making their way successfully through Spyt den Duivel Creek into the Harlem River. He thus supplied himself with the required means to cross the waters which here separated him from very assailable parts of the American posts. The following day (November 15th) the Fort was



RAILWAY CUT AT FORT WASHINGTON.



NORTH FROM THOMPSON'S PIER, FORT TRYON.

summoned to surrender, with the threat of extremities in the event of refusal. The threat was bravely dared. The next morning, Magaw, who was in command, proceeded to dispose of his forces, amounting in all to nearly three thousand men. The greater part of this garrison was stationed outside of the fort, for want of room within.

The south side of the fort was menaced by Lord Percy with sixteen hundred men, and to oppose him, in this direction, Colonel Lambert Cadwallader was dispatched with a Pennsylvania force of only half that number. Colonel Rawlings, of Maryland, with a company of riflemen, was placed by a small battery on a bold hill to the northward, (the spot now called old Fort Tryon,) to oppose the second of the enemy's threatened attack, under Knyphausen, who, with his Hessians, was posted with cannon-shot on the York side of King's Bridge.

Colonel Baxter, of Pennsylvania, was placed with his militia on a rough wooded height east of the fort, and overlooking the Harlem River. This point was the locality now known as Fort George. Colonel Baxter was to meet the third of the enemy's attack — the battalion of guards and of light infantry under Brigadier-General Mathew, who, according to the enemy's programme, was to cross the Harlem River on flat-boats toward the right of the fort. The fourth proposed attack of the enemy was under Colonel Sterling, who, as a feint to distract the attention of the Americans, was to drop down the Harlem River in boats to the left of the fort.

The enemy's several assaults were made simultaneously, beginning about noon of the 16th. The action was commenced by booming cannon and volleys of musketry. Knyphausen's division, commanded by himself and by Colonel Rahl, conquered all the opposing obstructions of woods and rocks, and despite the bold defence of Rawlings, soon drove him and his force back to the fort. The Americans under

Baxter were no less steady in their resistance than was Colonel Rawlings, but with no better fortune than he. Baxter himself was killed, and his men driven back into the fort.

Cadwallader, in the mean while, was making a brave defence to the southward against the enemy under Lord Percy; but he, too, was at length compelled to retreat under the additional pressure of an attack by General Mathew—who had previously driven in Baxter's division—and of the threatened approach, on the rear, of Colonel Sterling.

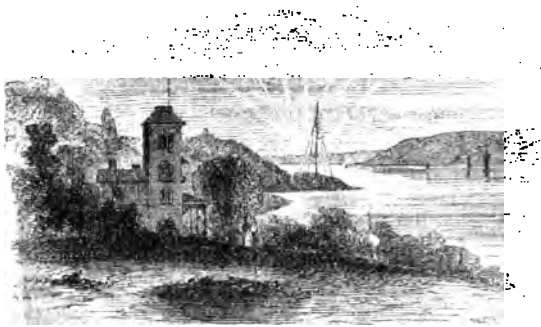
Thus were the assailants victorious at all points, though only after the most obstinate resistance every where, and with a terrible loss in killed and wounded.

Washington and several of his officers were eager spectators of the disastrous struggle, from the opposite shore of the Hudson. When he saw the flag, which heralded the second summons to surrender, carried into the ill-fated fortress, he hastily wrote a note to Magaw, promising to bring off his garrison if he could sustain himself until evening. This message was daringly delivered by Captain Gooch, of Boston, who passed and repassed safely across the river and amidst the balls and bayonets of the British. The embassy was, however, too late. Magaw and his garrison were wholly in the power of their opponents, and nothing remained but to surrender themselves prisoners-of-war, with no other terms than the retention of their swords by the officers and of their baggage by the men. 'It was,' said Lee at the time, 'a cursed affair.'

Washington, in writing of the affair to his brother Augustine, says: 'This is a most unfortunate affair, and has given me great mortification: as we have lost not only two thousand men that were there, but a good deal of artillery and some of the best arms we had. And what adds to my mortification is, that this post, after the last ships went past it, was held contrary to my wishes and opinion, as I conceived it to be a hazardous one; but it having been determined on by a full council of general officers, and a resolution of Congress having been received, strongly expressive of their desire that the channel of the river, which we had been laboring to stop for a long time at that place, might be obstructed if possible, and knowing that this could not be done unless there were bat-



A SUMMER HOUSE—ABOVE FORT TICON.



A VILLA PEEP—SOUTH—FROM FORT TICON.

teries to protect the obstructions, I did not care to give an absolute order for withdrawing the garrison, till I could get round and see the situation of things; and then it became too late, as the place was invested. Upon the

passing of the last ships I had given it as my opinion to General Greene, under whose care it was, that it would be best to evacuate the place; but as the order was discretionary, and his opinion differed from mine, it was unhappily delayed too long, to my great grief?

The lowering of the American flag and its replacement by the British standard ended the military history of Fort Washington, though it was afterwards strengthened and long garrisoned by the enemy.

The unhappy prisoners — according to Howe's returns, two thousand eight hundred and eighteen in number — were marched off to the city at midnight, and there wretchedly incarcerated.

After the fall of Fort Washington there remained no longer any hope of obstructing the passage of the Hudson at this point, so the works at Fort Lee, opposite, being of no further use, were soon after abandoned. The retreat thence immediately preceded the events which occurred in the neighborhood of the Hackensack, west of the Hudson.

This is the ancient story of that part of the Hudson described in the opening of our chapter as the charming lawn and villa-covered suburbs of our great Metropolis.

THE MUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

'MEN wear their beards, in mourning for their brains,'

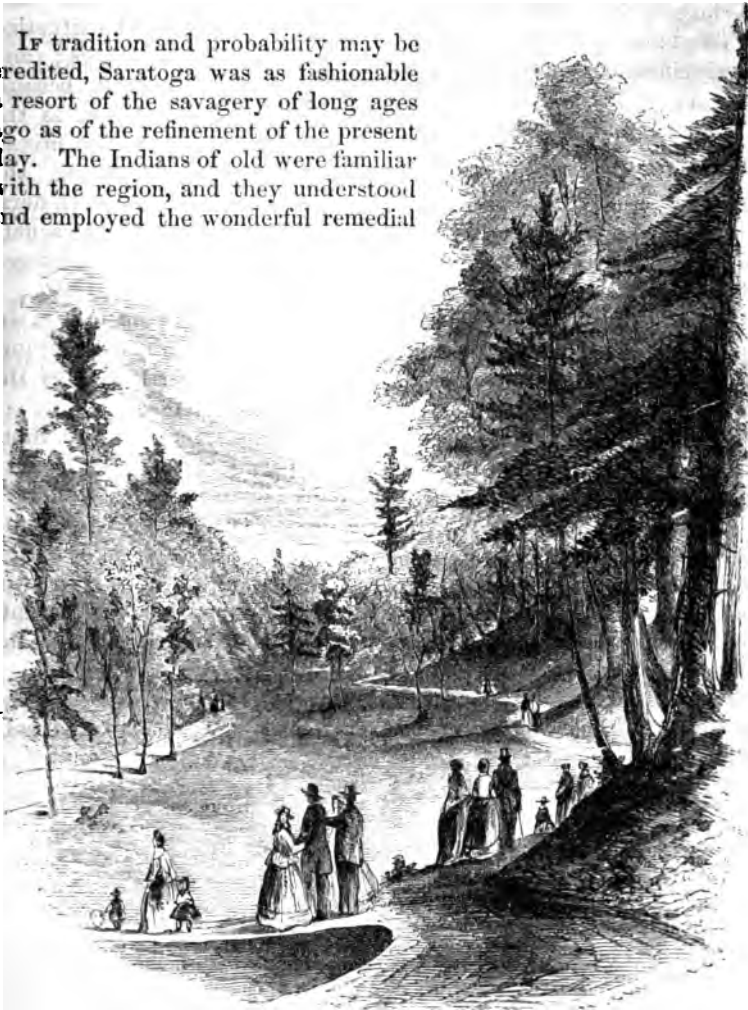
Says C —, God's own fashion to oppose:

To scrape his face he daily takes the pains,

To show the world that he has none to lose.

S A R A T O G A.

If tradition and probability may be credited, Saratoga was as fashionable a resort of the savagery of long ages ago as of the refinement of the present day. The Indians of old were familiar with the region, and they understood and employed the wonderful remedial



GROUNDS AT CONGRESS SPRING.

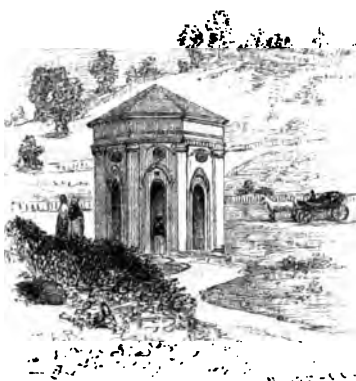
powers of its magic waters with the same intuitive skill with which they were wont to discern the medicinal virtues of the herbs and trees of the forest. To be sure they subjected the brooks to no scientific analysis, and knew nothing of sodium and soda, of lime or magnesium of hydrogen or oxygen, or of the thousand-and-one unpronounced diseases to which the waters give relief; but they nevertheless always adapted the cure to the complaint, as effectually as the most learned Esculapius of our own wise age.

The name of Saratoga, which was bestowed by the red men, and its signification, assure us of their knowledge both of the place itself and of its peculiar character. The *Sara*, or *Sarat*, to their ears meant salt; and the *aga*, or *oga*, implied merely place: thus their ancient Sar-agh-oga, was, like our modern one, the *place of salt springs*. We may imagine the unctuous 'ugh' of content or disgust, according to taste, with which an antediluvian Hole-in-the-Day bent down in primeval woods, and pushing aside the weeds and snakes, won an appetite for breakfast from the bubbling brooklet. The scene must have been more picturesque, though may be less comfortable, than that now presented of the beaux and belles daintily touching the crystal gob with gloved fingers, or guarding their silken robes, as they drink, from the dampness of the tessellated marble floors.

Be the time long or short — generations or centuries — of the original knowledge of our springs, it is certain that it very considerably ante-dated the information of the white race, which itself is of respectable antiquity.

The first European name upon the visitors' record at Saratoga is that of Sir William Johnson. This was at the period of the French and Indian war, a hundred years or more ago. He arrived neither

by rail, as we do to-day, nor in a carriage, as our great-grandmothers used to do, but through the bushes and brake of the wild Indian trail as best he could; and he found shelter under the broad and hospitable roof of no Union or Congress Hall, but in his simple forest tent alone. He tasted and tested the waters: he was cured; he recruited his health and spirit thereby, and left the same high course as a legacy to us and to our posterity forever. For this invaluable service, and for the character which in legend and story his military career cast over all this region



HIGH ROCK SPRING.



SARATOGA LAKE.

we touch our hat reverently to his honored memory. In this initial call, Sir William's approach was from the springs at Ballston, about six miles below. Michael McDonald, a Scotchman, was then settled there, and was one of Johnson's party; and so may claim the secondary honors of the discovery. The particular spring of all the present catalogue at Saratoga, of which Sir William drank and was healed, was that now known as the High Rock; and which must, therefore, be respected as the venerable father of this mighty family of magic waters. The more famous Congress Spring remained unknown until the year 1792.

At the close of the Indian war, settlements began to increase in this part of the country, and by the year 1773 the springs had grown so famous that an enterprising adventurer named Scowton actually built a cabin and settled himself thereat. He was, however, somewhat in advance of the age, and suffered the usual penalty of that great crime; for the Indians made the place a little too hot for him, and he quickly decamped. The next year, 1774, John Arnold, a Rhode-Island man,

in quest of fortune, pushed his way hither, took possession of the deserted mansion of the unlucky Scowton, improved it, and opened it as a tavern. Arnold, thus the first of the famous landlord race of the region, remained two summers in office, when he was succeeded by Samuel Norton, who did the honors thenceforward until the commencement of the Revolution in 1776, when he, too, found the neighborhood insecure, and retreated, leaving it yet again without a single white inhabitant.

In 1783, Norton was succeeded by his son, who continued until 1787, when he in turn gave way to one Bryan, from Connecticut, in whom at last the springs found a permanent resident.

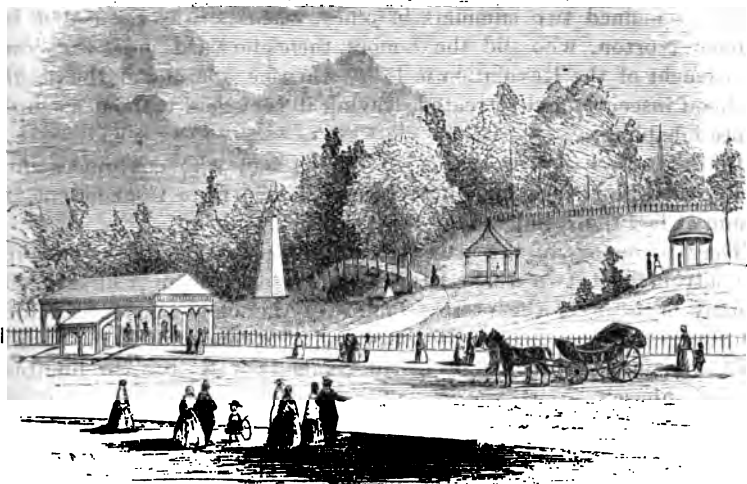
The true history of the place as a settlement begins, however, with the advent, yet two years later—1789—of Gideon Putnam, the worthy ancestor of the present family of the name, and the founder of the great hotel known at that time, as at present, as the Union Hall, and now conducted by his descendants—as then, in humbler way, by himself.

The dominant passion of our worthy pioneer was to build himself ‘*a great house* ;’ and this desire, which had haunted him through all his life, he here realized so completely that he made himself a theme of jest to both neighbors and strangers. ‘That man,’ said some gentleman, *en passant*, ‘has forgotten the admonition of John Rogers: ‘Build not your house too high.’ The magnificent architect, however, better foreseeing the high destiny of the place, chanced to be on the winning side, and in the end had the gibe and the laugh all to himself.



COLUMBIAN SPRING.

In 1802, thirteen years after his arrival at Saratoga, Putnam commenced the erection of the present Union Hall, of which he built about seventy feet. It was this structure which drew down upon him the sneers referred to in the preceding paragraph. Extending his enterprises, our settler possessed himself, in 1805, of a large tract of land, and founded the present beautiful village of Saratoga, making liberal donations to the public good in the gift of a burying-ground and other property. In 1806 he opened the Washington Spring, and soon thereafter the fountain now called the Colum-



CONGRESS SPRING.

bian, and then the Hamilton Spring. All of these, as well as other waters, he tested and made available for use.

Saratoga now grew every year into higher and higher repute. Every summer the throng of visitors increased, until his *great* house became too small for the public accommodation, and he was induced to begin the building of Congress Hall, opposite his old stand. This he did in 1811, not long preceding his death, which resulted therefrom, being caused by injuries which he sustained in a fall with the falling scaffolding of the piazza. From this mishap he never quite recovered, and at length died on the first of December, 1812. His remains were the first placed under the sod which he had presented to the village, and there he sleeps, remembered still as the worthiest of the worthies of his time and place.

The liberal public spirit of the departed pioneer has in the course of time produced fruit which, were he alive to see it, would be to him an abundant reward for all his patient toil. During the half-century which has passed since his time, the fame of the Saratoga waters has so increased, that the residuum of the popular favor — those particles of it which have become permanently attached to the spot, now amount in the aggregate to a large and beautiful village, self-sustaining, and quite independent, in the elements of its life, of the virtues of the fountains by which it has been nursed.

The present permanent population of the village of the Springs can

hardly be less than six thousand, which by the summer census must be increased to double that number. The strictly rural and legitimate village-aspect of the place, despite the preponderating influence of the social metropolitan tone and manner, is one of its most remarkable and most agreeable features. This appearance is rather increased than lessened by the effect of the many monstrous hotels, built as they are of wood, in simple, cheerful white, surrounded at all points by cosy piazzas and grassy walks, and above all, so densely imbedded in the shade of luxuriant trees. Even the few rows of brick structures, though called 'places,' and standing on 'Broadway,' do not materially change this effect, any more than do the gay shop-windows, with their promise, in sign and sample, of the costly luxuries of fashionable life.

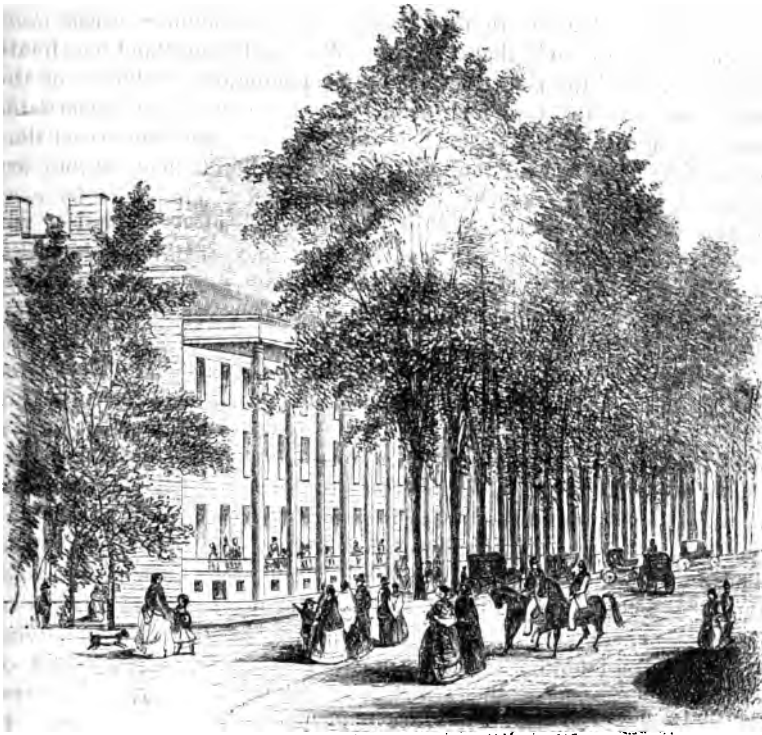
Saratoga is often wrongly thought to be in itself—its *village* character, its topography and scenic surroundings—-a place of very moderate attractions only; and often is the remark heard of it, 'that it will do for a few days, but one soon gets tired.' This, however, is the expression only of *ennuied* lips, come to them from a barren heart, very reasonably unsatisfied with the more barren interest of the vulgar characteristics of the merely fashionable pleasures of the place. Those who come here with souls of their own, imbued with a love for the pure delights of nature and of country life, may find streams of moral aliment as full, and as pleasurable and healthful, as the living waters of the fountains. The fashionable world may easily be left on

one side if one so desires: or, better yet, it may be used only in its higher influences, when instead of poisoning it necessarily sweetens the simpler elements of rural life. Go, O empty-hearted pleasure-seeker, to Saratoga in a pure and healthful spirit, *sucking the country and not the town*, and you may enjoy it, not for a day, but for all time!

The topography of the village and vicinagy, though by no means very bold and striking, is yet of most pleasantly varied character. The region is said, and truly so, to be a sandy



PIAZZA SCENE AT UNION HALL.



UNION HALL

plain; but the 'plain' is a wide country, itself an agreeable alternation of wooded and grass-covered hill and dale, meadow and ridge, all small only in contrast with the high mountain ranges at all points beyond. The main street—Broadway—drops in its course with the graceful sag of a slack rope. You ascend to one locality and descend to another as you explore the place. Even from your hotel piazza you scent the verdure of a beautiful public park. Just beyond is a charming woodland cemetery, full of winding and climbing paths. To the west and north of the village, if you walk or ride a little to see it, there stretches, two thousand feet above the sea, the long range of the Kayaderasseras hills, and to the eastward, over meadow and copse, there swells into bold and beautiful phalanx the grand chain of the mountain peaks of Vermont. Within a short ride, or not an over-long walk, is a lovely lake, itself worth a pilgrimage to see; and yet beyond—not too far—is the classic field upon which Burgoyne gave up his conquered sword, and sent new hope and courage into the fainting hearts of the patriot army of the Revolution. Not many miles away, in

various directions, flow the upper waters of the Hudson, broken here and there into wild cascades, and full, every where, of legendary poetic or historic memories. And still beyond, though yet within easy reach, are the hills and headlands, islands and waters, of the wonderful Lake Sacrament, impiously known to us now as Lake George. Is it not a pleasant map, this of our village and its neighborhood? Let us look at it, now, more in detail.

The first thought of the Saratoga guest, invalid or otherwise, will be — his hotel accommodations, perhaps, excepted — of the remarkable mineral fountains to which the spot owes its fame. The waters are numerous, and very varied in their qualities; one adapted to this and another to that particular case. The most distinguished of them all is that known as the Congress Spring; which, in the popular favor, seems, like Aaron's rod, to have swallowed up all the rest. Lodging at either of the three great hotels — the Union, the Congress, or the United States — the stranger will be within easy and immediate reach. He will have but to follow the current of feet which from all directions converge thither, as all roads meet at Rome. Every body takes the Congress water at Saratoga, and it is bottled and exported to all points so abundantly, that it is found in all the cities of the civilized world, and is held in universal esteem.

The Congress Spring was discovered in 1792, by a party of gentlemen who were hunting in the neighborhood. Among them was a Mr. Gilman, of New-Hampshire, afterward Governor of that State. At the time he found the spring he happened to be a Member of Congress; and in double compliment to himself and his honorable office, the present name of the water was bestowed upon it. The spring was at first observed issuing in very small measure through a crevice in the ledge of rock which bordered the brooklet, a ledge which formerly extended from the vicinage of the Columbian fountain to that of the High Rock. For a long time it was caught only by driplets, until the growing demand induced Mr. Putnam, the village benefactor, already biographized, to look for a larger supply. In this attempt he seemed for a while to have lost what little yield there was, but at last he happily regained the clue by turning the bed of the brook. The mineral waters rose in large quantities, and he secured them in a tube of pine planks, through which they continued to be collected until 1842, when the tube having become decayed was carefully replaced by a new one. In 1826, the Congress Spring and the lands around fell into the hands of Mr. John Clarke, a man of the experience in mineral matters, and of the liberal enterprise and taste, then needed to properly develop the opportunities which the possession offered. To these qualities in Mr. Clarke's *morale* the public owe that noble ornament of Saratoga, the public park, on the edge of which the present fountain is situated,



CONGRESS HALL.

and in the winding walks of which every village visitant so delights to disport himself. This park, though it covers but ten acres, really appears, so excellent is the topography and the 'landscape gardening,' of far greater extent. It is delightfully varied in surface, luxuriously wooded, and always kept in the most dainty order. The grounds, while thus preserved at the sole cost of the proprietors of the spring, Messrs. Clarke and White, are open gratuitously to the enjoyment of all.

The analysis of these celebrated waters gives as the ingredients of one gallon: chloride of sodium, 360.560; carbonate of soda, 8.000; carbonate of lime, 82.321; carbonate of magnesia, 78.242; carbonate of iron, 3.645; hydriodate of soda, 4.531; silica, 0.510; alumina, 0.231; solid contents, 538.040; carbonic acid, 340.231; atmospheric air, 4.000; gaseous contents, 644.231.

We present this analysis, despite the formidable aspect of the chemistry and the mathematics, as a hint at the general character of the Saratoga waters, though, of course, the variations in the various springs are very considerable.

The Congress-water, when fresh from the fountain, is exceedingly limpid and sparkling, and to the taste seldom very unpleasant at first trial, and most agreeable when well known. It can be taken in fabulous quantities, though discretion must direct its use. It is an admirable tonic in cases of general debility, and a special curative of manifold special ills, to catalogue which would make our chapter a *materia medica*, instead of a little bit of chit-chat. The universal hour of devotion to the Congress-water is that of the earliest morning, when proper exercise may come between potation and breakfast. It is a gay scene, that of the throngs wending their way, in the fresh morning sunshine, towards this great shrine of bounteous Hygeia. The worshippers may be counted by hundreds, nay thousands, coming from all points, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, the invalid and the healthful, of all ranks, and from all corners of the land.

Within the grounds of the Congress Spring, and very near it, is the Columbian fountain, covered by a pretty Grecian dome. This is a ferruginous water, containing great quantities of carbonic acid in a free state, which rises in bubbles and seems to make the waters boil. Its properties are much like those of its illustrious neighbor, though of such greater tonic power, that they must be more moderately used.

The High-Rock Spring is in the northern quarter of the village, somewhat remote from the fashionable hoteldom. It is the oldest of the Saratoga sisterhood of mineral fountains, being that one from which the ancient Indians drank, and which Sir William Johnson discovered for us in ante revolutionary days. The rock which gives name to this spring is a very remarkable specimen, perhaps the finest in the world,



COTTAGES ON THE LAWN OF THE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

of the formations by the precipitates, from the escaped gases of mineral waters. How long a time has been occupied in the accumulation of the immense aggregate of such deposits as go to make this singular pile, who can tell?

The circumference of the rock at the surface of the ground, is twenty-four feet and five inches, and its height above the earth is three-and-a-half feet. It is conical in shape, and the water issues through an aperture at the top, of nearly a foot in diameter.



IODINE SPRING.

In the immediate vicinage of the High Rock are the Empire and the Iodine Springs. This part of the village seems to have been comparatively neglected until very recently. It is a pity that it should be so, for with only a little judicious art embellishment, its natural capabilities might be most agreeably developed.

The water of the Empire Spring was first secured in 1846, since which time its virtues have, in spite of its remote position and of the formidable rivalry of the many other fountains, gradually risen to a high place in the public estimation. The spring issues through a perforation in a ledge of calciferous sand-stone, which lies beneath a high bluff of Mohawk lime-stone immediately in the rear. It is in consequence secured, with scarcely any of the loss of gas, incident to the use of artificial means in tubing. The hourly yield of this spring is seventy-five gallons.

The Iodine—formerly called the President Spring—is a light water of various and excellent virtues. It is now—mainly through the care of Dr. R. L. Allen—much used both at the fountain and abroad. Dr. Allen has, in other ways, also done a worthy work in the development of these mineral-water values, both medically and historically. We have been usefully aided in our explorations by the copious information given in his excellent Hand-Book to the neighborhood. The Iodine and its near neighbors, the High Rock and the Empire, will no doubt continue to grow in favor with the increasing attractions of that part of the town in which the group is situated.

The Pavilion is an old and excellent spring, in the rear of the Columbian Hotel, and not far from the Flat Rock.

The Hamilton fountain, which was discovered and first tubed by Gideon Putnam, is a little north-east of the Congress Spring and just back of Congress Hall. About two hundred yards from this point

and in a north-west direction, is Putnam's Spring, which though but lately used, was discovered in the early days of the village settlement.

The Washington, or White's Spring, was also tubed as far back as 1806, by Gideon Putnam, and yet was not made available, commercially, until 1858. This is the only fountain to be found on the west side of Broadway, the chief street of the village.

In the preceding list of the Saratoga waters are embraced all of much comparative importance, though their full name is Legion. Indeed the whole valley is richly fraught with their treasures, from the banks of the Hudson at Albany on through a stretch of country sixty miles, or more, northward.

The hotels of Saratoga are numerous, and the boarding-houses innumerable; but this feature of the place may, so far as concerns the mass of our readers, be summed up in that treble-distilled extract—the great trio of mammoth establishments represented in our gallery—Union Hall, Congress Hall, and the United States, to which may be added, per invalid account, the Saratoga Water-Cure. These hotels, the



UNITED STATES HOTEL.

the first named especially, are all ripe in years and honors. They have grown up, in the course of time and under the expansion of the ever-increasing summer population, into immense edifices, under each roof of which, or rather under the many roofs of each of which, six or seven hundred guests may be comfortably housed. They are all in the heart of the village, on the chief street, and close to the leading mineral fountains. They are built of wood, with spacious and innumerable piazzas, charmingly faced

with green lawns, and shaded by the massy foliage of luxuriant elms. They are, of course, fitted up with all the appointments, comforts, and elegancies of first-class metropolitan houses, in all the matters of table, service, parlors, and other public halls, and are conducted with a very generous liberality.

The Union Hall was commenced by Gideon Putnam, the founder of the village and the ancestor of the present proprietors of the house in 1802, at which time he built some seventy feet of the existing edifice. It has been, from time to time, so enlarged that now it has a front on Broadway of four hundred feet, and wings extending nearly six hundred feet. The court, or lawn, within the buildings, covers several acres of garden, green sward, and gravelled path.

Of Congress Hall may be repeated in most points what we have just said of the Union. The stranger may bestow himself upon either with full assurance of being as comfortable as the genius of the place permits, and as elegantly and properly lodged as the most exacting fashion can require.

The United States Hotel, or rather the original part of it, was built in 1823, and for nearly thirty years it has been conducted by the present proprietor, whose name is famous in the Boniface annals of Saratoga, as many veterans who have summered under his roof every season, from youth to age, will heartily testify. Not less than six acres are covered by the buildings and courts of this magnificent hostelry, and



GLIMPSE EASTWARD FROM THE CEMETERY.

not less than two acres by the roofs above. The grand piazza which fronts on Broadway, extends two hundred feet, while the wings reach from the heart of the town to the railway station, six hundred and fifty feet back. The spacious court here, with its green sward, its grove of elms, and its pretty cottages, is a pleasant scene to look upon, while the after dinner band is discoursing gay music.

Each of our trio of hotels is supplied with an excellent band, and duty at the dinner hour and at the nightly dancing time.

The Saratoga Water-Cure is a very popular invalid resort, and the efficient conduct of Dr. Bedortha. In location, conveniences, and all desirable comforts, it may be commended with the other houses. The guests here, we presume, eat less and dance less than elsewhere, while they probably bathe and exercise and drink more, in all of which variations we sincerely trust that they find their advantage.

The ball-rooms of Saratoga, which are open informally every night and in state often — present an array of wealth and fashion becoming the oldest, the most populous, and the most popular watering-place in



SARATOGA WATER-CURE.

the land. The stirring music, the jewelled toilettes, and the gay and seemingly happy faces which make up the brilliant spectacle of the Saratoga 'hop,' are certainly worth the looking at, if not the sharing.

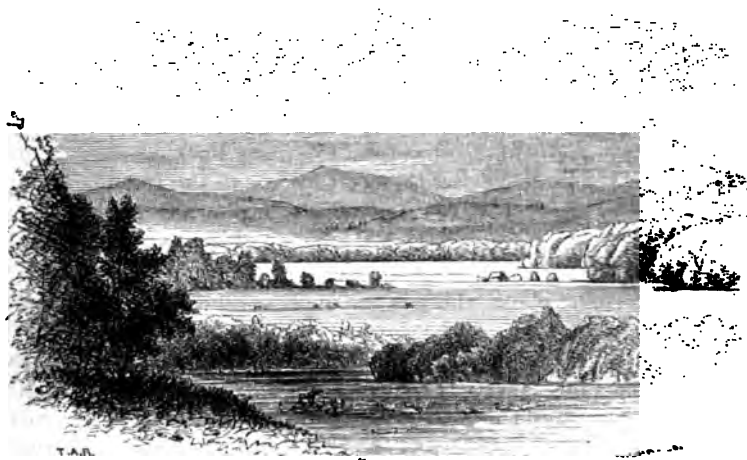
The Terpsichorean occupations of the belles and beaux thus fill up many of the hours. For the rest, there is the walk to the spring; the ramble over the paths of the beautiful Congress Park, or of the rural cemetery of 'Green Ridge' close by; the visit to the Indian encampment, or 'village,' as it is called; the ride—healthfully working your own way—on the pretty circular railway, with other agreeable diversions.

For drives round about, there is ample opportunity, both in vehicles and pleasant destinations. The shortest and most common excursion of the Saratoga folk is to the Lake—some four miles away to the eastward. This charming water covers an area eight miles in length, and between two and three miles in width. The magnets here, after the natural beauties, are the excellent chances for boating and angling. The usual stopping-place, is a picturesque, villa-looking house, perched high above the Lake, on a broad, grass-covered, and well-wooded bluff. The Saratoga Lake is formed chiefly by the waters of the Kayaderasseras Creek, which afterwards pass through Fish Creek to the Hudson, near Schuylerville.

Beyond the Lake, on the opposite side, and another mile distant, is Chapin's Hill, from which a wide and attractive panorama of valley and hill may be seen; and three miles yet beyond, if one is inclined to drive so far, is Wagman's Hill, looking down upon the preceding elevation. Here may be seen mountain glimpses in all directions—the Adirondacks in the far north, the Catskills southward, and the Green Hills of Vermont in the east.

Northward of the village, and in the direction of the road to Luzerne, on the upper Hudson, one may drive six miles to Haggerty's Hill, and enjoy a charming look all over the land. Waring Hill, which is sixteen miles from town, is the loftiest site of all this region, being two thousand feet above tide-water. The view thence, comprehends every point seen from all the other look-outs of the vicinage—villages, creeks, rivers, lakes, and hills, every where and innumerable.

Far below the delighted eye, there winds the Hudson in all the turns of its northern waters, from their meeting with the Sacandaga to the azure gorges of the Catskills. Saratoga Lake, Ballston Lake, and the windings of the Kayaderasseras, and of Fish Creek, come into the picture, as also the town of Schenectady, Waterford, Mechanicsville, Schuylerville, Ballston, and Saratoga. To reach Waring Hill, the explorer will follow the Hadley Plank-road about eight miles, and then the Mount-Pleasant road six miles further, to the base of the hill. The rest of the way he must trudge on foot.



SCENE EASTWARD ON THE LAKE ROAD.

Stiles' Hill overlooks the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, and the waters of those rivers for some sixty miles.

Corinth Falls, some fifteen miles north of the village, are in the Hudson, and may be made the terminus of a nice morning excursion. The cataract is very near Jessup's Landing, at which place the visitor, if he spends the day in the jaunt, may dine comfortably. The clear descent of the river here is some sixty feet, with a mile or more of preceding falls and rapids.

Ballston Spa lies about six miles below the Springs, on the line of railway. It is a pleasant village, and was at one time the rival and even the patron of Saratoga itself. Of the mineral fountains at Ballston, the most esteemed are the United States Spring, the Fulton Chalybeate Spring, the Franklin Sulphur, and the Low Well.

While excursionizing in the neighborhood, the visitor must by no means neglect to call at the famous Battle-field of Saratoga, where, in the surrender of the British army under General Burgoyne, so great and serviceable a success occurred to the patriots of the Revolution. This interesting spot is about twelve miles distant in the vicinage of Schuylerville on the banks of the Hudson.

In this variable world, and in our particularly variable quarter of it, the glory of Saratoga as a place of popular resort, would long ago have culminated and passed away, but for the virtues of its priceless waters. With this element of immortality, it has bidden and may forever bid defiance to all the fickle humors of ever-changing Fashion.

THE WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

IN reading the history of the past, we are astonished at the vast amount of wealth amassed by individuals and communities. The sums are so enormous that we are almost led to doubt the authenticity of history. In every grove some beautiful fountain cast its sparkling jet into the translucent air; triumphal arches, of vast proportions and of gorgeous finish, spanned the streets of every city of any importance; splendid palaces, decked with every beauty that could charm and with every grandeur that could awe, arose as if by the touch of the magician's wand. Cities whose grand old ruins, even at the present day, afford a pleasing study to the antiquary, sprang into existence, and became so magnificent that the wonder has not ceased how such stupendous structures could have been erected by human hands.

During the reign of Pericles, Athens was at the zenith of her glory. In almost every temple might be seen the masterly works of genius; statues from the chisel of Phidias, and paintings from the pencil of Apelles. The Propylea cost the enormous sum of \$2,173,000. It stood a magnificent monument to the taste of Pericles and to the genius of Mnesicles. It was flanked by two temples; and through these gorgeous portals, which modern art in vain attempts to rival, did that proud and luxurious people ascend to the summit of the hill to crown with garlands of fresh flowers the guardian deities of the city. At the base of the Acropolis towered in wondrous splendor the Odeum, whence swelled aloft pæans of love or of victory, which were echoed from the distant boundaries of the Republic. Above the city and above the citadel, whether he journeyed by land or by sea, the traveller, at a great distance, saw the Parthenon, the noblest achievement of Grecian architecture, towering proudly toward the azure sky. Of this stupendous structure M. Lamartine says: 'The aspect of the Parthenon displays, better than history, the colossal grandeur of a people. Pericles ought not to die. What superhuman civilization was that which supplied a great man to command, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to decorate, statuary to execute, workmen to cut, a people to pay, and eyes to comprehend and admire such an edifice!' It was erected at an expense of seven hundred thousand dollars.

During the administration of Pericles, the cost of the temples, palaces, and monuments, amounted to near \$3,185,700, which he proposed to the senate should be met from his own private fortune. At this time, the private stock of the Athenians was \$9,379,550. Every kind of luxury was introduced. Vessels from distant ports, laden with the richest delicacies, crowded the Piræus and Phalereus; and upon the

burning deserts of the East, caravans toiled slowly toward the proud capital of Greece. The common food that had nourished the brave and daring heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ, was exchanged for the sickly dainties of a Persian court; and the sparkling waters of Helicon rippled on, while the wines of Ceylon, cooled in Thracian snow, made the brain reel and the eye unsteady.

In point of beauty, power, and wealth, Alexandria succeeded ancient Memphis. In all ages, the East has poured its riches into the laps of those nations that lie toward the setting sun. From one commercial voyage, Solomon realized \$15,000,555. Under the influence of the trade from India, Alexandria rapidly increased in beauty and power, so that when Augustus entered the city, after a short resistance, he pardoned all the inhabitants on account of its splendor and magnificence. The celebrated light-house Pharos, which stood at the extremity of the harbor Portus Eunostus, cost eight hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars; and such was the extent of the prosperity of the city, that a 'single citizen proposed to raise and pay an army out of the profits of his trade.'

For nine hundred and seventy years the prosperity of Alexandria was undisturbed. Through her streets had passed the festive procession of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was the most gorgeous and imposing that the world has ever witnessed, or that history has ever recorded. From morning until night that mighty host, glittering with gems and gold and silver, defiled along. Cars, drawn by five hundred men, and laden with golden crowns, sparkling with brilliant diamonds, rolled over flowers of every hue.

'After this rich equipage,' says Rollin, the historian, 'marched sixteen hundred youths, habited in white vests, and crowned, some of them with ivy, others with branches of pine. Two hundred and fifty of this band carried golden vases, and four hundred of them vases of silver. Three hundred more carried silver vessels made to keep liquors cool. . . . There were likewise several tables, six feet in length, and supporting a variety of remarkable objects. On one was represented the bed of Semele, on which were disposed several vests, some of golden brocade, others adorned with precious stones. . . . The expedition of Bacchus into the Indies in another car, where the god was represented by a statue eighteen feet in height, and mounted upon an elephant. He was arrayed in purple, and wore a golden crown intermixed with twining ivy and pine leaves. A long thyrsus of gold was in his hand, and his sandals were of the same metal. On the neck of the elephant was seated a satyr, above seven feet high, with a crown of gold, formed in imitation of pine branches, and blowing a kind of trumpet made of a goat's horn. The trappings of the elephant were of gold, and his neck was adorned with a crown of that metal shaped

like the foliage of ivy. . . . After this troupe appeared a long train of chariots, twenty-four of which were drawn by elephants, sixty by he-goats, twelve by lions, six by *oryxes*, a species of goat, fifteen by buffaloes, four by wild asses, eight by ostriches, and seven by stags. . . . On each side of these were three cars drawn by camels, and followed by others drawn by mules. . . . Some of these camels carried three hundred pounds weight of incense; others two hundred of saffron, cinnamon, iris, and other odoriferous spices. At a little distance from these marched a band of Ethiopians armed with pikes. One body of these carried six hundred elephant's teeth; another two thousand branches of ebony; a third sixty cups of gold and silver, with a large quantity of gold dust. . . . They were succeeded by a hundred and fifty men supporting trees to which were fastened species of birds and deer. Cages were also carried, in which were parrots, peacocks, turkey-hens, pheasants, and a great number of Ethiopian birds. . . . The procession was graced with several thrones of gold and ivory, on one of which was a large diadem of gold, and on another a horn of the same metal. A third supported a crown; and a fourth a horn of solid gold. On the throne of Ptolemy Soter, the father of the reigning prince, was a golden crown which weighed ten thousand pieces of gold.* In this procession were likewise three hundred golden vases, in which perfumes were to be burnt; fifty gilded altars, encompassed with golden crowns. Four torches of gold, fifteen feet in height, were fastened to one of these altars. There were likewise twelve gilded hearts, one of which was eighteen feet in circumference, and sixty in height; and another was only twenty-two feet and a half high. Nine Delphic tripods of gold appeared next, six feet in height; and there were six others, nine feet high. The largest of all was forty-five feet high; on which were placed several animals in gold, seven feet and a half high, and its upper part was encompassed with a golden crown formed of the foliage of vine leaves. . . . Three thousand two hundred crowns of gold were likewise carried in this procession, together with a consecrated crown, of one hundred and twenty feet, most probably in circumference; it was likewise adorned with a profusion of gems, and surrounded the entrance into the temple of Bernice. There was also another golden ægis. Several large crowns of gold were also supported by young virgins richly habited. One of these crowns was three feet in height and twenty-four in circumference. In this procession were also carried a golden cuirass, eighteen feet in height; and another of silver, twenty-seven feet high, on which latter was the representation of two thunderbolts of gold, eighteen

*Worth in our coin twenty-five thousand dollars.

feet in length; an oaken crown embellished with jewels; twenty golden bucklers; sixty-four complete suits of golden armor; two boots of the same metal, four and a half feet in length; twelve golden basins; a great number of flagons; ten large vases of perfumes, for the baths; twelve ewers; fifty dishes; and a large number of tables: *all of these were of gold*. There were likewise five tables covered with golden goblets; and a horn of solid gold, forty-five feet in length. . . . There were likewise four hundred chariots laden with vessels and other works of silver; twenty others filled with golden vessels; and eight hundred more appropriated to the carriage of aromatic spices.' The athletic exercises continued several days after this imposing pageant. The victors on that occasion were presented with forty crowns, twenty of which were estimated at 2230 talents, which is equivalent to \$1,672,000.

Internal strife and the Moslem power at length effected the downfall of Alexandria, and the victorious banner of Mohammed waved proudly from its citadel. Amrou, the officer of Omar, said that it was impossible to enumerate the beauty and wealth of this famous city. We will not weary the patience of the reader by dwelling further upon the cost and splendor of the many temples, palaces, cenotaphs, and monuments, that graced the cities of ancient Greece and Rome. We shall also pass over in silence the beautiful hanging-gardens of Babylon, and the great temple of Belus—the wealth of which, in golden vases, statues, censers, cups, and vessels, that pertain to sacred rites, amounted to the enormous sum of one hundred million dollars.

Experience teaches us that the means necessary to the support of large armies are very great. England has not yet recovered—perhaps will never recover—from the heavy debts incurred during the brilliant but unfortunate administration of the elder Pitt. The armies of Greece and Rome were always bountifully supplied with money and provisions. The amount of corn consumed by these vast armies of men and horses was immense; yet Sardinia, Sicily, Thrace, Egypt, and Africa, were equal to the task of supplying them. From Byzantium, every year were transported to Athens 2,400,000 bushels of corn. Rome, also, received a large quantity of bread-stuffs from Thrace. The little country of Judea was so productive that the proceeds arising from its crops amounted to about \$387,450 in gold. Who has not heard of the wines of Lesbos, Cyprus, and Chio? At one time, during the infancy of Lucullus, they were held in such high estimation that only one cup was quaffed at an entertainment.

The first Tarquin triumphed in a vest of gold. Claudius gave the Romans a representation of a sea-fight. Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was present, clad in a long robe woven with golden wire. Artaxerxes wore upon his person gems and jewels to the amount of

\$10,332,000.* During the reign of Pompey, an individual whose name was Ptolemy commanded and maintained eight hundred horse at his own expense. One thousand persons seated themselves daily at his table, each being furnished with a golden cup, which was changed at every course. Pliny, also, informs us of one Pythias of Bythnia, who entertained one day, in the most splendid manner, the whole army of Xerxes, consisting of 1,700,000 men. To this large army he offered five months' pay and provisions for the whole campaign. At the present time such liberality would not only ruin the fortune of private persons, but would weaken the commercial interest of the most powerful government.

To us, in these hard times, when men's souls seem centred in the 'round rotundity' of the almighty dollar, the salaries of modern *artists* appear enormously large. Mademoiselle Piccolomini, during her recent engagement in New-York, received five thousand dollars per month; in Rome, the salary of Roscius was seventy-five thousand dollars per annum. He finally became so wealthy that he refused a salary, and acted several years without pay. Esopus, the contemporary of Roscius, at an entertainment, produced a dish made of singing-birds, which alone cost \$24,415; and at his death he left his son one million dollars.

Julius Cæsar was captured by the Cilician pirates, who demanded of him \$25,833.30. Cæsar laughed at them and gave them \$43,055.50. Before he enjoyed any public office, he was in debt to the amount of \$1,119,443. In order to appease the people, who demanded Cæsar of the Senate, Cato gave a distribution of bread-corn, which increased the public expense to five million five hundred thousand drachmas, which is equivalent to seven hundred and seventy thousand dollars.† When the government of Spain was allotted to Cæsar, he was so overwhelmed with debt that he could not depart to take charge of his position. He called upon Crassus the Rich, who stood security for him in the sum of \$714,721. He rewarded the bravery of Cassius Cæva by a donation of seven thousand dollars. He paid off the vast debts of the tribune Curio; and presented the consul Paulus with \$1,291,665, which was employed in constructing a new hall near the Forum. He commenced a new building, the ground-plot of which was to have cost him above an hundred million of sesterces. In memory of his daughter, he gave a most extravagant feast to the people; doubled the pay of the legions forever; granted the people corn without measure, and gave each soldier a slave, a piece of land, or a house.‡ He presented an actor for a mimic piece of his own, \$17,500.§ For his

* Varro apud Pliny, l. xlv. c. 10.

† Sueton. in Julio, pp. 15.

‡ Plutarch apud Julio Cæsare.

§ Ibid. in Julio, pp. 22,823.

mistress, Servilia, mother of M. Brutus, he purchased a pearl, that cost him \$210,000. During his reign, gold and silver became so abundant that it was exchanged throughout Italy at three thousand sesterces per pound. He also decorated the arms of his soldiers with gold and silver, so that they should be the more unwilling to part with them from their great value. Yet, with all his extravagance, he bequeathed to each Roman citizen nine dollars.

Tiberius Cæsar rewarded his gladiator with three thousand five hundred dollars. To Sabinus he gave seven thousand dollars for a dialogue between a mushroom and a fig-pecker, and between an oyster and a thrush. He divided his attendants into three classes: to the first he gave six; to the second four, and to the third two hundred thousand sesterces, which is equal to about forty-two thousand dollars.

In many respects Caligula was as great a tyrant as Nero. The former was the cormorant, with all its voracity; the latter was the eagle, without its noblest qualities. There is something sublime in the fact that Nero touched the lyre while Rome was wrapt in flames. But in the whole history of Caligula, there is nothing to excite either our respect or admiration. He lavished thousands, not to make mankind better and happier, but simply to gratify his own evil and vicious desires. He practised incest with his sisters; forced parents to witness the dying agonies of their children; exhibited his wife naked to his friends, and disgraced many noblemen by branding them in the face with a hot iron. He was reckless in the profusion with which he scattered money. He gave to Antiochus of Comagene \$3,500,000. He bathed in a bath of precious unguents; drank priceless pearls, dissolved in vinegar, and ate of golden bread.* At an auction he made his valet knock off twelve gladiators to Saturpinus, who was so unfortunate as to nod. They amounted to three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. In less than one year he lavished a magnificent estate, and all the treasures amassed by Tiberius, amounting to twenty-seven hundred million of dollars! At another auction, he compelled an individual to pay seven thousand dollars for a mere bauble. He was so fond of handling gold that, having spread it out upon the floor, he would walk over it, and would even lie down upon it.

Augustus Cæsar left a legacy to the Roman people of \$1,627,535, yet he complained that his heirs would only have \$5,250,000. Prior to this he had expended upon the government four hundred and ninety thousand dollars, beside his two paternal estates. In addition to this he wasted \$7,367,535. Nero gave Siridates eight hundred thousand sesterces every day he remained at Rome, and upon his departure presented him with a million more. He also bestowed upon the

* Sueton. pp. 191.

harper, Menocrates, and upon the gladiator, Spicillus, the houses and estates of gentlemen who had been once honored with a triumph. We here present the reader with the description of the new palace which Nero erected after the burning of Rome. It is taken from the history of that Emperor, by Suetonius. 'He raised an house, that reached from the palace to the Esquilæ, which he at first called Transitoria; but after it was burnt down and rebuilt, the Golden House, concerning the largeness and furniture of which, it may suffice to say thus much. The porch was so high, that there stood in it a monstrous statue of himself, an hundred and twenty feet in height, and the extent of it such, that it had triple porticos a mile in length, and a pond like a sea, surrounded with buildings, that looked like a city. Besides this, there was within the compass of it corn-fields, vineyards, pastures, and woods, with a vast number of beasts, both wild and tame. It was in all the parts of it over-laid with gold, and finely adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The rooms of entertainment were arched with vaults of ivory, that turned round and scattered flowers about the room, and were besides furnished with pipes for the drooping of unguents upon the guests. The chief banqueting-room was round, and perpetually turning about night and day, in imitation of the motions of the heavens.' We can form no accurate conception of what this splendid structure cost. The amount of gold consumed in its erection was enough to have enriched a nation at the present time.

Tacitus gives us an account of the magnificent feast presented to Nero, upon Lake Agrippina, by Tigillinus. A platform of great dimensions was erected upon the water. A large number of boats, adorned with ivory and gold were present to move this splendid floating palace. Upon the tables were every dainty — fish from every sea, and game from every forest. The banks were crowded with eager spectators, and bands of naked harlots sported in lascivious dances for the gratification of the wicked emperor. As the shades of night gathered over this scene of luxury and wantonness, from the adjacent groves and houses a most brilliant illumination appeared. Voluptuous music swelled upon the air, and every sacred duty was forgotten in this hour of sinful revelry.

Nero was so extravagant that he never wore the same garments twice. He fished with a golden net; and when he travelled, a thousand carts were necessary to transport his effects. His mules were shod all round with silver, and the drivers were clad in the richest scarlet. Livia Augusta bequeathed to Galba \$1,750,000. In about four months Vitellius expended on the mere luxuries of the table a sum equal to seven million pounds sterling. Nothing could appease his voracious appetite, and nothing was too delicate or too coarse for his vitiated taste. He had acquired the filthy practice of vomiting when-

ever it suited his convenience; hence, having eaten to satiety, he could instantly disgorge what he the previous moment had swallowed. A most extraordinary supper was given him by his brother. At this feast two thousand choice dishes were served up, as well as seven thousand fowls! Vitellius was unwilling that his brother should outdo him; he therefore gave a supper, which surpassed the other. One dish alone was so extensive that he called it the 'Shield of Minerva.' It contained the livers of scares, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, intermingled with tongues of flamingoes. To this banquet and for this feast, ships of war were filled with the entrails of lampreys, obtained from the Carpathian Sea and from the Spanish Straits.

Vespasian said that \$1,400,000,000 were necessary to carry on a government. He paid the Latin and Greek Professors of Rhetoric a yearly stipend of three thousand five hundred dollars. He also gave to the tragedian, Apollinaris, the sum of fourteen thousand dollars; to Lepinus and Diodonis, the harpers, ten thousand five hundred dollars; and the least he presented to any performer was forty sesterces, besides a great many golden crowns. He bestowed upon a lady four thousand dollars for lying with him one night. By means of war and fires Marcus Crassus amassed a vast fortune. He began life comparatively a poor man, but in a short time he owned a considerable portion of Rome. After he had consecrated the tenth part of an estate to Hercules, had given an entertainment to the people, and a supply of corn to each citizen, he was then worth \$7,500,000. He had five hundred slaves, who were mechanics, and he also worked several silver mines.

One of the most magnificent triumphal honors of which we have any mention, was that given by the Romans to Paulus Æmilius, who conquered Perseus. The temples in the city were decorated with beautiful garlands; incense smoked upon a thousand altars; in every place scaffolds were erected for the convenience of the people; and officers of every rank and dignity hurried to-and-fro in busy preparation. The eye of the spectator was dazzled by the burnished brass and glittering steel; helmets, shields, and greaves were beautifully arranged; and the clangor that arose from the Thracian bucklers, targeta, quivers, naked swords, and long, keen pikes, fastened to the horses' bits, and continually striking together, was fearful to hear. For three days this gorgeous procession marched through the streets of Rome. Three thousand men bore vessels filled with silver money, to the amount of \$1,937,250; and seventy-seven other vessels were borne, laden with golden coin to the amount of \$397,792. In this procession was also carried an immense consecrated bowl, wrought of gold and adorned with precious stones. It weighed six hundred pounds!

It will be seen that the ancients placed a very high value upon golden and silver vessels. In the first ages of the Christian era, a

Roman Emperor purchased two, for which he paid ten thousand dollars—a cup, capable of holding three sextarii, (four-and-a-half pints,) for \$60,270, and a dish for \$258,300. Gems were also held in high estimation. I have already mentioned the pearl presented to Servilia by Julius Cæsar, which cost him \$210,000. Nonnius possessed an opal of such great beauty and value, that, rather than part with it to Mark Anthony, he went into exile. We shall produce only one example to show what value the ancients set upon painting. The celebrated Venus Anadyomene was purchased by Augustus for one hundred thousand dollars. This work was executed by Apelles. Bucephalus cost Philip King of Macedon about \$13,777. Alexander made a present to the philosopher, Xenocrates, of \$43,055. At Susa, in Persia, he gave a feast to those of the Macedonians who had wedded Persian ladies, at which were no less than nine thousand persons seated at the table, to each of whom he presented a golden goblet. In addition to this great munificence, he paid off all their debts, insomuch that the whole expense amounted to \$8,438,878.

The funeral pageant of Alexander has never been surpassed. In many respects it equalled the festive train of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The monarch died at Babylon, and was buried in the mosque of St. Athanasius at Alexandria. The grandees and governors appointed Aridæus to prepare for this august funeral. Two years were consumed in the preparation, and every splendor that wealth could buy was lavished with profusion. At length the day arrived for this solemn and magnificent procession to begin its march. Hills were levelled, all uneven places were made smooth, and every obstacle that could impede the funeral-train was removed by a vast number of workmen. The chariot that contained the coffin of the monarch was adorned with such wealth of jewels and diadems, that it is said to have emitted brilliant flashes, like those of lightning. The spokes of this chariot were covered with gold. It was drawn by sixty-four mules of the largest size, and each was adorned with a crown of gold and a collar, enriched with precious stones and golden bells. On this chariot was erected a pavilion of solid gold, twelve feet wide and eighteen in length. The inside surpassed the outside in splendor and brilliancy, being one blaze of jewels arranged in the shape of shells. Golden net-work beautified the circumference, and the golden threads were an inch in thickness, to each of which were fastened large bells, which could be heard to a great distance. It would only weary the reader to mention all the jewels and golden crowns that were borne in this procession. Enough has been said to show the great amount of gold that was displayed on that occasion.

THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

THE dull, dark night sinks down the roof,
It brings the clouds, the mist, the rain;
The embers dying on the hearth,
Ah! will they flash and flame again?

Is that a step upon the stairs?
I need not wait to hear the proof;
The stealthy rain has come to-night,
I hear it creeping down the roof.

But sit with me, the embers watch
Amid the pale-white ashes glow,
That shoot out stars of crimson light,
Like rubies on a bed of snow.

You will not wonder that I seemed
To hear those foot-steps on the stairs;
Indeed I've heard them oft before,
Yes, even in my secret prayers.

I cannot see, but fancy still
My sainted child looks in my face,
And think the shadow of a wing
Makes heavenly twilight in the place.

Her deep-blue eyes looked out of curls
That fell in soft and waving lines;
You would have thought that you had found
Two violets amid the vines.

We gazed within their azure depths,
As through a long and shaded aisle,
That into heaven ran afar —
God only let us look awhile.

This bitter rain has dripped but twice
Since last we heard her little feet
Drop music all adown the stairs:
And now — they press the golden street.

Such music as the rain-drops make,
Those passing feet made every day.
One eve they stopped, and then — we knew
That they had climbed the heavenly way.

I seem to hear them ever now,
As if some JACOB'S ladder bound
My soul to heaven's wide-opened door,
And angels touched each crystal round.

And thus I love to sit and think
My child may up this ladder go
I did not dream that I should find
My Bethel in my wasting wo.

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum Corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

August 20th.

At length this extraordinary soul has yielded up to me the secret of its tempests! Would she had kept it forever!

For some days after the last scenes which I have related, Mlle. Marguërite, as if ashamed of the impulses of youth and freedom, to which she had for an instant yielded, had allowed to fall over her brow a thicker veil of sorrowful pride, defiance, and disdain. In the midst of the noisy pleasures, fêtes, and dances, which followed one another at the chateau, she glided like a shadow, indifferent, icy, and sometimes irritated. Her irony attacked with inconceivable bitterness, sometimes the purest enjoyments of the mind, those which spring from contemplation and study; and sometimes even the noblest and most inviolable feelings. If any exhibition of courage or virtue was mentioned before her, she would at once turn it over to find its selfish side; if one had the misfortune to light in her presence the smallest grain of incense on the altar of art, she would extinguish it with a back-hand blow. Her short, dry, terrible laugh, which sat on her lips like the mockery of a fallen angel, was furiously withering against enthusiasm and passion, the noblest faculties of the human soul, wherever she saw a trace of them. This strange spirit of calumny took, I noticed, a character of especial persecution and downright hostility with regard to me. I did not understand, and do not yet very clearly understand, how I could have deserved these particular attentions; for, if it is true that I bear in my heart a firm religious belief in ideal and eternal things, one of which only death can deprive me, (Great God! what should I have left, if that were gone!) I am in no way inclined to public ecstasy, and my admiration, like my love, will never be an inconvenience to any one. But I in vain observed, with more scrupulousness than ever, the kind of modesty which befits true feeling. I gained nothing by it; I was suspected of poetry. Romantic chimeras were imputed to me, for the pleasure of combating them; a ridiculous harp of some sort was put in my hands, simply for the diversion of breaking its strings.

Although this war, declared against every thing that rises above the material interests and dry realities of life, was no new feature in Mlle. Marguërite's character, it was abruptly exaggerated and envenomed, so far as to wound the hearts which are most attached to the young girl. One day Mlle. de Porhoët, tired out by this incessant sarcasm, said to her, before me: 'My darling, for some time there has been a devil in you, which you will do well to exorcise as soon as possible :

otherwise you will end by making an unholy trio with Mme. Aubry and Mme. de Saint Cast; I warn you plainly. For my own part, I do n't pretend to be, or to have ever been, a very romantic person, but I like to think that there still are in the world some souls capable of generous feeling; I believe in disinterestedness, were it only in my own; I even believe in heroism, for I have known heroes. Moreover, I take a pleasure in hearing the little birds sing under my hornbeam, and in building my cathedral in the clouds as they float by. All that may be very absurd, my sweet child; but I will venture to remind you that these illusions are the treasures of the poor, that Monsieur and I have no other treasures, and that we are singular enough not to complain about it.'

Another day, after enduring with my usual impassibility Mlle. Marguerite's scarcely-veiled sarcasms, her mother took me aside: 'Monsieur Maxime,' she said, 'my daughter torments you a little; I beg you to excuse it. You must notice that her character is changed for some time past.'

'Your daughter seems more abstracted than usual.'

'And not without reason, too; she is on the point of making a very serious resolution, and it is a moment when a young girl's humor is tossed about by any wind of folly.'

I bowed without replying.

'You are now,' Mme. Laroque continued, 'a friend of the family; in which capacity I shall be obliged if you will tell me what you think of M. de Bévallan.'

'M. de Bévallan, Madame, has a very fine fortune, I believe; a little less than yours, but a very fine one still; about one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year.'

'Yes; but what is your opinion of the man himself, of his character?'

'Madame, M. de Bévallan is what is called a very polished gentleman. He does not want for sense, and passes for an upright man.'

'But do you think he will make my daughter happy?'

'I do not think he will make her unhappy; he has not a malicious spirit.'

'What on earth am I to do? He does not please me at all, but he is the only one who does please Marguerite at all; and then there are so few men with a hundred and fifty thousand a year! You can understand that my daughter, in her position, has not wanted for suitors. For two or three years we have been literally besieged. Well, this must come to an end. I am ill, and may go off any day; my daughter would be left without any protection. And since this is a marriage which will satisfy all the requirements of society, and which the world will certainly approve of, I should be to blame if I did not lend myself

to it. I am accused already of ideas to my daughter: the truth is, I suggest no to her. She has a head entirely her own. And now will you do anything for me?

'Will you allow me to ask what is Mlle. de Porhoët's opinion? She is a person of great judgment and experience, and devoted to you.'

'Ah! if I took Mlle. de Porhoët's advice, I should send M. de Bévalan far enough. But she speaks about it very much at her ease. When he is gone, it is not Mlle. de Porhoët who will marry my daughter!'

'In point of fortune, Madame, M. de Bévalan is certainly an unusual match, it must not be disguised from you; and if you rigorously demand a hundred thousand a year?'

'But I don't demand a hundred thousand francs a year, any more than a hundred sous, my dear Sir. Only it does not concern me, it concerns my daughter. Well, I can't give her to a mason, can I? I should like well enough myself to be a mason's wife; but what would have made me happy, perhaps would not make my daughter so. When I give her in marriage, I have to consult generally received ideas, and not my own.'

'Well, Madame, if this marriage suits you, and if it equally suits your daughter —'

'But it does not, it does not suit me, nor my daughter either; it is a marriage — why, it is a marriage of convenience, and that is all!'

'Am I to understand that it is quite decided on?'

'No, for I am asking your advice. If it were so, my daughter would be calmer. It is this hesitation that upsets her, and then —'

Mme. Laroque plunged into the shade of the little dome that surmounts her easy-chair, and added: 'Have you any idea of what is going on in that unhappy brain?'

'None whatever, Madame.'

Her sparkling glance dwelt on me for a moment. She heaved a deep sigh, and said in a gentle and sorrowful tone: 'Go, Sir; I will not detain you any longer.'

The confidence with which I had just been honored, had caused me small surprise. For some time it was evident that Mlle. Marguerite was devoting to M. de Bévalan all the sympathy she could still retain for humanity. These tokens, nevertheless, were the appearance of friendly preference rather than of passionate tenderness. It must be said, however, that this preference is capable of being explained. M. de Bévalan, whom I have never liked, and of whom I have given in these pages, in spite of myself, a caricature rather than a portrait, combines the greatest number of the qualities and defects which usually enlist the sympathies of women. Modesty is absolutely wanting to him;

but that suits him wonderfully, for women do not like it. He has that witty, sarcastic, and calm assurance which nothing can intimidate, which readily intimidates others, and which every where secures to a man who is endowed with it, a kind of rule and an appearance of superiority. His tall figure, his large features, his skill in physical exercises, his renown as a steeple-chaser and hunter, lend him a manly authority which imposes on the timid sex. Lastly, he has in his eyes a spirit of boldness, of enterprise, and conquest, which is not contradicted by his manners; which troubles women, and stirs up a secret ardor in their souls. It is right to add that advantages of this kind have full value in general only with vulgar hearts; but Mlle. Marguerite's heart, which I had at first been tempted, as is always the case, to rate as highly as her beauty, seemed to be making a display, this some time past, of sentiments of a very inferior order; and I thought her quite capable of yielding, without resistance and without enthusiasm, with the passive coldness of a sluggish imagination, to the charms of this common-place conqueror, and the subsequent yoke of a marriage of respectability.

In all this it was highly necessary to come to a decision, and I did so more easily than I could have thought possible a month sooner; for I had used all my courage to combat the first temptations to a love, of which good sense and honor equally disapproved; and she herself, who, without knowing it, made this combat necessary, had, also without knowing it, powerfully aided me. If she had been unable to hide her beauty from me, she had at least unveiled her soul, and my own at once half-retained within itself. A trifling unhappiness, no doubt, to the young millionaire, but a real happiness to me!

Meanwhile I made a journey to Paris, whither I was called by Mme. Laroque's interests, and by my own. I came back two days ago, and on my arrival at the chateau, I was told that old M. Laroque had been asking for me repeatedly since the morning. I hastened to his apartment. As he perceived me, a pale smile flitted over his withered cheeks; he fixed on me a look in which I thought I read an expression of malignant joy and secret triumph, and then said to me in a dull, hollow voice: 'Sir! Monsieur de Saint Cast is dead!'

This news, which the singular old man had insisted on giving me himself, was correct. During the preceding night, poor General de Saint Cast had been attacked with a fit of apoplexy, and in one hour he had been taken away from the wealthy and luxurious existence which he owed to Mme. de Saint Cast. Immediately the event was known in the chateau, Mme. Aubry had caused herself to be speedily conveyed to her friend's house; and these two companions, Doctor Desmarests told us, had passed the day in exchanging a whole string of original and striking ideas, on death, the swiftness of its attack,

the impossibility of foreseeing or
 ness of regret, which will no b to on
 time as a consoler. After whi (n re-
 cruited their strength very swe y. 'C , ; y
 sustain yourself, God wishes it; l A . At
 de Saint Cast had a bottle of sh w brou
 General used to adore, in e which :
 Aubry to taste it. Mme. Aubry nately refi g to it
 Mme. de Saint Cast let herself be l G
 should take a glass of Spanish wine and a They did
 the General's health.

Yesterday morning, Mme. Laroque and her daughter, dressed in deep mourning, stepped into the carriage; I took a seat by them. We reached the little neighboring town toward ten o'clock. While I attended the General's funeral, these ladies joined with Mme. Aubry to form the customary circle round the widow. The sad ceremony over, I returned to the house of mourning, and was ushered, with some friends of the family, into the celebrated drawing-room, the furniture of which cost fifteen thousand francs. In the funereal half-light which reigned there, I distinguished, on a sofa worth twelve hundred francs, the inconsolable shadow of Mme. de Saint Cast, enveloped in much crape, of which we soon learned the price. By her side was Mme. Aubry, presenting an image of the greatest physical and moral weakness. Half-a-dozen relations and friends completed the mournful group. While we were arranging ourselves in line at the other end of the room, there was a sound of moving feet and creaking of the floor; then a gloomy silence once more reigned in the mausoleum. Only from time to time there rose from the sofa a lamentable sigh, which Mme. Aubry immediately repeated like a faithful echo.

At length came in a young man, who had delayed a little in the street, to take time to finish a cigar which he had lighted on leaving the cemetery. As he glided discreetly into our ranks, Mme. de Saint Cast saw him.

'Is that you, Arthur?' she said in a voice like a breath.

'Yes, aunt,' said the young man, advancing like a vedette in front of our line.

'Well,' returned the widow, in the same plaintive, drawling tone, 'is it over?'

'Yes, aunt,' was the answer given in a curt and deliberate tone, by the young Arthur, who seemed to be a young fellow that was pretty well satisfied with himself.

A pause followed, after which Mme. de Saint Cast drew from the depths of her soul this new series of questions: 'Did it go off well?'

'Very well, aunt, very well.'

'Many people present?'

'The whole town, aunt, the whole town.'

'The troops?'

'Yes, aunt, the whole garrison and the band.'

Mme. de Saint Cast groaned audibly, and then added: '~~The sappers?~~'

'The sappers too, aunt, most assuredly.'

I do not know what it was in this last circumstance that could so painfully lacerate Mme. de Saint Cast's heart, but she did not resist it; a sudden fainting fit, accompanied by an infantine wailing, called round her all the resources of female sensibility, and gave us an opportunity to escape. I took good care, for my part, to profit by it. I could not endure to see that ridiculous harpy performing her hypocritical mummery over the grave of the weak but good and true man whose life she had embittered, and whose end she had probably hastened.

A few minutes later, Mme. Laroque sent to propose to me to accompany her as far as the farm-house at Langoat, situated five or six leagues farther, in the direction of the coast. She calculated on going to dine there with her daughter; the farmer's wife, who had been Mlle. Marguérite's nurse, is ill at present, and the ladies have for some time proposed giving her this mark of their interest. We set out at two in the afternoon. It was one of the hottest days of this hot season. The open curtains let into the carriage the thick scorching effluvia which a burning sky spread abundantly over the parched moorland.

The conversation suffered from the languor of our minds. Mme. Laroque, who alleged she was in Paradise, and who had at length dispensed with her furs, remained buried in a quiet ecstasy. Mlle. Marguerite played with her fan, with Spanish gravity. While we ascended the endless hills of this country, we saw legions of small, silver-backed lizards swarming on the calcined rocks, and heard the continual cracking of the broom opening its ripe pods in the sun.

In the middle of one of these laborious ascents, a voice cried suddenly from the road-side: 'Stop, if you please!' And a tall, bare-legged girl, holding a distaff in her hand, and wearing the antique costume and ducal cap of the peasants of the district, quickly crossed the ditch; she upset some terrified sheep, whose shepherdess she seemed to be, settled herself on the step, and showed us in the frame of the carriage-window her brown, composed, and smiling face. 'Excuse me, ladies,' she said, in the short, melodious accent which marks the speech of the people of the country, 'would you be so kind as to read me that?' And she drew from her bosom a letter, folded in the old fashion.

‘Read it, Sir,’ said Mme. Laroque, laughing, ‘and read it aloud, if it is possible.’

I took the letter, which was a love-letter. It was very minutely addressed to Mlle. Christine Oyadec, borough of —, commune of —, farm of —. The writing was that of a very uncultivated hand, but one that seemed sincere. The date proclaimed that Mlle. Christine had received the missive two or three weeks before; apparently the poor girl, not being able to read, and not wishing to reveal her secret to the malice of her neighbors, had waited till some passing stranger, both benevolent and instructed, should come and give her the key to the mystery which had burned her bosom for a fortnight. Her widely-opened blue eye was fixed on me with a look of inexpressible eagerness, while I painfully deciphered the slanting lines of the letter, which was conceived in the following terms:

‘Mademoiselle, this is to tell you that since the day when we spoke together on the moor after vespers, my mind has not changed, and that I am anxious to learn yours; my heart, Mademoiselle, is all yours, as I desire that yours should be all mine, and if that is the case, you may be very sure and certain that there is not a more loving soul on earth or in heaven than your friend —, who does not sign; but you know very well who, Mademoiselle.’

‘Why, you don’t know who, do you, Mademoiselle Christine?’ said I, giving her back the letter.

‘Very possibly,’ she said, showing her white teeth, and gravely shaking her young head, radiant with happiness. ‘Thank you, ladies, and you, Sir.’ She jumped down from the step, and soon disappeared in the under-wood, flinging towards the sky the joyous and sounding notes of a Breton song.

Mme. Laroque had followed with evident delight all the details of this pastoral scene, which sweetly flattered her chimera; she smiled, she dreamed in the presence of that happy bare-footed girl, she was charmed. Still, when Mlle. Oyadec was out of sight, a strange idea suddenly came into Mme. Laroque’s thoughts; it was that, after all, she would not have done so much amiss to give the shepherdess a five-franc piece, besides her admiration.

‘Alain!’ she cried, ‘call her back!’

‘What for, mother?’ said Mlle. Marguerite, eagerly, who had hitherto seemed to pay no attention to the occurrence.

‘Why, my child, perhaps the girl does not understand altogether what pleasure I should find, and she herself ought to find, in running about barefoot in the dust: in any case I think it fitting to leave her something to remember me by.’

‘Money!’ returned Mademoiselle Marguerite; ‘O mother! do n’t do that! Do n’t mix up money with the child’s happiness!’

This expression of refined feeling, which poor Christine, by the way, would perhaps not have immensely appreciated, did not fail to astonish me, coming from the mouth of Mlle. Margu  rite, who does not generally pique herself on this quintessence. I even thought that she was joking, although her face showed no inclination to merriment. However that may be, her caprice, joke or no joke, was taken very seriously by her mother, and it was enthusiastically decided that the idyl should be left with its innocence and its bare feet.

After the display of this fine trait, Mme. Laroque, evidently well pleased with herself, sank back in smiling ecstasy, and Mlle. Margu  rite went on playing with her fan with redoubled gravity. In another hour we reached the end of our journey. Like the majority of the farms in this country, where the heights and the table-land are covered with barren moors, the farm of Langoat is situated in the hollow of a valley traversed by a water-course. The farmer's wife, who was recovering her health, began without delay to prepare the dinner, for which we had taken care to bring the chief ingredients. It was served on the natural turf of a meadow, in the shade of an enormous chestnut. Mme. Laroque, though installed in a vastly inconvenient position on the cushions of the carriage, looked none the less radiant. Our party, she said, reminded her of the groups of reapers we see in summer-time, gathering under the shade of a hedge, and whose rustic banquets she could never contemplate without envy. For my part, I might perhaps under other circumstances have found a singular sweetness in the close and easy intimacy which a repast on the grass, like all scenes of the kind, did not fail to establish between the guests; but I thrust away with painful feelings of self-restraint a charm too liable to repentance, and the bread of this transient brotherhood seemed bitter to me.

As we were finishing dinner, Mme. Laroque said to me, 'Have you ever been up yonder?' and pointed to the summit of a very high hill that overlooked the plain.

'No, Madame.'

'Oh! that is a pity. There is a very fine view from it. You must see it. While they put to the horses, Margu  rite will take you there; won't you, Margu  rite?'

'I, mother? I have been there but once, and that a long time ago. But I shall easily find the way. Come, Sir, prepare for a rough climb.'

We began at once, Mlle. Margu  rite and I, to ascend a very steep path that wound along the side of the mountain, passing here and there through a clump of trees. The young girl stopped from time to time in her light and rapid ascent, to look if I was following, and smiled at me without speaking, being a little out of breath with run-

ning. On reaching the bare moor, which formed the table-land, I perceived at a little distance a village church, the little belfry standing out with its square edges clear against the sky. 'That is the place,' said my young guide, walking more swiftly. Behind the church was a walled grave-yard. She opened the gate, and made her way with difficulty through the tall grass and trailing brambles that encumbered the field of repose, towards the extremity of it, where there is a kind of semi-circular arrangement of steps. Two or three steps, loosened by time, and very strangely ornamented with massive spheres, lead to a narrow platform of the same height as the wall; a granite cross rises in the centre of the semi-circle.

Mlle. Marguérite had no sooner reached the platform and cast a look over the space thus revealed to her, than I saw her place her hands obliquely above her eyes, as if she felt a sudden dizziness. I hastened to join her. The beautiful day, now near its close, lighted up with its dying splendors a vast, strange, and sublime scene, which I shall never forget. Before us, and at an immense depth below our elevation, extended, as far as the eye could reach, a kind of marsh studded with shining spots, and offering the appearance of a world not quite abandoned by a subsiding deluge. This wide bay came right under our feet, into the heart of the hollowed mountains. On the ridges of sand and mud that separated the occasional pools, was a mingled growth of reeds and marine grasses, dyed with a thousand shades, all equally sombre and yet distinct, which contrasted with the brilliant surface of the waters. At each of its rapid steps towards the horizon, the sun illuminated or plunged in shade some of the numberless lakes that speckled the half-dried-up bay. It seemed to be drawing from its heavenly casket the most precious things, silver, gold, rubies, and diamonds, to make them sparkle in their turns on every point of the magnificent plain. When the sun touched the bounds of its career, a vaporous and watery band, which skirted in the distance the extreme limit of the marshes, suddenly grew purple with the glare of a conflagration, and preserved for a moment the radiant transparency of a cloud furrowed by the thunderbolt. I was wholly absorbed in contemplating this picture, so truly stamped with the Divine greatness, and which was traversed by the memory of Cæsar as another ray of light, when a low and apparently stifled voice murmured near me: 'O God! how beautiful it is!'

I was far from expecting this sympathetic expression of feeling from my young companion. I turned towards her with the eagerness of surprise, which was not lessened when the change in her features and the slight trembling of her lips attested the deep sincerity of her admiration.

'You confess it is beautiful!' I said to her.

She shook her head; but at the same moment two tears escaped

from her large eyes; she felt them trickling down her cheeks, and made a gesture of vexation; then, suddenly casting herself upon the granite cross, the base of which served as her foot-hold, she embraced it with both hands, pressed her head strongly against the stone, and I heard her sob convulsively.

I thought it my duty not to disturb by a single word the free course of this sudden emotion, and I retreated a few paces with respect. After a moment, seeing her raise her forehead, and arrange with a troubled hand her disordered hair, I drew near again.

'How ashamed I am!' she murmured.

'Be happy, rather, and cease, believe me, to seek to dry up the fountain of those tears; for it is sacred. Moreover, you will never succeed.'

'I must!' the young girl cried, with a kind of violence. 'And it is done! This fit was only a surprise. Every thing that is beautiful, and every thing that is lovely, I will hate, and I do hate!'

'And why, in God's name?'

She looked me in the face, and added, with a gesture of unspeakable pride and sorrow: 'Because I am beautiful, and yet can not be loved!'

Then, like a long-restrained torrent at length bursting its banks, she went on with extraordinary impetuosity. 'Still it is true,' and she placed her hand on her breast, 'God placed in this heart all the treasures that I mock at, that I blaspheme every hour of the day! But when He inflicted wealth upon me, alas! He took back with one hand what He lavished on me with the other. Of what good is my beauty, of what good the devotion, the tenderness, the enthusiasm, with which I feel myself consumed? Ah! it is not these charms to which is paid the homage with which so many villains weary me! I divine it, I know it—I know it too well! And if ever some disinterested, generous, heroic soul should love me for what I am, and not for what I am worth, I should not believe it. Mistrust always! That is my penalty, my punishment. And so I am resolved; I will never love! Never will I risk the pouring into a vile, unworthy, venal heart the pure passion that burns my heart. My soul shall die a maid within my breast! Well, I am resigned; but all that is beautiful, all that makes me dream, all that speaks to me of forbidden skies, all that stirs within me a useless flame—I put it away, I hate it, I will none of it!' She stopped, trembling with emotion; then, in a lower tone, she added: 'I have not sought this moment, Sir; I have not weighed my words; I had not intended all this confidence for you; but I have at length spoken, and you know all: and if I may ever have wounded your feelings, I think you will forgive me now.'

She gave me her hand. As my lip touched that warm hand, still wet with tears, a mortal languor seemed to descend into my veins.

As for Margu rite, she turned aside her head, fixed her eyes for a moment on the darkened horizon, then slowly descending the steps, said: 'Let us go.'

August 20th.

A LONGER but easier road than the steep slope of the mountain, brought us back to the farm-yards without a single word having been spoken between us. Alas! what could I have said? I was more liable to be suspected than another.

I felt that every word escaped from my too full heart would only have widened still further the distance that separates me from that overshadowed and adorable soul.

The night had now fallen, and took from our eyes any trace of our common emotion. We set out. Mme. Laroque, after again telling us of the pleasure which she carried away with her from this day, began to dream of it. Mlle. Margu rite, invisible and motionless in the thick shade of the carriage, seemed asleep like her mother; but when a turn in the road allowed a ray of pale brightness to fall on her, her open, fixed eye proved that she was watching in silence, alone with her inconsolable reflection. For my part, I can hardly tell what I thought: a strange sensation, compounded of deep joy and deep bitterness, had taken entire possession of me, and I gave myself up to it, as we sometimes give ourselves up to a dream of which we are conscious, and of which we have not the strength to shake off the charm.

We reached home toward midnight. I got out of the carriage at the beginning of the avenue, in order to reach my apartments by the shorter way across the park. As I was entering a dark path, a slight sound of steps and voices near me struck upon my ear, and I dimly distinguished two shadows in the darkness. The hour was late enough to justify the precaution which I took, of remaining concealed in the thick clump of trees, and observing these two nocturnal marauders. They passed slowly before me: I recognized Mlle. H louin, leaning on M. de B vallan's arm. Just then the roll of the carriage gave them the alarm, and, after a pressure of the hand, they parted hastily, Mlle. H louin escaping in the direction of the chateau, and the other on the side of the wood.

Returned to my room, and still full of this adventure, I asked myself angrily if I should allow M. de B vallan freely to pursue his double-dealing in love-matters, and to seek a bride and a mistress at the same time in the same house. I am certainly too much a man of my age and times to feel the vigorous hatred of a puritan for certain weaknesses, and I have not the hypocrisy to affect it; but I think that the freest and laxest morality on this point still admits some degrees of dignity, elevation, and delicacy. People walk more or less straight in these by-paths. After all, the excuse for love is loving;

and the senseless profusion of tenderness on M. de Bévallan's part took away all appearance of absorbing passion. Such loves cease to be faults; they have not enough moral value; they are nothing but the calculations and wages of a stupid jockey.

The various incidents of this evening, standing side by side in my mind, proved satisfactorily to me how utterly unworthy this man was of the hand and heart which he dared to covet. This union would be monstrous. And yet I soon felt that I could not, with the purpose of frustrating his designs, make use of the weapons which chance had just furnished to me. The best of ends cannot justify vile means, and there is nothing honorable in any kind of tale-bearing. This marriage will take place, then! Heaven will allow one of the noblest creatures it has ever formed, to fall into the arms of this cold libertine! It will permit this profanation! Alas! it permits so many others!

I then sought to discover by what process of false reasoning this young girl had chosen this man from among all. I think I hit upon it. M. de Bévallan is very rich: he will bring a fortune almost equal to that which he will receive; that seems a kind of guarantee: he could dispense with this increase of riches, and he is presumed to be more disinterested than others, because he is less needy. A melancholy argument! What a boundless disdain, to estimate characters by the degree of their venality! Three quarters of the time, greediness swells with wealth; and the poorest people are not the greatest beggars!

But was there no appearance that Mlle. Marguërite might be able to open her eyes of herself to the unworthiness of her choice, and to find, in some secret prompting of her own heart, the advice which it was forbidden me to suggest to her? Might there not suddenly spring up in that heart, some new, unexpected feeling, which should extinguish the vain determinations of reason, and annihilate them? Was not this very feeling already born there? And had I not received irrefragable proof of it? So many strange caprices, hesitations, combats, and tears, of which I had for some time been the occasion or the witness, undoubtedly announced a reason that was wavering and far from master of itself. I was no longer sufficiently fresh to life to be unaware that a scene, like that of which chance made me on that very evening the confidant and almost the accomplice — however unpremeditated it may be — does not burst forth in an atmosphere of indifference. Such emotions, and such convulsions, pre-suppose two souls already troubled by a kindred tempest, or about to be so.

But if it were true, if she loved me, as it was already too certain that I loved her, I might say of this love as she said of her beauty: 'Of what good is it?' For I could not hope that it would ever have strength enough to triumph over the eternal mistrust which is the

fault and the virtue of this noble girl : a mistrust, the insult of which my character, I venture to say, repels ; but which my situation, more than any other, is calculated to inspire. Between this terrible gloom and the reserve that it imposes on me, what miracle could fill up the abyss ? And even should this miracle be interposed, should she condescend to offer me that hand for which I would give my life, but which I will never ask, would our union be happy ? Shall I not have to fear, sooner or later, some dim revival of ill-repressed mistrust in that restless imagination ? Could I defend myself from all painful after-thought in the midst of borrowed riches ? Could I enjoy without uneasiness a love that was tainted by a benefit ? Our part of protection towards women is so formally imposed on us by every feeling of honor, that it can not be inverted for a single moment, even in all honesty, without some shade of doubt or suspicion being spread about us. In truth, riches are not so great an advantage that they can have nothing set against them in this world, and I suppose that a man who brings to his wife, in exchange, certain bags of gold, a name which he has made famous, eminent deserts, a high position, or a future, need not be overwhelmed with gratitude ; but as for me, my hands are empty, my future is no more than my present ; of all the advantages which the world appreciates, I have but one, my title ; and I should be very determined not to bear it, so that it might not be said it was the price of the bargain. In short, I should be receiving every thing and giving nothing : a king may marry a shepherdess ; it is generous and pleasing, and he may safely be congratulated on it : but a shepherd who should allow himself to be married to a queen, that would not look quite so well.

I have passed the whole night in revolving all these matters in my poor brain, and in seeking for a conclusion which is yet to seek. Perhaps I ought without delay to leave this house and this country. Wisdom would have it so. All this can come to no good end. What mortal vexation we should often spare ourselves by a single minute's courage and decision ! I ought at any rate be overwhelmed with sorrow ; I never had so fine an opportunity. Well, I can not do it ! In the depth of my confounded and tortured mind lies a thought which prevails over every thing, and fills me with superhuman gladness. My soul is as light as a bird of the air. I incessantly see, I always shall see, that little grave-yard, that distant sea, that boundless horizon, and on that radiant summit that angel of beauty, bathed in divine tears ! I still feel her hand beneath my lip ; I feel her tears in my eyes, in my heart ! I love her ! Well, to-morrow, if need be, I will make a resolution. Till then, for God's sake, let me be left in quiet. It is long since I have abused happiness. It may be that I shall die of this love ; I wish to live peacefully with it one whole day !

THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

HERE Mrs. Sutherland sighed and paused. A feverish spot burnt in either cheek, as she looked up. Olivia was all attention.

'Are you tired, Olivia?'

'No; very much interested — pray go on.'

'It is not a connected story, they are only detached fragments, showing different scenes — scenes which marked and made this young girl's life. I am no novelist,' she concluded, smiling faintly.

'You have the merit of pleasing your only public — myself. But I do n't like Harry Trevor.'

'Then,' said Mrs. Sutherland, growing perceptibly pale, 'it is my fault, for at that time he was worthy of love. I have not drawn him to the life, if he is not lovable with all his faults.'

'No. He was selfish,' Olivia said, shaking her head; 'selfish and violent.'

Mrs. Sutherland made no reply, and mechanically fluttered the leaves of the ms. with her eyes bent down.

'Do go on; what comes next?'

'I must fill up the hiatus first. Eight months have passed between this day and the next appearance of my hero and heroine; nearly a year. Their faults have not been much corrected. I suppose it was as the wise father said: 'They acted unhappily upon each other, and either would have been better with somebody else.' Helen went to the city as usual, and staid with her Aunt Leslie, her father's sister, during 'the season.' She needed her mother's care then more than ever, but no one suspected it. Her tacit engagement with Trevor was unannounced, and not quite believed by any body. The families were intimate and distantly connected by marriage, which accounted for any undue intimacy. Besides, Mr. Latimer, while he laid little restraint upon their private intercourse, made that permission depend upon public deference to his wishes. He evidently desired that Helen should receive untrammelled attentions, and thereby judge of her own constancy and the strength of her attachment. This might be called unfair to Trevor, but he was not bound in any way either, and true it was, that if Helen accepted the bouquets, bonbons, and devotions of half the youths in society, Trevor kept up a kind of partly sentimental, partly brotherly, partly laughing attention to two or three very pretty girls and one or two very gay matrons who waltzed *à ravir* and petted him *à l'outrance*.

‘In especial, there was a Mrs. St. Clair, witty, dazzling, wicked, kind-hearted in the main, but deadly fond of mischief. She guessed with true woman’s keenness the concealed betrothal, and as poor Helen undertook to resent the rivalry, instead of enlisting the good-will of this dangerous marauder, Mrs. St. Clair used to make the girl feel that no single woman, artless and ignorant, can be a match for a married one with every weapon bright from use and experience.

‘Flattered by Mrs. St. Clair’s notice, bewildered by her soft words and softer looks, Harry would listen and admire under the very eyes of Helen. Of course, he did not love Bertha St. Clair, and coxcomb as he sometimes was, he knew very well that she was only amusing herself, but it was delicious to be so amused. Then, Helen, with perversity, instead of showing him that she felt this, would flirt too. Next came mutual distress, a meeting, crimination, recrimination, tears, explanations, avowals, tender reproaches, reconciliation. Sometimes a break-up — eternal adieux, which lasted twelve hours — ah ! Olivia, you may guess it all.

‘I fancy follies like these began in the next generation to Adam and Eve. Mrs. St. Clair did not mean to harm any one, but she was piqued by Helen’s air of indignation and her avoidance of the brilliant belle.’

‘Is not Mrs. St. Clair your friend, Mrs. — ?’ inquired Olivia eagerly.

‘Hush !’ cried Sylvia, interrupting her ; ‘if you begin to guess my *characters*, I will not say any more. You are my ‘public’ as you have called yourself. If the author is not anonymous, the *dramatis personæ* are, and I must require that you deal with them as Southey said of reviewing the former class : ‘If I have guessed who they are, or know it, I have never mentioned them, taking it for granted they had sufficient reasons for avoiding publicity.’

‘I am silent. I utterly ignore Mrs. St. Clair.’

‘Bertha St. Clair was little known by any one, least of all by Helen Latimer, who thought of her and condemned her as a bold, bad woman, responded to her kind glances with haughtily cold ones, rejected her advances as insults, and turned the whole powers of her budding sarcasm to strike down the full-blown and polished wit of her *rival*, as she considered her. Mrs. St. Clair might have crushed the girl then with the ‘mailed hand’ of her power, as some warrior, tried in many a battle, could with one blow destroy the infant, whom time may make his equal ; but she did not. So soon as she saw that she was giving real pain to a real heart, and not merely disputing the possession of a vain young man’s attentions with a flirting and saucy young woman, she desisted. But it was too late then. I am going too fast. It was many months before Mrs. St. Clair realized this, still many more before

Helen Latimer recognized under the light, unthinking, sparkling, unblushing exterior, as true a feeling, as honest a heart, as warm a friend, as generous sentiments, as ever God gave to one of His creatures, and the world and circumstances helped to injure and tried to destroy.

'No; Helen, in her unfortunate ignorance, turned angrily and superciliously from the kind hand stretched out to her, because, forsooth, jealousy and envy in society love to blacken what they ought to admire and cherish. They whispered ugly things into Helen's pure ears, which neither truth nor propriety should have permitted, and her own personal enmity awakened by Harry's vanity, which had sought Mrs. St. Clair's shrine, she joined the vulgar hue and cry, and threw herself upon the sympathy of Claudia Leslie.

'Claudia Leslie! That name was music to Helen's ears; when Helen's thoughts of perfection in woman wished to embody themselves, Claudia was the result. Claudia, so kind, so good, so proper, so amusing, so clever, so unselfish. Handsome without vanity, accomplished without conceit, learned (to Helen's simple eyes) without pedantry. Who was like Claudia? 'There are many very good girls,' Helen would say to her mother; 'but then they are so stupid and dull; now Claudia is 'very good' and she is charming. People who perform their duties, are always boring one to death about their 'duties,' but, mamma, Claudia does every thing she ought to do, and makes no fuss. I envy her that power. I hate duties. Call any thing a 'duty,' and if it were a pleasure before, I begin to abhor it. By-the-by, I said that once to papa, and he called me a 'female Sir John Brute,' and you shook your head at him; what did he mean?' I believe Mrs. Latimer only shook her head again, and Nelly kept on; her conclusion was, 'O mamma! if I were only like Claudia!' I remember, that is, Helen told me, that Mrs. Latimer exclaimed, 'God forbid! With all your faults, Nelly, and you have plenty of them, my pet, I prefer you.' Helen saw only the implied rejection of Claudia's wonderful qualities, not an affectionate compliment to herself. 'Indeed, mamma,' she exclaimed hastily, coloring with a little temper, 'between papa, who dislikes Harry, and you, who *won't* appreciate Claudia, I think I have a hard life of it. My two *only* friends!'

'Thus you see, Olivia, matters stood ——'

'And *was* Claudia 'perfection?'

'Do n't turn to the last pages, and read the *dénouement* of the story, when you are at the first chapter,' Mrs. Sutherland said, smiling a little bitterly. 'Let me go on. Thus matters stood, when the balls and parties were over, and Helen returned to the country. There was a lull just then between Harry and herself— Mrs. St. Clair had snubbed Harry about that time, and was bringing up 'by hand,' a precocious boy of eighteen, who put on conquering airs, and settled his

cravat whenever her name was mentioned — sent her bouquets daily, as big as his own empty head, and received in return, permission to lounge in a stately way at her side, in her walks, or in her drawing-room, whenever she had nothing better to do. His foppishness entertained her, and she *only* paid the penalty of having a thousand scandalous stories circulated about her, with his name attached.

‘Harry told Helen that *he* had deserted Mrs. St. Clair, principally because she did not like the lady, and of course, foolish Helen believed it, and praised his good behavior, for now that he professed but scant admiration for the lively and lovely Bertha, protesting that he had ‘found her out,’ Helen began to unseal her eyes to the positive charms of Mrs. St. Clair, and to feel that it was really sweet of Harry, to give up so agreeable an acquaintance (whom he had only begun to study carefully and thus disillusion himself) for her sake.

‘The ‘lovers’ quarrels’ were few and at long intervals. Summer came, and as usual the Latimers moved to Curlew Island, the sea-shore residence, very near the city, which was their yearly home for four or five months. It is at this place that the next scene occurs which I have written.’ Mrs. Sutherland looked at her watch.

‘Quarter-past eleven o’clock! Is it not bed-time?’

‘My dear, if the gray dawn finds us sitting here, I must get the end of the story.’

‘Look out at the weather.’

‘Oh! I hear the rain still. You are not sleepy. I am not. If your voice is tired, let me give you a glass of *eau sucrée*.’ She fetched it from a table in the corner, stirring the contents as she walked.

‘Now drink it, Sylvia,’ and then she resolutely resumed her seat, her chin resting in the hollow of her dimpled left hand, her elbow supported on her knee.

Claudia Leslie and Helen Latimer sat busied with their sewing-work in a cool, dark, airy room, one bright summer morning. It was not for either just then, what Bulwer calls ‘woman’s pretty excuse for thinking’ — they gossipped as their nimble fingers executed ‘ever so much’ *broderie anglaise*. It must be admitted that Helen’s strip of cambric was less to be commended than her cousin’s. Like every thing which Claudia undertook, she perfected herself in it, the leaves and wheels of her pattern were exact, neat, and smooth, while Helen’s straggled, with an occasional skip, and very often an unlucky stroke of her scissors in a wrong spot.

Some such accident caused her to exclaim: ‘O Claudia! see how horrid. Can you do any thing with it?’ holding out the unlucky *chef-d’œuvre*.

Miss Leslie laid down her own work, and obliging as she always

was in these and similar little matters, she patiently began to rectify Nelly's blunder.

'Indeed,' Helen pursued, 'I think Mrs. Harcourt was right. The other day Miss Lawrence, 'Lazy Lawrence,' as Walter James calls her, showed a petticoat she is embroidering to Mrs. Harcourt—what she considered a marvel of a petticoat, and instead of a burst of admiration, the old lady said, peering through her spectacles: 'Dear me! how much you work like Nelly Latimer!' 'Is it as bad as Nelly's?' cried Lazy Lawrence, horrified, and then begged my pardon. Whose step is that?' interrupting herself.

She bounded to the door and received Harry Trevor.

'Oh! I am so very glad; are not you, Claudia? Mamma and papa have gone to town, Harry, for the day—they are going up to Oak-level. We are keeping house, and ordered such a nice dinner, didn't we? Cooter soup—with eggs—mark you, Sir, with eggs! and plenty of them, and—what else, Claudia? never mind, lots of things. So now sit down, Harry, and tell us what is going on in the city.'

'Won't you have some claret after your warm walk and the smoky steamboat?' put in Miss Leslie's well-modulated voice.

As Trevor accepted, and Nelly flew to order it, she added: 'Helen is so forgetful; it is not from a want of consideration, only thoughtlessness.'

'Every one cannot be so kind and so full of charming attentions as you, Miss Claudia. How long have you been here?'

'I came yesterday.'

'How do you find the island?'

'As usual,' with an expressive shrug. 'To please Helen, we are going to the hop at the Ocean House to-morrow night.'

'Ah! I did not know that there was any thing so gay on hand.'

'Did you not?'

'And Helen wishes very much to go?'

'Very much. She wrote to Rupert yesterday, asking him to come down and take us. It is very natural for her to like such things—at her age.'

'She is very little younger than you.'

'Four years; and I, you know, am so much graver and quieter.'

'She wrote to Rupert?'

'Yes. How amusing Walter James is! He spent last evening here. He and Helen sat out on the rocks of the break-water, and kept up such an incessant racket of laughter and fun, that I went after them. Helen looked so mischievous and lovely—I wish you could have seen her. She vowed that a stone-crab had bitten her foot, and would neither move from the seat she had chosen, nor abandon the stone-crab belief, so she was gathered into a little heap of white muslin,

pink skirts, terror, and blown-to-pieces ringlets, while Walter, flat on his face, was poking with a stick among the crevices of the rocks, looking like a giant in pursuit of prey.'

'Very dignified for both parties.'

'Who is dignified?' asked Helen, returning, followed by a servant and tray of luncheon. 'Now, my dear Harry, as Mr. Standard says, after a hearty dinner, you 'need nourishment.' You were very nice to come to-day, instead of waiting until to-morrow. I charged Rupert to let you have the 'word' I inclosed for you to him, as soon as he received it, but I scarcely hoped to see you before to-morrow evening.'

Trevor glanced at Claudia; she was peeling peaches diligently.

'I got no note.'

'Did you not? Think of that, Claudia! What is your unworthy brother about?'

'I did not know that you had written to Mr. Trevor.'

'Then you were asleep, for I told you so. However, it is all right, but I shall scold Rupert, for it might have been all wrong.'

The cloud on Harry's brow cleared away; he forgot, in the pleasure of finding his mistake, the possible intention of Miss Leslie, who soon withdrew, leaving the lovers to a private talk which was most delightful to both.

Trevor had brought an exquisite little bunch of *breloques* for his dearest Helen's chatelaine. She first scolded him for extravagance, and then admired the taste and beauty of these costly trifles.

'There's a pair of bellows: Cupid enamelled on the top, puffing away at an ill-made fire.'

'That is to signify that you are continually to blow up our mutual flame.'

'Thank you, Harry, you blow me up enough already; but no doubt I deserve it,' she meekly added, with a saucy gleam from her bright eyes. 'Here is a dear little key, set with rubies.'

'The key of my heart, fair enslaver. A telescope, ma'am, to watch me from a distance; a cup, in which to drink my health, and so on, and so on; put them away now, and look at me.'

'Ah! you skip the magnifying-glass, with which, I presume, I had best inspect your virtues.'

'You will not need it to find out my love, dear Nell,' and thus, wily enough in their talk, to prove that they were not 'making conversation' to dazzle each other, but happy in the interchange of confidence and affection, they passed the fast-moving hours. Neither, it may be observed, probed the depths of the other's heart. They loved like two birds — billing, cooing, squabbling — I fear it was but a senseless business. They little understood the ground on which they were treading; there was deep feeling, but they neither analyzed it nor

cultivated it. They took their lives and their engagement, as if the field of the one was a ball-room—the tenure of the other, the duration of a dance. They built their house upon the sand, and what wonder that the first storm levelled the walls? And yet the wreck was none the less complete and overwhelming to one dweller within them, because of the unstable foundation.

The dinner was gay, and ‘very nice,’ as Helen had promised. Who so witty and caustic as Claudia, with her serene eyes and calm demeanor? She said the cruellest and cleverest things so quietly, that while they lost none of their effect, they never sounded half so biting as Helen’s, who, thoroughly enjoying her own speeches—entering into the spirit which provoked them—gave the full force of eye, lip, and manner to the simplest of her remarks. This was the salient difference between the cousins. Helen said clever things from fun—from love of sport and laughter; she was as willing to laugh at you before your face as behind your back; in fact, she rather preferred it. Perfectly prepared to receive as well as give, she never lost her temper—so quick elsewhere—for a joke. She never meant to be unkind, never could understand where she had given offence, and kept her hard blows, as she thought, scrupulously for those who attacked her with malice prepense—with inimical feelings; her light skirmishes, she fancied, were made with weapons feather-tipped, and wrapped in the down of her own kindly nature. Now Claudia wasted no ammunition in the face of the world of her acquaintance; not that she cared three straws about three people, but it was bad policy. If she was sarcastic, her victim was confused between her words and the calm inexpression of her countenance; very often Claudia accused Helen of pointing a remark which would never have been comprehended, by letting the opponent see on Miss Latimer’s face her enjoyment of her cousin’s speech. If Claudia gave the rein to her wit, and revelled in the consciousness that she was brilliant, she generally chose her audience, and was secure of no dangerous repetition. But, after all, there was a run of ill-luck against poor Helen; the very winds seemed to be the messengers which conveyed laughing comments to ears that received them as molten lead, sinking deep, and searing every kindly sentiment toward the careless speaker; often again, where together the cousins had committed some slight imprudence or said some saucy thing, Miss Latimer would meet offended and averted faces, while she would cry out at the injustice of seeing Claudia received as usual, or, in fact, more cordially, as if to mark the intention. But never did she harbor resentment for this against her own dear Claudia. Claudia comforted her so nicely; and after all, if a rod had to be wielded, rather her broad shoulders than Claudia’s.

But it was pleasant to listen to these two when they were ‘in the

veni.' They gave the ball to each other, they tossed it from either side, with such grace and facility. It was so on this day, and Trevor, usually grave and reserved in society, indulged in a thousand quips and quirks where he felt himself at home.

'What shall we do this afternoon?' inquired Helen, as they rose from the dinner-table and sipped their coffee in the broad piazza, inclosed with Venetian blinds, through which the sea-breeze poured.

'You and Mr. Trevor had better walk,' said Claudia, 'mamma commissioned me to find out some quiet private lodgings, somewhere, for her old friend Miss Patty Baring, who wishes to try sea-bathing. If she goes into the surf with all that array of 'frisette' above her blessed old face, she will frighten the sharks effectually. I think she has added another row of curls and hair-pins — at least, I believe the curls are there, for I see the pins.'

'Will she bathe in *the* black silk? For a modest woman she wears the scantiest and fewest petticoats, and for a rich one the shabbiest. But must you go lodging-hunting instead of walking with us?'

'Oh, you will miss me terribly!' said Claudia, 'let us go and dress.'

Equipped in a fresh muslin gown, decked with flounces, bright with ribbons, no covering on her head but its sunny curls, looped back from 'the wooing of each Ægean wind,' a scarf thrown across her bare arms, forth stepped Helen Latimer, waving a kiss to her cousin, as Trevor, with lifted hat, wished her 'good-by' till their return.

The beach of Curlew Island! Did you ever visit this patriotic spot? Did you ever take a plunge in the surf which rolls up twenty yards from the very steps of the Ocean House? Did you ever try to shoot a curlew as it came circling over the ground? Did you ever go out at daylight after a spring tide, furnished with a stick, and knock over marsh-hens by the dozen as they hop disconsolately through the flooded fields which lately afforded them shelter? Did you ever fish all the day long from a 'breakwater,' with your legs dangling seaward, and get nothing but a crab or two and a very red face for all your pains and heat? Did you ever go out patrolling, 'properly armed and accoutred,' with — an umbrella, and if you were green at the business, find yourself at the end of a half-hour the only man protecting the public peace, the others having slipped round corners and gone home to their beds after answering to their names? Did you ever bowl along the beach with a 2.40 thorough-goer, (or even a pacing nag as gentle as the Prior's palfrey which he lent King Richard,) and see the sun set in a glory of dissolving clouds — purple, gold, pink, blue, orange, and gray — see it finally disappear, leaving a myriad of faintly shooting rays pointing upward like giant fingers, and then watch the 'crescent in the sky' as the sea ripples and dances in its holy light? and lift your hat to passing crowds of white-robed nereids,

making the sands merry with their unchecked laughter? or exchange smiles with barefooted children, gathering health, strength, and shells by this intimate acquaintance with mother earth?

Did you ever enjoy your 'tea' heartily after all this, and think shrimp salad and devilled crabs 'great inventions'?

Did you ever, as midnight broods over this island, saunter lonely and sad upon the firm, hard, glittering beach, listening to the mournful melody of the eternal waters, and watching the white crest of each foaming wave as it rises, curls, falls and breaks, sending a long line of silver light, right and left, ending in sparkling spray? Sometimes from the Ocean House murmurs the sound of a softly-cadenced waltz; the waves keep time — thoughts go struggling back to far distant days and persons; happy are you, if at such a moment, tears do not unbidden come, and memory spreading out her scroll of vanished hopes and dead delights, warn you to look above now, for earth is passing away. The sea of life, with its resistless tide, has fretted the sands beneath your feet, now advancing, now retreating, ever gaining upon you: give it up! Turn your back upon its deceitful glitter — do not heed its strange fascination; seek the higher ground; leave the mighty sea, it brings you no good. Alone! what! stretch out your weak arms to stem that tide? mount the safer and humbler hills which border these glorious waters; hide yourself among them — these waters are not for you; fold your arms, 'stand and wait!'

No such melancholy thoughts visited Helen and Trevor as their active feet carried them over the side-walk, partly reclaimed with shells from the surrounding waste of sand, and which constitutes the path through the growing village of Rutledge *super mare*. They were out soon upon the beach, with a south-west wind blowing, and one of those beautiful sunsets, to which I cannot pretend to do justice, filling the entire heavens with its daily diorama of unequalled color and light. If we had to pay for this sight, and saw it rarely, and found it expensive, how we would rave about the sun setting!

'Do you know, Nelly,' said Trevor, 'that I am not quite sure whether I like Claudia Leslie?'

'What!' exclaimed Helen, stopping short and facing her lover, 'not like Claudia? What do you mean? why don't you?'

'I don't think that she is true to you,' said Trevor bluntly.

'True to me! She is true as steel; her very nature is true; she can't help being true. Pray don't speak in this way. I think you do it to annoy me, Harry, and it is not kind of you. Claudia and I have been like sisters ever since I was a little thing. As I look back to all her past kindness, all she has done for me, all the generosity of thought and action to which I am accustomed from her, it seems wrong that I should listen to such a suggestion, even from you.'

Harry whistled.

'Has it ever been yet to her interest to treat you otherwise? could she gain any thing by neglect of you, or unkindness to you? That is the point.'

'I know how it is,' said Helen, eyes flashing, color rising, lips compressing, 'mamma has set you against Claudia.'

'I am not against her. I admire her, she is so polished and unruffled—when she chooses to be. Her feelings will never lead her astray, or make her show the temper that you have at this moment. I'll tell you what, Nelly, Claudia would not get into that heat about you—no, not if she saw you being flayed alive.'

'You do n't know her.'

'Did not I hear her tell you the other day—no, you mentioned it—that as your near relation she loved you, but she knew that if the same blood had not first thrown you together, you were the last person she would have sought?'

'That shows you how true she is; and I know I am not good enough for Claudia. She is my superior in every thing.'

'She is your inferior, dearest, in all those qualities which make a woman lovable.'

'Thank you, dear Harry,' and a grateful pressure of his arm, with a melting, modest glance, was Helen's answer; 'but,' she went on, 'do n't praise me at her expense.'

'Did you not perceive how she reddened when you heedlessly, as usual, sweetheart, burst out with her pretty confidence? She was very much annoyed. I could not help thinking of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' where Mrs. Bullock, the magnificent, says of Miss Jane Osborne: 'Jane is peculiar, but of course I love her as my sister.' To which the great humorist adds: 'What does it mean when a lady says she loves Jane as a sister?'' And Trevor smiled provokingly.

'Even you must not speak so to me about my cousin, Harry,' Helen pursued, 'I can't permit it.'

'I have the right to speak as I please.'

'I do n't admit it.'

Then ensued a silence, broken presently by Helen.

'Do n't let us quarrel, dear.'

'I am not quarrelling. I told you a simple truth, which I have long noticed, and you choose to consider me rude, and to speak as no affianced wife of mine shall speak to me.'

'I am sorry,' began Helen.

'It is not enough to say: I am sorry; you must not begin by doing so.'

Helen was silent again.

'Now you are sulky.'

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'Indeed I am not, Harry. But I do n't know what to do. You say things *I* do n't like, then I say things *you* do n't like; but all the penitence must come from me: excuses, which you reject, and advances, which you receive as your just due. I am tired of all this. You are so cross.'

'Oh! of course I am!'

They walked uncomfortably along, both dissatisfied with themselves and with each other.

A step came rapidly behind them.

'Good evening, Miss Nelly. Well, Trevor.'

'Ah! Mr. James!' cried Nelly joyously.

'How d' ye do,' said Trevor, with a slight frown.

'When did you get down, Harry? To-day? Nice weather we have; great times at the hotel; splendid hop in preparation for to-morrow, Miss Nelly! Mother Scarborough has come down for it, Poppy S — left in town. Maria is radiant; looks more like 'a statue' than ever.'

'Has Maria come? I am really glad. How is she?'

'Very well. She was striking one of her statuesque attitudes this morning by maternal orders, and her doting parent asked old Frothingham if her Maria did not remind him of 'some exquisite specimen of antique sculpture?' *question de rigueur*. 'Too much drapery, madam, for marble, and too little for flesh and blood.'

Helen laughed, and said, 'For shame!'

'D — d insolent and indecent,' muttered Trevor.

'I agree with you, Hal,' said Walter, 'very insolent of the ancient Scarborough, and very indecent of the young one.'

'That was not what I meant,' replied Harry coldly. 'I allude to Mr. Frothingham's speech. Women can stand any thing and laugh at any thing in these days;' with a meaning, half-contemptuous look toward Helen.

'What ought she to have done? called him out? By the way, Miss Nelly, I have a yacht!'

'How did you come by it? cash, credit, or inheritance?'

'None of the three; Tom Dallas has gone to Newport, and left me his boat.'

'Oh! that darling 'Sea-bird?'' cried Helen, clapping her hands.

'Precisely!'

'And you mean to take us out sailing, ever so often?'

'Your slave hears but to obey.'

'When? this week? My cousin, Miss Leslie, is with me this week.'

'Not this week, I fear. The 'Sea-bird' is not quite ready to receive ladies on its snowy pinions; it has been freshly painted; we must wait awhile. Isn't that Ben Burgess? Hallo, Ben! this way.

Here is your 'Encyclopedia of Useless Knowledge,' Miss Nell; you remember saying that, do n't you ?'

'I think I was the inventor of that very original cognomen; Claudia added that truth more nearly proclaimed him the Cyclops of one I—dea. Hush! here he is.'

'One fool is bad enough, two are unendurable,' Trevor muttered, under his breath.

A perfect storm of words now ensued between the new-comer — a shambling, conceited-looking youth — Walter James, and Helen.

The programme of the next evening was discussed, and it must be confessed that Miss Latimer enjoyed the gay rattling, in which she heartily joined, more than she had done the latter part of her *tête-à-tête* walk, although her companion was the chosen of her heart — the love of her life.

But noticing the grim silence which he preserved, she began to get uneasy; gradually dropped off speaking, or else addressed herself pointedly to the dumb gentleman on her right.

Ten minutes of this, and the two interlopers perceived that they were *de trop*. Ben Burgess never, unaided, would have done so; for Nature had gifted him with an absolute belief in his own charms, and an impossibility of discovering that his 'room was even better than his company.' He was one of those happily-constituted beings who accept all attentions as necessary homage to his position, (which was nothing,) and to his agreeability, (which was less than doubtful,) and if he met with rebuffs, he attributed them always to ignorance or mistake.

He did very well when he 'doubled' some one else, but was infinitely tiresome *en tête-à-tête*; and as luck favored him, without having even a dim consciousness of his prudence he generally went about towed to some more conspicuous craft, in whose wake he disported himself.

Walter James suddenly remembered that he had promised to meet some one at seven o'clock: 'must go; walk down with me, Ben? Good-by, Miss Nelly! Remember my dances. Who was with you last evening, Trevor, if I am not indiscreet? I only saw her back, it looked like Mrs. St. Clair. Happy fellow!'

'It was Mrs. St. Clair,' answered Trevor impatiently. 'She took tea with my sister, and I walked home with her.'

'Well, good-by!' And Walter James turned down the beach. They heard him laugh as he said something to Mr. Burgess. No one positively knew of Helen's engagement, but many suspected it; and evidently Walter, who noticed her sudden annoyed surprise, enjoyed bestowing a Parthian dart upon the sulky attendant of Helen this afternoon — the cavalier of Mrs. St. Clair the night previous.

'You never mentioned Mrs. St. Clair,' said Helen, after a pause.

'Did n't I? I suppose because I never thought of her.'

'I am not sure it is for that reason. Have you seen her often lately?'

'Once or twice.'

'Indeed!'

'Jealous, Helen?'

'Of course not. There is no cause for jealousy in your devotions to a very gay and very ——'

'Very what?'

'I am happy to say I neither know the lady nor her qualities; if I began to enumerate them, my ignorance might fall short of her possessions.'

Trevor took her hand — she drew it away.

'Is there no confidence between us, Helen? Do you doubt me?'

'Yes.'

'Seriously?'

'Yes.'

No, you do n't! You are angry now, and you say what you do n't think.'

'I'll tell you what I do think,' said Helen vehemently. 'You arrogate to yourself unlimited power to go, to come, to whisper, to smile, to flirt where and when you please, while you expect me to live like a nun except with you. You resent every trifle, and look for unbounded patience and sweetness from me.'

'Nelly!'

'Papa is right — you do n't care for me.'

'Nelly!' — he would have her hand — they were far up the beach, having walked a greater distance than they intended. 'Listen to me, dearest. This is foolish; make friends with me. I do n't care a sixpence for Mrs. St. Clair. The woman runs after me just because she has nothing else to do at present. She is very lively and amusing and coquettish; good-natured too, in her way, and has capital suppers. She speaks very kindly of you, and likes you.'

'Much obliged to her; I would rather she should not. I wish no such friends.'

'Well, let me go on. It is very dull for me in town. Thanks to your father, who is as obstinate as three mu —, — I beg your pardon — I see you at immense intervals. What am I to do? If I had a dear little wife and a dear little home, would I ever wish to leave them? Never! But it is cursed stupid for me at our house. My sister Mary has a lot of old women who come and talk to her about 'societies' and scandal — they are all as ugly as sin, and can't even make their abuse of their neighbors amusing. When I have read the newspapers, and

smoked two cigars, what becomes of me? I feel like cutting my throat.'

'Why do n't you read something else?'

'Reading is not in my line.'

'It ought to be.'

'No, darling! you shall do all my reading. I do n't know ten books that are worth ten cents.'

'Do n't be stupid! Read law.'

'Bother the law! I shall never be a lawyer. I am going to plant.'

'Not I! I never engaged myself to a planter. Nip that fancy in its greenest bud, Harry, for I vow you shall never have me vibrating between rice-fields and pine-lands. But you are going off from the subject; if you find the house dull, why does that drive you to Mrs. St. Clair's, or drive Mrs. St. Clair into Mrs. Percival's? Why do n't you associate with men?'

'Very well, Nelly,' said Trevor, with a resigned air, 'the club is a fascinating place — cards grow upon one, brandy-and-water is the proper drink of man, and billiards the chief end of his existence.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Helen, terrified, 'does associating with men involve living at the club? Do n't torment me, Harry.'

'I am not tormenting you, my angel, you are tormenting yourself. You are filling your pretty little head with a thousand fancies. Pity me; be sorry for me; think how I long for these weary four years to pass.'

'Only three and a half, said Nelly, with such comical earnestness and contradiction, that Trevor, smiling, caught her in his arms, saying: 'I must kiss you for that, little vixen!'

At that very instant, unheard upon the smooth sand, unheeded during the warmth of their discussion, an open carriage swept past them. On the back-seat they distinguished Mrs. Scarborough, a withering frown upon her ample brow, her daughter beside her, and opposite, Ben Burgess — the ubiquitous Ben Burgess.

'O Harry!' cried Helen — crimson, trembling, wretched — 'what will they think?'

'Who the d — I cares what they think? My Lady Scarborough was swelling like a turkey-cock, her red cap ribbon no inapt representation of that domestic bird's comb. I'll speak to her about it.'

'But papa; papa will never forgive you if you announce our engagement.'

'Nothing else to be done,' said Trevor doggedly.

'Could n't you say — could n't you say — she did n't see straight?'

'Dear Helen,' solemnly, 'beware of ridiculing personal deformities. Every one knows that Mrs. Scarborough squints fearfully — but she sees clearly,' he added, with a lamentable shake of the head.

'I must speak to papa and consult him,' said Helen, blushing deeper at the notion of doing so.

'Nonsense! I am rather glad of it.'

'I see you are, and that decides me. Do n't talk about it any more, please, Harry, and let us get home. It is so late, too.' She clung to his arm and urged him to his utmost speed, dragging him along as he protested and hung back.

But the homeward flight was pleasanter than the previous walk. Harry was funny and good-humored just then, if he was obstinate, and he made so light of Mrs. Scarborough's tremendous vision, that finally Helen laughed too, and they reached the house in a gale of spirits, to find Mrs. Latimer returned from the city and wondering what kept them, and Mr. Latimer decidedly put out. But who could be cross with Helen when she was bright and blithe as the merriest little maiden? She would not think any more of that unlucky kiss.

STORY OF A DEW-DROP.

In a hare-bell cup, at the break of day,
Sparkling and bright a dew-drop lay :

When ruddy morn the east o'erspread,
The dew-drop caught the rays it shed,

And blending with them the flowerets blue,
It rivaled the gem with its delicate hue.

But the sun, when he rose, was wroth to see
A dew-drop could shine more brightly than he :

So he sent down a beam to the hare-bell cup,
And drank the drop, in its beauty, up.

And such is the law in Nature's plan ;
Subject to it is the fate of Man :

Life is the dew in the hare-bell cup,
And Death the beam that shall drink it up.

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON; OTHERWISE CALLED
BOSVILLE.

AND so called, I suppose, *quasi* 'Boswell,' because every citizen thereof is his own Boswell,* and so, eminently and emphatically his own 'Autocrat,' seeing autopsically into his own abdomen, and into the interior of his fellow-creatures by no means autoschediastically. † There are those who derive the word from 'bos,' signifying a master, because every inhabitant of the city is a Master of Arts, except the women and children, and has received a neat sheepskin from the neighboring University of Oxbridge: which is connected with Bosville by the *Pons Asinorum*, a horse-railroad, (so called in Bosville,) and a stage and two — so that the literary facilities of the city are very complete. ‡ The name of 'Little Peddlington' is never used by the natives, as any thing *little* is supposed to be necessarily *low*; whereas Bosville is not only a city set upon a hill, but upon three hills; this being, however, four less than Rome could boast, and the only endowment in which Bosville is inferior to the Eternal — city, we mean, of course.

As an urbane settlement, Bosville is uncommonly rustic, which fact is by some authorities attributed to the use of beans and brown-bread by the inhabitants. § This diet, however, is varied by the avidity with

* *Vid. op. Doct. DULC. DOM. in Atlant. Apothee. Menst. Lit. Art. et Reb. Devot. Num. i — xii. et q. s. (D.V.) in sec. seculo. appel. 'Jentac. Tyrannus.' Angl. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.' Bos. i. e. Taurus castratus. Vid. 'Tris. Shand.' tit. 'Obadiah's Bull,' pro gravitate insign. sed. impot. Sic Ov. Met. i. 76:*

*'Sanctius hic animal, mentisque copactus altis
Deerat adhuc.'*

Ovid animal. vulg. dict. Bosvillian hic signif.

*'A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet: Bosvillians were designed.'* — DAYDEN.

† This word will appear in *The New Bosville Dictionary*. This will contain 1,328,576 new words, not found in any other dictionary. An application to SHAW, C. J., for an injunction against the book upon grounds of public policy and in accordance with his recent rulings in regard to nuisances, was fruitless; but the learned Justice expressed great regret at his limited powers, and a trust that the volume might be kept from the young gentlemen of the bar.

‡ Among these may be mentioned the remains of the Alexandrian Library, and the private collections of several eminent dealers in codfish, who have signified their intention of bestowing upon the city their account-books — both those kept by double and those kept by single-entry — whenever buildings — fire-proof, and not less than two stories in height — have been provided for their reception.

§ Those who are curious in dietary philosophy will notice that the inhabitants (while they abstain to a certain extent from flesh, in accordance with the teachings of PYTHAGORAS, who was born at Samos, but — such is the salubrity of the atmosphere — is still living in Bosville at a very advanced age) disregard altogether the precepts of the philosopher concerning beans. These were introduced A.U.C. 200, by the erudite SYLVESTER GRAHAM, who, while he adhered to the Grecian in respect of pork, rejected his anti-leguminous

which the inhabitants devour the codfish, (*Oniscus Salitus*), which is caught in great numbers by the hardy seamen of the *Lacus Rana*, a great inland sea, stretching for more than a quarter of a mile through the *Ager Compascuus*. This territory extends from the *Templum Vivarii Vici* on the north, to the uncultivated regions of the Public Garden.* The rustic character of the inhabitants has led to the constant performance, by day and by night, of the Pastoral Symphony of L. V. Beethoven, whenever the necessary number of fiddlers can be obtained. Walking through the quiet and secluded streets of Bosville, we may imagine an enraptured citizen of that hamlet exclaiming, in the language of Erasmus: '*Cum omnia nunc vident, et rideant in agris, demiror esse qui fumosis urbibus delectentur.*' Who would not, like Cowley, seek such a retreat, 'where no more business nor cares of life could come near him,' and where he might still associate with the wisest, most learned, most virtuous, most polished, most sweet-souled, most civilized of men? †

For it must be understood, that if there are found the joys of rustic life, there too are to be observed the triumphs of art; ‡ the fascinations

theory. Beans, which are invariably eaten upon Sunday, have imparted, it is supposed, a peculiar ventosity to the theological literature of Bosville.

* The beauties of this delightful region, which no writer can describe, or will attempt to describe, unless he was born upon its margin, have led many Bosville commentators to infer that it was originally the Garden of Eden, and that the venerable tree in the centre is the original Tree of Knowledge; which would account for the great learning of Bosville at the present day. But there are reasons for cautiously receiving this theory. It is stated that the 'river went out of Eden to water the garden.' (Gen. 2: 10.) Now the Pond does not, at least at the present time, go out of the Common to water the Public Garden, which does not need watering, because there is nothing growing in it. So the river in Eden 'had four heads,' which would be a large allowance for even a Bosville stream, however sage. On the whole, we must reject these speculations as hopeless, however flattering to Bosville pride.

† I must, however, in justice to populous cities, quote Dr. SPRATT's comment upon COWLEY's resolution of retirement. 'I cannot,' says the Doctor, 'applaud it in him. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation and were willing to follow him into the wilderness.'—*Life of Cowley*.

‡ The passion for statuary which was exhibited by Lord TIMOTHY DEXTER, is also found to exist in Bosville. The brass image of FRANKLIN in Court-street is already erect. Between two and three hundred others, including those of about one-tenth of the distinguished men who have died in Bosville during the half-year last past, are projected, each of which will 'enchant the world,' and will certainly enchant the artists who receive orders therefor, and the orators who will emit all they know—and something more—at the christenings. Care will be taken to have these images indelibly inscribed, in order that future antiquarians may not be uselessly perplexed. In painting, we need but refer to the Asineum Collection, in which will be found the master-pieces of the following artists:

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. MICHAEL ANGELO, | 8. RAPHAEL, | 15. LEONARDO DA VINCI, |
| 2. AND. DEL SARTO, | 9. CARAVAGGIO, | 16. REMBRANDT, |
| 3. CORREGGIO, | 10. TITIAN, | 17. VANDYKE, |
| 4. POUSSIN, | 11. SALVATOR ROSA, | 18. MURILLO, |
| 5. CUYP, | 12. ADRIAN BRAUWER, | 19. A. KLAUFMAN, |
| 6. REYNOLDS, | 13. MARTIN, | 20. TURNER, |
| 7. LANDSEER, | 14. WILSON, | 21. GARDENHOUSE, |

of the drama;* the pleasures of society;† the myriad graces and weighty

together with the chief productions of J. TOMPKINS SMITH, of Bosville, for whom the ladies held a fancy fair, and who will draw in Italy—for the proceeds thereof. It is in contemplation to add to this Gallery the collection of the Pope whenever the money can be obtained.

* Among these must be reckoned the pleasure with which the lion-hearted manager of the Bosville Theatre finds himself once in a year, if not oftener, with his pocket emptied by his devotion to *Thalia* and her sad sister, and the other goddess — whatever may be her name — who presides over the original plays produced by him, and translated from the French to the English of New-York, and thence into the Bosville dialect. Here, for the first time since it was played in London under the eye of the author, was produced the beautiful drama by W. SHAKESPEARE, Esq., called *The Tempest*. The following pecuniary statistics illustrating this noble reproduction, have been purchased by the present commentator, of the Treasurer of the Theatre :

COST OF REPRODUCTION OF 'THE TEMPEST.'

Dr.		
By new hide for Caliban,		
Three pots of green paint for scenery,		\$5 00
Shortening Ariel's tunics by request of the Press,		1 50
Elongating " " " " Clergy,		1 50
Bottle with real rum for Stephano,		1 00
Extra thunder and thunderer,		1 00
" blue fire,		50
" fire for Orchestra,		1 00
Man to play it,		2 50
		\$14 00
Cr.		
By receipts for twelve nights,		12 00
Profits,		\$2 00

Out of this the manager ran in debt for rent, gas, advertising, and extra beer for the company, to the amount of \$1250, leaving a net profit which it is impossible to compute.

‘It was at a very early period in its history that TIBULLUS asked, in speaking of Bosville, *‘Dulcius urbe quid est?’* referring, in using *‘urbe,’* less to the magnitude of the town than to the extreme polish of the inhabitants. DR. PECK, P.D. HARV., will have it that the passage should read *‘Dulcius Herba* (that is, Col. G—, of the *Bosville Pillar*) *quid est?’* I think, however, that the reference is plainly to the city itself; and this is rendered more probable by another passage of the same poet, namely, *‘In solis eis tibi turba locis,’* in which there is an unmistakable allusion to Bosville. So MONTAIGNE, who was certainly speaking of Bosville, says: ‘Let us not, then, fear in this solitude to languish in an uncomfortable vacancy of thought.’ If the fear was needless in the time of MONTAIGNE, it is surely so now, thought being the principal commodity of Bosville—the production too large for domestic consumption and the exportation considerable and constant. This alone can explain the proclivity of clever men to leave the hamlet for less favored parts of the country. There is, in fact, a glut of genius. Prudence is, in Bosville, a prominent characteristic of the general mind. Hence a distinguished traveller has remarked: ‘When a Bosvillian gets into the predicament of asking himself what he shall say, he says nothing.’ This banishes empty garrulity. Hence, too, the exhilarating and eminent gravity so often accorded to them by themselves, and the exhibition of which is especially to be noticed upon festive occasions. Hence, too, the expression ‘awful mirth,’ applied to their feasts by Dr. I. WATTS—nothing seeming to provoke them into an approximation to joviality except the obsequies of their great ones, who are the most considerable of mankind while living, and instantly ‘hoary seers of ages past’ when dead; this complimentary allusion having been made to them by the author of *Thanatopsis*.’

profit of good conversation* the finest, most flourishing, most virtuous, enterprising, witty, sarcastic, and best-printed newspapers;† the bravest and most chivalrous militia.‡

* This is of a solid, serious class, exhibiting, to use the language of CUMBERLAND in his Apology for his 'Henry,' 'virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements.' The rule of Mr. ADAM SMITH, 'never to talk of what he understood,' is here commonly adopted and easily adhered to. The literary conversation is generally of PLATO, PLUTARCH, LEIBNITZ, DESCARTES, LOCKE, KANT, COUSIN, Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, and other great but as yet unknown philosophers. It is always finely funereal. Nothing is more common in Bosville, than to hear a young woman, hardly arrived at a marriageable age, or an elder sister, who may long ago have passed it, both having fed freely upon ancient files of '*The Dial*,' prattling prettily enough of 'objectivity,' 'subjectivity,' 'pure reason,' and the like. Some years ago, talking matches or passages-at-palaver were quite common, but have now been superseded by chess-dinners and base-ball clubs. At the first-mentioned, it is not necessary to know any thing of the game, all that is required being proficiency in eating as if you never ate before, of drinking as if you never expected to drink again, and of talking as if you could give MORPHY the odds of all your pawns and three of your knights, and then foolsmate him.

† No newspapers equal to those published in Bosville have been compiled since the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans. They are remarkable for minuteness, accuracy, invective, and wood-cuts. Nothing, however insignificant, escapes their notice, and as a rule, the more insignificant the event the larger notice it receives, it being not uncommon to find a space not inconsiderable devoted to the fact that Mrs. JONES's cat has kittened, and that Mrs. SMITH's favorite poodle is missing. The modesty of the editors of these sheets has been alluded to by 'Squire Tupper, A.M., Christ Church, Oxon., who says:

— 'Use meekness with discretion, casting not pearls before swine.'

There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Thus we find that one of these journals announces itself as 'a first-class paper,' upon which *The Daily Dwarf* retorts in the sarcastic language of the poet:

'SELF-praise
Goes but little ways.'

This does not by any means floor the respectable paper alluded to, for it immediately pays itself the following neat compliments:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. We are 'larger-sized.' | 5. We are fresh and accurate. |
| 2. We are conducted with care. | 6. We are copious. |
| 3. Our type is new. | 7. We write ourselves. |
| 4. Our standard is high. | 8. We are perfect. |

Upon this *The Daily Dwarf* retorts:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. We are low, (for cash.) | 5. We are alive. |
| 2. Our press cost money. | 6. We have faithful carriers. |
| 3. D — the expense! | 7. We are printed night and morning. |
| 4. We have the largest circulation. | 8. We are printed daily and weekly. |

‡ Many legitimate descendants of Captain JOHN GILPIN, born train-band warriors, exist here. The most perilous marches are frequently executed through desert regions in the very heart of the city, and an army of twenty has been known to achieve the distance from 'N. eend to S. eend' without the loss by sun-stroke or desertion of more than eight officers and ten men. In times of peace, the army is usually engaged in presenting goblets to the officers, and the inhabitants in listening to the literary exercises of the occasion. When Captain DRAWCANSIE, of the Heavy Artillery, (1 gun and 1 ammunition-wagon,) received his mug, young LANCHEM (M.D. HARV.) recited the following original lines:

'WHEN Phœbus car shall shine from far
To make or mar the glorious Fates
Which guide and guard the United States,
Then from the jug fill up this tin
With many a 'phi'd' of ——— Cash, doc.

It must have been made evident to the least intelligent reader of this article, which was originally prepared for *The New American Encyclopedia*, and declined by the learned supervisors of that work, for reasons which were satisfactory to themselves, if not to the author, although he has made no complaint in the newspapers, and is still, unlike some other aspirants for a niche in a wonderful edifice, upon speaking terms with the erudite editors — I say it must have been made evident, that the people of Bosville doat upon mind. The whole secret of their felicity is condensed in the maxim: 'Be wise, and if you cannot be wise, be as wise as you can.' Thus we find Irenæus Krantzovius in his 'Thoughts on Happiness' observes, 'Happiness is the state of a being in Bosville,' that is, of one whose intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature has been cultivated to the highest degree. Of the intellectual nature of Bosville, mention has been made already. It is, as we have seen,

subtle,
intuitive,
erudite,
normal,
unambiguous,
cabalistical,
hydrological,
megapolitan,
ornamental,

perspicacious,
sagacious,
cognoscitive,
primogenial,
translucent,
sinewy,
cathartic,
metropolitan,
medicamental,

craniological,
astute,
many-sided,
predominant,
logical,
tralucent,
chaste,
cosmopolitan,
argumental.

SLAWKENBERGIUS, who has a nice nose at a *hi. val. deflen.* suggests 'Wol. Ar. Sc. Senps,' but this would be fatal alike to rhyme and rhythm — 'φιδ' is Oxbridgean for 'go.' It is very common for the Bosvillian bards to introduce several languages, dead, half-dead, and living, in the same poem. Thus Dr. PECK (P.D. Harr.) in his 'Ode to WASHINGTON,' has the following:

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus!

Though I should wish *λεγειν Αρπειδας*,

Even they, with GEORGIUS shining,

Both would have the ears of MIDAS.

You are facile dux, my honey!

Pater pat., as your statue shows —

POWERS will make one and take the money,

But where we shall put it, *Θεος* knows!

Solvitur hiems! then comes July!

Then, mavourneen! we think of thee!

Orator fit — he has fits that truly

Stir the *πολυφλοισβοιο* sea.

O presidium! O GEORGE WASHINGTON!

Name that GEORGIUS *βασιλευς* mocked at!

How you remind us of ARISTOGITON,

Knocking HIPPARCHUS into a cocked hat!

When you crossed the Delaware flumen,

Standing to LEUTZE for your blessed plecter,

ALECTO's self would have been a gone numen,

If with that long, long leg you'd kicked her.

Παις of Liberty! GEORGE beatus!

Watch from the otium of the blest,

And should IGITS and MORS await us,

Look out for Bosville and d — the rest!

Of its moral perfectibility, Bosville continually reminds us. Not one of the more delicate lapses from virtue can be discovered within its borders without receiving from the newspapers solid columns, and we may say, whole regiments of rebuke. The 'where, how, and when' are punctiliously published, to the unspeakable edification of youth upon the watch for opportunities of exhibiting similar prowess, and who do, not unnaturally, when the way is demonstrated, incontinently abscond in the same direction.

The present commentator, being a great lover of courtesy, good-feeling, and gratitude, has, at much pains and an expense not inconsiderable, made the researches required by this memoir. For the people of Bosville are so modest, so little conscious of their own perfections, and so ready to accord their valuable approbation to others, that is really quite a pleasure to do for them that which has here been done. But, better than any thing this poor pen can indite, are the following testimonials from various writers, which we have culled with an affectionate hand, and with which we conclude these fascinating researches :

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HERE the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet :
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat.

HERODOTUS.

It is so magnificent a city that none can be compared with it. HEROD. I. 178.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Oh ! when shall Gotham, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Bosville and of fame ?
When see — how distant is the time, alas !
Her great ones shining in historic brass ?

SAMNAZARIUS.

— QVIS BOSVILLE miracula proferat urbis
Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis habet ?

OLD PROVERB.

Vidi Bosville, e poi mori !

GOLDSMITH.

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HERE alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky.

hard shock of the mule; the physical sensations produced were similar, I should imagine, to being ridden upon a rail. I could not account for it, and soon called for a halt and an explanation. The latter was not eminently satisfactory. One, I am not sure but both, of his legs on one side were much shorter than upon the other. This, although an advantage upon the side of a hill, by permitting him easily to keep his centre of gravity, was a serious objection upon the level ground. I found at a walk or slow amble, the usual rate of asinine progression, he could not keep up with his companions. Each moment the gap between him and the one in front widened. In vain the man behind, with blows and frightful yells, endeavored to urge him on: he was as imperturbable a stoic as ever philosophized. Attempts made to pass met with no better success; no inducements could get the beasts out of their accustomed line. Despairing of ever reaching the journey's end, I resolved at last to torture from him a confession of his wrong, which was done by implanting about half an inch of Rogers and Sons' cutlery in his left flank. If he had been lifted by some mighty power, and dropped twenty feet in advance of his original position, he could not have gone quicker over the same space; but alas! for his prowess, one of the two legs which first touched the ground was the diminutive member; so losing his equilibrium, he pitched forward, landing me on a bank by the road-side, while he disappeared in an adjoining ditch. Fired with this glorious example, all the other mules were seized with a wonderful vigor, and raising a tremendous cloud of dust, the gallant band swept by, leaving me to shift for myself.

It would be a painful task to describe the adventures of that day, the mishaps by flood and field, for the distinction between wet and dry seemed never to enter his brain; how he nearly pushed a heavily-loaded mule off a precipice by tumbling against him; how a whole coffee train was blockaded by his getting cross-ways in a narrow pass, with his longest legs up the hill, instead of down, so that he could not turn. Let it suffice, for the sake of the narrative, that I reached the goal not far in the rear of my companions. Here let me mention a curious fact. A large proportion of the inhabitants of this mountain city are Swiss, and here in another clime are to be seen all the peculiarities of their own land, from the unpainted *chalets* to those dogs of the Pyrenees, commonly christened St. Bernard dogs.

Our landlord informed us after dinner, that the Emperor was not in the city, but had gone to Rio, to await a vessel of war daily expected with some female member of the royal family of Portugal, but would return on her arrival.

A single day only was needed to exhaust the sights of the town, and on the next afternoon we were ready to return. With what dread I

looked forward to that descent. I had worked my way up through all sorts of dangers, but with my spirits buoyed with the excitement of anticipation and the magnificence of the scenery; now they were to recur when my sole thoughts were to be given to looking down upon them. I doubted the capabilities of my mule; heretofore the tumbles had been up-hill, and of no great distance, now, under the force of gravity, they were to be in an opposite direction; and where he might conclude to tumble to was more than with all my misgivings I dared imagine.

As I dolorously straddled my tripod, and commenced my dot-and-carry-one march homeward, I decided upon what seemed the safest plan under the circumstances. It consisted in simply letting the mule do as he pleased, as I knew, from a diligent perusal, when a boy, of several treatises on 'Habits of Animals,' that ultimately he would return to his own stable. I determined not to urge him in the slightest degree, but to allow him to enjoy all his own vagaries, even if a week was consumed in the trial, and at every place that seemed more than ordinarily dangerous to get off and walk. With a settled consciousness that nothing untoward could happen to me, my companions rapidly turned the corner out of my sight, and left me, as on my way up, to my own resources.

The first mile was accomplished slowly, but without accident. I became encouraged, but this monotonous routine did not suit my mule; some display was necessary to show the freshness of his powers and the fertility of his imagination, and it soon came. As we passed a blacksmith's-shop, its large doors, one at each end, invitingly open, in he bolted, with a loud bray of welcome, as much as to say, 'God save all in this house.' Seeing my inability to get away, the blacksmith came to the rescue, and applied the heated iron in his hand to the animal's hide. There was a singe and a roar, and away he went, but it was only to the other door. A second application of the actual cautery had the effect of returning him to the first door. How long this game of battledore and shuttlecock might have continued, it is hard to say, had not a brilliant stratagem been adopted. A man stationed himself in each door-way, when the mule, finding himself met at all points, vacated the position.

With one parting singe, he took the narrow path-way leading to the crest of the mountain, on the other side of which commenced the descent I so much feared. This path, cut between high precipitous rocks, was so narrow that the mules going and coming could with difficulty pass each other. Jogging along it, so busily thinking of other matters that I had forgotten all my troubles, I had nearly reached the top, when happening to look up to the summit of the path, a short distance in front, my eye was attracted by a sudden glint of light. In an instant a

gorgeously-dressed lancer made his appearance on the spot, and as the perception of the fact that the Emperor was coming, on his return from Rio, became plain to my startling faculties, another and another followed, until soon a long train of armed men came in sight, bearing directly down upon me. I became nervous and confused, and in my agitation, completely forgetting the instructions of the guide, jerked the reins of my mule, in order to hurry his steps and get him as far as possible to the side of the path. But with his own peculiar obstinacy, or rather for once obeying the rules of his education, instead of quickening his movements, he stood still. I had turned the steam off my machine, and had no wood to get it again in motion. Thinking it perfectly superfluous, under the course of tactics I had adopted, I had loaned my single spur to one of my companions, and for the same reason was unprovided with a cudgel. In vain I kicked and shouted, pounded him with my fists, and beat a tattoo on his ribs with my heels: with his legs planted straight out in front of him, as immovable as the Column Vendome, his head down and ears laid back, the wretched beast stood stock-still. My head began to swim and my sight to leave me; all around seemed a blank; my whole consciousness and will were concentrated in trying to make the animal move, while nearer and nearer came that shining line. Soon a hoarse noise called to me in Portuguese; but I did not reply to it, and can scarcely say that I even more than heard it: royalty, the world, were nothing to me then, compared with the obstinacy of that mule. I remember a hubbub of laughs and oaths, but all of that time is as a confused dream in my mind.

From this state of oblivion I was suddenly aroused by a hearty voice addressing me in French: 'You have rather an obstinate mule there,' I looked up; in front of me was a young man in a cocked hat and dark undress uniform, mounted upon some animal which, from my then confused condition, I cannot now feel sure of the nature of. Some of the lancers had passed me, others were endeavoring to force the narrow passage on one side. What I replied to this remark, or whether I replied at all, I know not. 'Use your spurs,' said the same voice, and then, as if suddenly aware of my destitute predicament, it added, 'Well, try a lance.' An order was given to one of the soldiers at my side, who dropped his lance to the position for a charge, and obeyed at once. At the application of the cold steel, my mule made a bound, the counterpart of his acrobatic performance on the way up. I remember striking heavily against some body, it may have been the Emperor, or only one of the guards. I heard loud laughs and shouts and screams; I have a dim perception of seeing women, baggage, and many mules; something was overturned, and then all became dark before my eyes.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, probably not more than a few minutes. On opening my eyes, I found myself upon the ground, my shoulders supported by one of the soldiers, while a second was sopping my head with a handkerchief wet with cold water. My clothes were muddy and torn in several places. In the middle of the path, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, or, as I thought, with a diabolical leer in his eye, stood the wretched cause of my troubles. At my side, surrounded by several ladies and officers in uniform, was the same person who had addressed me just before the accident. As I looked round and made attempts to rise, he said: 'Ah! you feel better; it was not much, after all.'

Whatever I may have thought, I coincided in the opinion by replying: 'A mere trifle.'

'Monsieur is English,' he asked.

'Non, Monsieur, American.'

'Where are you going?'

'To Rio, Monsieur.'

'Alone?'

'No, Monsieur, I have some friends somewhere about here.'

'Ah! yes, I met them a few moments ago on the other side of the mountain; Baron — was with them. Well, take care of yourself, for there are places on the way down where a fall will not be so pleasant as here. Adieu.'

With these parting words and a hearty laugh, the Emperor (for he it was) mounted, and in a few seconds the cavalcade was hid from my sight by a turn in the path-way.

I rejoined my companions, whom I found drawn up in a line by the side of the road. They seemed anxious about me, and eagerly inquired where I had been, and the cause of my dilapidated appearance. I replied ambiguously, merely hinting that a *friend* had favored me with an introduction to his Majesty. A short time after, an account was published of the misadventure of an American in the Imperial presence. They charged me as the person. I attempted to deceive; they laughed, so I shrouded myself in impenetrable mystery. But the sight of a mule, or the name of an emperor, to this day brings disagreeable associations to my mind.

O N W O M A N .

NATURE, regardful of the babbling race,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face;
Not ROGERS' razors, though the very best,
Can shave a chin that never is at rest.

measured series of notes—for they can hardly be called words—the grunt of the rowers being a sort of chorus. Heard on a still night over the water, this slow, monotonous chanting is indescribably melancholy.

A curious people are these South-American slaves: and, aside from their adventitious adornments, such as tattooing and the various mutilations of the nose, ears, and teeth, wholly unlike those to be seen in our Southern States. There is an absence of that vivacity and apparent cheerfulness which are such pleasant features in plantation life. Whatever may be their employment, whether in transporting the huge bags of coffee, selling fruit and vegetables, or amusing themselves, which consists in lying at full length in the sun, there is ever apparent a brutish listlessness—a careless, apathetic stupidity, which impresses the stranger disagreeably. By the law of Brazil any slave found unable to speak Portuguese must be liberated, although obliged for some time to work for the Government, and the possessor can be punished with a heavy fine, as it is considered proved by *prima facie* evidence that he is a more or less late importation. As an evidence of the strict enforcement of this law, we found two out of our four rowers in this predicament. This happened from the custom, in order to evade the law, of letting out the freshly-landed slaves to the white skippers of these boats, as, by their being so much of the time on the water, there is less chance of a discovery of their non-proficiency, and because they soon acquire the needed scholarship from the constant intercourse with their fellow-boatmen.

Several subsequent days were spent in roaming from place to place, on the plantations, at some of the depots for the coffee brought from the interior, and in ascending some of the many rivers emptying into the bay. Late one evening we reached a wretched village on the Mococa River, called Port Estrella, from which we designed making the ascent of the Organ mountains, which here commence their rise, for a visit to the Emperor's new country-seat at Petropolis.

At daylight the next morning the call was given to 'boot and horse,' and descending to the ill-smelling court-yard I found my party inspecting about twenty donkeys collected for their examination, and receiving some preliminary instructions from the guide and stable-boys as to their general management.

Here, for the benefit of those who have never seen Spanish mule-riding, and who imagine it from having made some 'Alpine passes' or cantered across a common upon the 'old thistle-demolisher' of some country village, let me describe the paraphernalia of steed and rider, and the manner of their use. The saddle of wood, high-peaked before and behind, as gayly decorated as brass and red flannel can make it, presents by its size a ludicrous contrast to the animal bearing it. To

'ENID' is the heroine of the first idyl, which relates how her husband, 'the brave GERAINT, a Knight of ARTHUR's Court,' first won her for his wife from YNIOL's castle, and afterward won her from his own causeless jealousy. GUINEVERE, ARTHUR's Queen, had been too hastily answered by a Knight that

HAD visor up, and showed a youthful face,
Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.

GERAINT at once followed him to avenge the insult, and fell in with YNIOL in a ruined hall, who chanced to have specially suffered at the hands of the proud knight. YNIOL's daughter sang in the distance :

— 'AND as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;
So the sweet voice of ENID moved GERAINT ;'

and he only thought and said, 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.' Soon she entered, and in a moment he thought, 'Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me.' The hoary YNIOL spoke to her to tend the stranger's horse and to prepare flesh and wine, and when GERAINT was fain to give his aid, the host added :

'Rest! the good house, though ruined, O my son!
Endures not that her guest should serve himself.
And reverencing the custom of the house,
GERAINT, from utter courtesy, forbore.'

At length the proud knight, the author of injury and insult, was vanquished by GERAINT — and not only vanquished, but changed. The work 'was great and wonderful.'

'His very face with change of heart is changed.
The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.'

GERAINT bore away with him ENID, who became the favorite of ARTHUR's queen, and who afterward retired with him to his lands on the banks of Severn. There unluckily he heard her say at the close of a monologue: 'O me! I fear that I am no true wife.' He heard only enough for misinterpretation, and straightway in his frenzy he ordained a mild, bedlamite action, a fantastic journey. She rode before, under command never to look back, and he followed her. In that age of violence the foremost rider was the first to discover plots and purposed attacks, and twice she turned back to warn her husband, twice he vanquished the assailants, and twice reproached her for breaking his command. A third time a slight motion of her finger indicated the danger, and the warrior was in a manner pleased that she kept the letter of his word. He, however, was wounded, though victorious, and ENID turned only when she heard the clashing of his fall after he had begun again to follow her; and in the land of a barbarous and hostile prince, her patient kindness was most touchingly displayed. He was conscious, though believed to be dead, and while riotous knights revelled about her, her devotion only to her lord was triumphantly proved. At length the huge and bearded Earl DOORN ventured an insult to her.

'THIS heard GERAINT, and grasping at his sword,
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield,)
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it
Shore through the swarthy neck, and like a ball
The russet-bearded head rolled on the floor.'

Then follows the confession of GERAINT :

'I HEARD you say that you were no true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:
I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

The story closes with the arrival of ARTHUR and his knights, who had come to chastise the very Earl that had met his fate at the hands of GERAINT. Three other stories link, like this, the chivalry of the middle ages with the fine humanity of all times, and prove that TENNYSON'S power is growing, notwithstanding the doubts which 'MAUD' occasioned to some of his admirers.

COUNTERPARTS, OR THE CROSS OF LOVE. By the author of 'Charles Auchester.'
Boston: MATHEW AND BAKER. 1859.

NOVELS constitute the unaccountable and indescribable department of literature — the favorite department, at present, with both readers and writers. There are novels in every style, suited to every taste, treating of every topic, revealing all conditions of life, discussing all branches of learning, rambling through every field of speculation, ordaining the principles of Church and State as easily as the rationale of manner, demolishing and reconstructing society, penetrating all mysteries, unfolding, in short, all the facts and all the wonders of the world which have been since creation, and which shall be while destiny be accomplished. The mission of the novelist is to depict society; and when we reflect that the ideas of all thinkers, the visions of all poetic dreamers, the diverse schemes suggested by love, by ambition, by benevolence, and the multiplied hopes and purposes of all classes of persons are combined and work and revel together in what may be called the mind of the community, it ceases to surprise us that the domain of the novelist embraces every department of human thought. Novels are popular because they are happy, exuberant, and comparatively artless accounts of the mingled theories and scenes of life which experience and reflection have furnished to the author. They are naïve, and leave impressions like those derived from social converse.

'Counterparts,' like its predecessor, is perhaps destined to be highly admired rather than widely read. Its leading characteristic is a peculiar refinement and nobility of sentiment, and its characters stand higher in the range of being than most of the recent heroes and heroines. It is decidedly, to our mind, a more civilized book than the works of our best reputed novelists.

The motto from COLERIDGE foreshadows the story as one of love: 'Two forms that differ in order to correspond — this is the true sense of the word counterpart.' Yet love throughout the volume rises to the higher meanings of the word, and seems a thing in sympathy with Platonic, not to say with Christian, thought. It was an odd caprice or principle in the authoress, to leave her three most prominent and delightful characters unmarried.

Not only the characters are admirable, but the ideas suggested on various themes are well up to the present standard of thought. Mesmerism just appears, but is not intruded; music is as abundant and charming as it is in social life, and on many questions of duty and modes of action the reader is constantly deriving impressions from superior personages. By its favors for what is termed the 'Arabian-Hebrew' race, 'Counterparts' recalls some of the novels of the younger DISRAELI, and a pride of race is apparent like that which DISRAELI betrayed when he declared that 'in history, every thing is race,' and that the Hebrew is the most ancient, the noblest, and the purest of all the races.

With merits of a rare order, the novel has also the essential requisite of being a fascinating story. We would like to predict that it will be the most widely-circulated romance of the season, but will only say that, if it be not so, the reason is, that the book is too good for the public.

POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE. By G. W. DASENT. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

THAT a rustic, popular tale should become a matter of importance in the history of migrations and of races is even more remarkable than the reconstruction of historic periods and events from the crusts of the earth or from the roots of languages. A legend springs from the genius of a people, is created and modified by popular instincts and feelings, and is a sort of living institution expressing and transmitting the ideas, the hopes, the fears, and the fancies — gay, grave, or grotesque — of untaught men, from generation to generation. Popular legends thus serve as historical records, forming together a somewhat poetical transcript of the national mind in its various moods, as affected by the features of nature, the revolutions of state, and the symbolic conceptions of religion.

The most curious fact in connection with popular tales, is the evidence which they furnish of the relationship of remote peoples. They combine with comparative philology to prove that the Indo-European nations are of common stock — that they either inherited from immemorial tradition certain common fancies of fancy, or that they possessed a kindred character of race, a mental and moral similarity, which prompted them to build up the same stories. Older than the pre-historic Aryan migration must have been the germs, which grew into cognate, popular traditions in a zone from India, westward to Ireland.

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gorgeously-dressed lancer made his appearance on the spot, and as the perception of the fact that the Emperor was coming, on his return from Rio, became plain to my startling faculties, another and another followed, until soon a long train of armed men came in sight, bearing directly down upon me. I became nervous and confused, and in my agitation, completely forgetting the instructions of the guide, jerked the reins of my mule, in order to hurry his steps and get him as far as possible to the side of the path. But with his own peculiar obstinacy, or rather for once obeying the rules of his education, instead of quickening his movements, he stood still. I had turned the steam off my machine, and had no wood to get it again in motion. Thinking it perfectly superfluous, under the course of tactics I had adopted, I had loaned my single spur to one of my companions, and for the same reason was unprovided with a cudgel. In vain I kicked and shouted, pounded him with my fists, and beat a tattoo on his ribs with my heels: with his legs planted straight out in front of him, as immovable as the Column Vendome, his head down and ears laid back, the wretched beast stood stock-still. My head began to swim and my sight to leave me; all around seemed a blank; my whole consciousness and will were concentrated in trying to make the animal move, while nearer and nearer came that shining line. Soon a hoarse noise called to me in Portuguese; but I did not reply to it, and can scarcely say that I even more than heard it: royalty, the world, were nothing to me then, compared with the obstinacy of that mule. I remember a hubbub of laughs and oaths, but all of that time is as a confused dream in my mind.

From this state of oblivion I was suddenly aroused by a hearty voice addressing me in French: 'You have rather an obstinate mule there.' I looked up; in front of me was a young man in a cocked hat and dark undress uniform, mounted upon some animal which, from my then confused condition, I cannot now feel sure of the nature of. Some of the lancers had passed me, others were endeavoring to force the narrow passage on one side. What I replied to this remark, or whether I replied at all, I know not. 'Use your spurs,' said the same voice, and then, as if suddenly aware of my destitute predicament, it added, 'Well, try a lance.' An order was given to one of the soldiers at my side, who dropped his lance to the position for a charge, and obeyed at once. At the application of the cold steel, my mule made a bound, the counterpart of his acrobatic performance on the way up. I remember striking heavily against some body, it may have been the Emperor, or only one of the guards. I heard loud laughs and shouts and screams; I have a dim perception of seeing women, baggage, and many mules; something was overturned, and then all became dark before my eyes.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, probably not more than a few minutes. On opening my eyes, I found myself upon the ground, my shoulders supported by one of the soldiers, while a second was sopping my head with a handkerchief wet with cold water. My clothes were muddy and torn in several places. In the middle of the path, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, or, as I thought, with a diabolical leer in his eye, stood the wretched cause of my troubles. At my side, surrounded by several ladies and officers in uniform, was the same person who had addressed me just before the accident. As I looked round and made attempts to rise, he said: 'Ah! you feel better; it was not much, after all.'

Whatever I may have thought, I coincided in the opinion by replying: 'A mere trifle.'

'Monsieur is English,' he asked.

'Non, Monsieur, American.'

'Where are you going?'

'To Rio, Monsieur.'

'Alone?'

'No, Monsieur, I have some friends somewhere about here.'

'Ah! yes, I met them a few moments ago on the other side of the mountain; Baron — was with them. Well, take care of yourself, for there are places on the way down where a fall will not be so pleasant as here. Adieu.'

With these parting words and a hearty laugh, the Emperor (for he it was) mounted, and in a few seconds the cavalcade was hid from my sight by a turn in the path-way.

I rejoined my companions, whom I found drawn up in a line by the side of the road. They seemed anxious about me, and eagerly inquired where I had been, and the cause of my dilapidated appearance. I replied ambiguously, merely hinting that a *friend* had favored me with an introduction to his Majesty. A short time after, an account was published of the misadventure of an American in the Imperial presence. They charged me as the person. I attempted to deceive; they laughed, so I shrouded myself in impenetrable mystery. But the sight of a mule, or the name of an emperor, to this day brings disagreeable associations to my mind.

O N W O M A N .

NATURE, regardless of the babbling race,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face;
Not ROGERS' razors, though the very best,
Can shave a chin that never is at rest.

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'Hold up!'

Yes, yes: that's all: but we could n't *help* saying so much, because it is *true*, every word of it: and because we are prompted to say it by grateful reminiscence and present appreciation, combined, which were not to be resisted.

And here again we are irresistibly led to say, that it hardly seems to be right — it appears indeed to be short of simple justice — that we should dismiss 'OLLAPOD,' and his communications to the KNICKERBOCKER, with the dozen lines which we devoted to him in our July number. Now that we are running over numberless

'ENID' is the heroine of the first idyl, which relates how her husband, 'the brave GERAINT, a Knight of ARTHUR's Court,' first won her for his wife from YNIOL's castle, and afterward won her from his own causeless jealousy. GUINEVERE, ARTHUR's Queen, had been too hastily answered by a Knight that

Had visor up, and showed a youthful face,
Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.

GERAINT at once followed him to avenge the insult, and fell in with YNIOL in a ruined hall, who chanced to have specially suffered at the hands of the proud knight. YNIOL's daughter sang in the distance :

— 'And as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;
So the sweet voice of ENID moved GERAINT ;'

and he only thought and said, 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.' Soon she entered, and in a moment he thought, 'Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me.' The hoary YNIOL spoke to her to tend the stranger's horse and to prepare flesh and wine, and when GERAINT was fain to give his aid, the host added :

'Rest! the good house, though ruined, O my son!
Endures not that her guest should serve himself.
And reverencing the custom of the house,
GERAINT, from utter courtesy, forbore.'

At length the proud knight, the author of injury and insult, was vanquished by GERAINT — and not only vanquished, but changed. The work 'was great and wonderful.'

'His very face with change of heart is changed.
The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.'

GERAINT bore away with him ENID, who became the favorite of ARTHUR's queen, and who afterward retired with him to his lands on the banks of Severn. There unluckily he heard her say at the close of a monologue: 'O me! I fear that I am no true wife.' He heard only enough for misinterpretation, and straightway in his frenzy he ordained a mild, bedlamite action, a fantastic journey. She rode before, under command never to look back, and he followed her. In that age of violence the foremost rider was the first to discover plots and purposed attacks, and twice she turned back to warn her husband, twice he vanquished the assailants, and twice reproached her for breaking his command. A third time a slight motion of her finger indicated the danger, and the warrior was in a manner pleased that she kept the letter of his word. He, however, was wounded, though victorious, and ENID turned only when she heard the clashing of his fall after he had begun again to follow her; and in the land of a barbarous and hostile prince, her patient kindness was most touchingly displayed. He was conscious, though believed to be dead, and while riotous knights revelled about her, her devotion only to her lord was triumphantly proved. At length the huge and bearded Earl DOORAX ventured an insult to her.

enterprise, and capital contributed so much) called upon us, and after a little chat, asked:

"Have you any objection, Mr. CLARK, to put me in communication with the writer of the articles in your late numbers (this was in the autumn of 1887) on the subject of *American Antiquities* — the ruins and remains of Central America? I have become deeply interested in the subject: and really, I have half a notion to go upon that long-sleeping and deserted ground, and examine for myself."

"Of course, we had no objection to refer Mr. STEPHENS, who was himself an occasional contributor to our pages, to the writer of the articles in question: and we only allude now to the otherwise unimportant circumstance above mentioned, to show that to this series of articles in our Magazine, the public were indebted, originally, for the visit of Mr. STEPHENS to the regions and the wonders described, and which the enthusiastic and accomplished traveller made productive of the two splendid volumes upon *'Central America,'* which our friends the Brothers HARPER afterward gave to the world.

The writer of the articles which had interested Mr. STEPHENS so much, and in the end, so effectively, were from the pen of Mr. CHAPIN, not professionally an author or a literary man, who was then resident in the metropolis, but was for nearly a tradesman in Providence, Rhode-Island. The papers were illustrated by several well-executed wood-engravings from good drawings, and were remarkable for elaborate and lucid descriptions of the scenes, ruined temples, crania, etc., of which they treated. It was, all things considered, a sudden baring to the day, of wonderful antiquities, the most extraordinary of which had slept for three hundred years in Central America, among strangers from another (not a *newer*) world, as they had before slept for many thousands. They attracted, as we have said, much attention here, and in two of the literary and scientific journals of London, were favorably noticed: and they were unquestionably the precursors of kindred things, not then 'seen as yet.'

We take it that we have very few readers of our pages who have not had the pleasure to read entire, or to enjoy extracts from, *'The American in Paris,'* by the late JOHN SANDERSON, of Philadelphia. As all know, who have read it, it is a series of familiar letters written from Paris some twenty years since, and literally 'running over' with humor, wit, the quaintest similes, the most grotesque pictures, and abounding in good-nature. We quoted Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING's brief commendation of this volume in this particular portion of our number for July. Through the instrumentality of our twin-brother, his services as a contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER were secured very soon after his return from Paris. Among his sketches was a series of amusing, gossiping *'Letters from London,'* and *'Letters from our Village,'* the scenes of the latter of which were laid in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, when it arose from its coal-bed, and, like a giant refreshed, had begun to run its race. We think it was from large and judicious purchases in this flourishing anthracite town, that Mr. SANDERSON accumulated the means of satisfying his elegant tastes in extended travel. He was a fine scholar, an excellent linguist: and to read his writings, no one would have supposed him to have reached one

Not only the characters are admirable, but the ideas suggested on various themes are well up to the present standard of thought. Mesmerism just appears, but is not intruded; music is as abundant and charming as it is in social life, and on many questions of duty and modes of action the reader is constantly deriving impressions from superior personages. By its favors for what is termed the 'Arabian-Hebrew' race, 'Counterparts' recalls some of the novels of the younger DISRAELI, and a pride of race is apparent like that which DISRAELI betrayed when he declared that 'in history, every thing is race,' and that the Hebrew is the most ancient, the noblest, and the purest of all the races.

With merits of a rare order, the novel has also the essential requisite of being a fascinating story. We would like to predict that it will be the most widely-circulated romance of the season, but will only say that, if it be not so, the reason is, that the book is too good for the public.

POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE. By G. W. DASENT. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

THAT a rustic, popular tale should become a matter of importance in the history of migrations and of races is even more remarkable than the reconstruction of historic periods and events from the crusts of the earth or from the roots of languages. A legend springs from the genius of a people, is created and modified by popular instincts and feelings, and is a sort of living institution expressing and transmitting the ideas, the hopes, the fears, and the fancies — gay, grave, or grotesque — of untaught men, from generation to generation. Popular legends thus serve as historical records, forming together a somewhat poetical transcript of the national mind in its various moods, as affected by the features of nature, the revolutions of state, and the symbolic conceptions of religion.

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that may be employed to characterize and in the artist's very best style; then ter. We procured for our present second to the utmost of our ability to article circumstances beyond our control e compelled us to lay over for the opening paper in our next number. Meanwhile, we trust that the appearance of COOPER's novels in so attractive a form, will renew in the risen, and awaken in the rising generation familiar converse with one who was almost the pioneer among American authors worthy of the name, and to whom our infant literature has been more largely indebted than to any other writer in any department, for its trans-Atlantic reputation.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND C
COCHRAN, (whom many travellers in 'Ar. ia' and 'ac P. b'
the Hudson will so pleasurably rem h an an of
and a collector of fine old books, prints, and pr aut -tl
not long since, at Nyack, on the Hudson above us, l
Antiquarian and his Pursuits:' and this v
opening:

'MAN must have something to love,' was the language of the jailer to a state-prisoner confined in a castle in the interior of France, in the time of the first NAPOLEON; and state-prisoners have small choice allowed them in these whims. 'Why, among my boarders here, Signor Count, you would be surprised to see at what little cost they manage to divert themselves. One catches flies; another chops a solid deal table into chips; some amuse themselves with rearing linnets and goldfinches; others have a fancy for white mice. For my part, poor souls, I have so much respect for their pets, that I had a fine Angora cat of my own, with long white silken hair — you would have sworn 't was a muff when 't was asleep — a cat that my wife doated on, to say nothing of myself. Well, I gave it away, lest the creature should take a fancy to some of these favorites. All the cats in the creation ought not to weigh against so much as a mouse belonging to a captive: and I look upon that man they tell of, who killed the pet spider of the prisoner under his charge, as a wretch, not worthy to be a jailer. 'T was a base action! — nay, a crime!'

'Nobly and humanely spoken, thou stern jailer of Enestfellen! Thou teachest us all a lesson, that true nobility of the heart is not confined to any caste, profession, or calling.

'With the most of us there is a life of daily hardship and captivity to be endured, and there is also a life of love and ecstasy to be enjoyed; and when united, they form the complete measure of our existence; and happy is the person who can blend the two so as to harmonize and complete that true character.

'We are all state-prisoners, and old TIME is the grim jailer who carries the keys of our existence at his girdle, and locks, wards, or releases us at his pleasure. To some he permits the range of a court-yard and corridor, and allows them a view of a flowery landscape, and to breathe a perfumed while others are confined within walls, moats, and ditches. And you who have caught the golden-plumed oriole or the sweet-singing thrush for a pet, laugh not, nor d your more humble prisoner, who catches what

TUBES and BARRELS for supplying Earth-Air to Balloonists and others, when beyond the atmosphere of terra firma. £1 if made to order. A few second-hand ones at 15s. each. Gale and Ayr, Boreas Street, Windmill Hill, Gravesend.

RAIN for PEAS.—Electrical Pocket Machines for Dissolving Clouds Instantaneously. Of immense utility and assistance to gardeners. To be seen in full operation in the parterre of Messrs. Field and Waters, Meadow Lane, Moorfields.

Do n't let us laugh nor sneer too soon. Things stranger to 'our friends' of a hundred years ago than these, have come to pass within the last century. 'Wait and see,' is safe advice, good even in this progressive age. The daily editors, it would seem, are still to be bothered with complaining correspondents in the time to come, as in times past and present. An indignant 'CITIZEN' writes to the *Times* as follows: 'Sir: It would be well, it appears to me, if some attention was paid to the misconduct at the aerial car-stands, at which many owners are in the constant habit of throwing out their grapnel-irons, and whisking off the hats of the pedestrians. I was myself most cruelly assaulted on Wednesday last by the cad to the car of the balloon which travels to Edinboro', and is stationed for the convenience of the public at the NELSON Column. A very valuable gossamer was jerked from my head, and many important papers contained in it scattered in all directions in the muddy foot-way. This was sufficient annoyance of itself to me; but the jeers and shouts of the mob almost drove me mad.' The burlesque satire of the subjoined advertisements will not be lost upon our readers. Walking rail-roads, as a surgeon 'walks the hospitals,' for 'subjects,' would n't be a bad speculation, even among us:

A CARD.—Dr. Emanuel Sawbones has the honor to announce that he continues his practice of walking the railways, and will be happy to receive a few select pupils to accompany him in his daily tour up the Eastern Counties. All expenses covered by an entrance fee of £100, except particular broken limbs, which must be paid for as found. Sawbone House, January 1, 1959.

ELEPHANT'S MILK.—Mr. Camel, of Dromedary College, has opened a depot for the cultivation of this most salubrious and life-giving medicine. Mr. Camel invites the public to inspect his depot in Trunkmaker's Row, where droves of elephants may be seen every morning stationed before his doors, and kept ready to be driven to the abodes of the opulent.

MISS. SERMONS.—To be sold cheap, several hundred manuscript sermons, warranted unpreached, and in excellent condition. The texts are of the most orthodox and fashionable description, and wonderfully adapted for charitable occasions. Apply to the Dean, at the Twopenny Exhibition, St. Paul's Churchyard.

RARA AVIS.—A Pope's Bull and an Alderney Cow.—These curiosities will only remain on Exhibition during the week. Now Exhibiting at Drover's Yard, West-Smithfield. Admission—Adults, 2s. 6d. Children, Half-price.

INCREDIBLE.—Boots and Shoes stamped at one blow out of a solid piece of leather, and made to fit to a nicety. Sold at less than one-fourth of the charge demanded by the craft of Boot and Shoemakers. Hall and Last, Leather Lane, Holborn.

GREEK TAUGHT in ONE LESSON.—Dr. Addlebrain begs to announce that, by his Improved Grammar and Lexicon, he now undertakes to make any gentleman of the most moderate abilities, a perfect classical scholar in one lesson, provided his fee is paid in advance. 2, College Street, Westminster.

So much for the physical and intellectual 'improvement' which may be expected to characterize the year 1959!

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And here again we are irresistibly led to say, that it hardly seems to be right — it appears indeed to be short of simple justice — that we should dismiss 'OLLAPOD,' and his communications to the KNICKERBOCKER, with the dozen lines which we devoted to him in our July number. Now that we are running over numberless

letters from him to his twin-brother — letters which have been carefully treasured, yet not one of which has been even glanced at, from the time of the death of the writer, until we began to pen this casual narrative — we are more than ever reminded how *much* he did for our long-loved and lovingly-cherished literary 'P&R;' and under what circumstances he performed this labor of brotherly love.

The cares, not alone editorial, of a popular daily journal, were upon his shoulders: every day's sail was bringing his frail bark nearer to its last port: yet every letter from him to us, up to the very last, contained something to please our readers, or something to encourage and cheer us onward, amid many difficulties which beset us, arising from 'the times,' and which, with our sorely distraught partner, we were compelled to meet and to overcome. *How* can we choose but speak of this, when, in sending us the last broken-off numbers of the *Ollapodiana Papers*, he was compelled to say:

'Now LEWIS, I want to tell you *one* thing, and I don't want you to feel gloomy about it, or to have you deceived. I am doing all for my malady that I can; but my decline, with all I do — and I follow all directions strictly — is constantly advancing upon me. *You'll* see when you come on, LEWIS — and I want you to come *quickly*; for, LEWIS, we have not many more interviews in store for this world. My cares, my joys, my jokes, my tales and idle fancies, will not long be reciprocated with yours, below the sun. I am not misleading you: I am failing — *failing*: not slowly, but with strides which I can perceive, from one fortnight to another — so impressed am I by my symptoms. In the afternoon I can scarcely walk: I cannot breathe without a groan; and the weight of my dear little WILLIE on my arm, is more than I can sustain. To show you how I struggle and labor with my malady: A kind lady, the wife of a next-door neighbor, sent in this morning to know 'if Mr. CLARK would not accept of some syrup which she had, and which had done herself, since its prescription, great good: it was so distressing, she said, to hear me cough so, almost all the night through.' Now was n't that kind? Upon my word, (knowing how no long time it must be before I shall be beyond all human attentions,) it almost made me *cry*.' . . . 'O LEWIS! in these days all my old feelings come freshly up, and assure me that I am unchanged. I shall be the same always, until I go hence and am no more seen: and so do *you* be, LEWIS: 'Twinned both at a birth,' the only pledges of our parents' union, we should be all the world to each other:

'We are but two — a little band:
Be faithful till we die:
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie!'

But to revert more especially to our particular theme, at present in hand. It will not be amiss, we think, while doing justice to those earlier writers in the KNICKERBOCKER, who entertained and amused its readers, to yield appropriate credit also to those whose writings engaged the interest, and attracted the attention, not only of readers at large, but of other *writers*, whose tastes, studies, and researches were akin with theirs.

We remember well the pleasant autumn morning when the late lamented JESS L. STEPHENS (who died upon the Great Isthmus which is now the prominent transit-point between two mighty oceans, and to the *means* of which, his energy,

enterprise, and capital contributed so much) called upon us, and after a little chat, asked:

“Have you any objection, Mr. CLARK, to put me in communication with the writer of the articles in your late numbers (this was in the autumn of 1887) on the subject of *American Antiquities* — the ruins and remains of Central America? I have become deeply interested in the subject: and really, I have half a notion to go upon that long-sleeping and deserted ground, and examine for myself.”

Of course, we had no objection to refer Mr. STEPHENS, who was himself an occasional contributor to our pages, to the writer of the articles in question: and we only allude now to the otherwise unimportant circumstance above mentioned, to show that to this series of articles in our Magazine, the public were indebted, originally, for the visit of Mr. STEPHENS to the regions and the wonders described, and which the enthusiastic and accomplished traveller made productive of the two splendid volumes upon *Central America*, which our friends the Brothers HARPER afterward gave to the world.

The writer of the articles which had interested Mr. STEPHENS so much, and in the end, so effectively, were from the pen of Mr. CHAPIN, not professionally an author or a literary man, who was then resident in the metropolis, but was for nearly a tradesman in Providence, Rhode-Island. The papers were illustrated by several well-executed wood-engravings from good drawings, and were remarkable for elaborate and lucid descriptions of the scenes, ruined temples, crania, etc., of which they treated. It was, all things considered, a sudden baring to the day, of wonderful antiquities, the most extraordinary of which had slept for three hundred years in Central America, among strangers from another (not a *newer*) world, as they had before slept for many thousands. They attracted, as we have said, much attention here, and in two of the literary and scientific journals of London, were favorably noticed: and they were unquestionably the precursors of kindred things, not then ‘seen as yet.’

We take it that we have very few readers of our pages who have not had the pleasure to read entire, or to enjoy extracts from, *The American in Paris*, by the late JOHN SANDERSON, of Philadelphia. As all know, who have read it, it is a series of familiar letters written from Paris some twenty years since, and literally ‘running over’ with humor, wit, the quaintest similes, the most grotesque pictures, and abounding in good-nature. We quoted Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING’s brief commendation of this volume in this particular portion of our number for July. Through the instrumentality of our twin-brother, his services as a contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER were secured very soon after his return from Paris. Among his sketches was a series of amusing, gossiping *‘Letters from London,’* and *‘Letters from our Village,’* the scenes of the latter of which were laid in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, when it arose from its coal-bed, and, like a giant refreshed, had begun to run its race. We think it was from large and judicious purchases in this flourishing anthracite town, that Mr. SANDERSON accumulated the means of satisfying his elegant tastes in extended travel. He was a fine scholar, an excellent linguist: and to read his writings, no one would have supposed him to have reached one

half the years which were upon his shoulders. He was an exceedingly handsome man, when he paid us a visit here in town: yet his abundant hair was even then as white as snow, which, however, only made his bright-shining dark eyes to sparkle more radiantly. We brought Mr. LONGFELLOW and himself casually together; and we well remember a characteristic compliment which occurred between them on that occasion:

'Judging from your writings, Mr. SANDERSON,' said Mr. LONGFELLOW, 'I should have taken you to be a younger man.'

'I can reciprocate your flattering remark, by saying, with equal truth, that judging from *your* productions, I should set you down for a much *older* man than you seem.'

Mr. LONGFELLOW's hair, of a rich brown, at that time, dropped over and away from his temples, in wavy abundance, and his face was 'as smooth as a girl's.'

If Mr. SANDERSON had any fault, in the many agreeable sketches which he contributed to these pages, it was, that his equivoque sometimes went a little too near the edge. We recollect, on one occasion, when Mr. IRVING was reading the proof-sheet of one of his '*Crayon Papers*,' at our publication-office, (which was at that time at Number 45, Fulton-street,) he read onto a few pages of Mr. SANDERSON's article, which succeeded his own, and with which he appeared greatly amused. When he had read to the end of the sheet, he remarked: 'Mr. SANDERSON's articles are never too long, but sometimes they strike me as being *a little too broad*.'

Here it was our design to condense a few brief passages of Mr. SANDERSON's peculiarly racy and matter-full sketches: these await that 'good time coming,' let us hope, when we may *sit* under our own vine and fig-tree, or at this familiar 'Table,' without the necessity of a chair with a supposititious bottom, (the precious loan of a neighbor,) and with 'nothing to make us afraid' to take any *kind* of a seat.

TOWNSEND AND COMPANY'S NEW EDITION OF COOPER'S WORKS. — There is no sentence of the following extract from the last number of the *North-American Review*, touching Messrs. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY'S new edition of COOPER'S immortal works, which is not true, and well deserved. DARLEY'S illustrations, so beautiful are they, are almost worth the price asked for the volumes:

'We believe the present a peculiarly favorable moment for the issue of a new edition of COOPER'S novels. It is an undoubted fact, that on their first appearance they had even a wider popularity in England than in the United States. They related to times the memory of which was still fresh, the events still recent, and to scenes still familiar. The crowded incidents of the last quarter of a century, and the revolutions that have transformed the face of our country, have already thrown the materials of these tales into a semi-mythical back-ground, and given them the prestige of antiquity, while the genius which alone confers literary immortality could never before have been appreciated as it now is. The edition, of which we have five volumes before us, is more than beautiful: it is magnificent, splendid, worthy of any superlative epithet

that may be employed to characterize it. The illustrations are numerous, appropriate, and in the artist's very best style; than which, it is well known, nothing can be better. We procured for our present number an elaborate article on COOPER, in order to second to the utmost of our ability the munificent enterprise of the publishers. That article circumstances beyond our control have compelled us to lay over for the opening paper in our next number. Meanwhile, we trust that the appearance of COOPER'S novels in so attractive a form, will renew in the risen, and awaken in the rising generation familiar converse with one who was almost the pioneer among American authors worthy of the name, and to whom our infant literature has been more largely indebted than to any other writer in any department, for its trans-Atlantic reputation.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Our friend Captain N. B. COCHRAN, (whom many travellers in the '*Armenia*' and the '*Isaac P. Smith*' on the Hudson will so pleasurably remember,) himself an antiquarian of rare tastes, and a collector of fine old books, prints, and precious autographs — this gentleman, not long since, at Nyack, on the Hudson above us, delivered a lecture intitled '*The Antiquarian and his Pursuits*:' and this was his felicitous and appropriate opening:

'MAN must have something to love,' was the language of the jailer to a state-prisoner confined in a castle in the interior of France, in the time of the first NAPOLEON; and state-prisoners have small choice allowed them in these whims. 'Why, among my boarders here, Signor Count, you would be surprised to see at what little cost they manage to divert themselves. One catches flies; another chops a solid deal table into chips; some amuse themselves with rearing linnets and goldfinches; others have a fancy for white mice. For my part, poor souls, I have so much respect for their pets, that I had a fine Angora cat of my own, with long white silken hair — you would have worn 't was a muff when 't was asleep — a cat that my wife doated on, to say nothing of myself. Well, I gave it away, lest the creature should take a fancy to some of these favorites. All the cats in the creation ought not to weigh against so much as a mouse belonging to a captive: and I look upon that man they tell of, who killed the pet spider of the prisoner under his charge, as a wretch, not worthy to be a jailer. 'T was a base action! — nay, a crime!'

'Nobly and humanely spoken, thou stern jailer of Enestfellen! Thou teachest us all a lesson, that true nobility of the heart is not confined to any caste, profession, or calling.

'With the most of us there is a life of daily hardship and captivity to be endured, and there is also a life of love and ecstasy to be enjoyed; and when united, they form the complete measure of our existence; and happy is the person who can blend the two so as to harmonize and complete that true character.

'We are all state-prisoners, and old TIME is the grim jailer who carries the keys of our existence at his girdle, and locks, wards, or releases us at his pleasure. To some he permits the range of a court-yard and corridor, and allows them a view of a flowery landscape, and to breathe a perfumed air, while others are confined within walls, moats, and ditches. And you who have caught the golden-plumed oriole or the sweet-singing Thrush for a pet, laugh not, nor despise your more humble prisoner, who catches what

comes within his reach, to minister to his solitude: for how knowest thou but his poor fly or mouse has cheered and comforted him in his lowly position, as much as thy more gilded, showy, or costly prize?

'I have said that we were all prisoners, and were all grasping for that object — fancied or real — which was to increase our happiness or solace us in our afflictions. And prominently and honorably among all this vast body I place the Antiquarian. He it is who possesses the true Aladdin's lamp. He it is who has discovered the only true philosopher's stone. He it is who can gather around him his charmed mantle, and grasp his wand and invoke the times of old, and hear their voice proclaiming the language that awakes the soul — the voice of years that are gone; they roll before him with all their deeds. To the man of the present — the grub-worm, the money-catcher, the man whose only and highest aim is to add dollar to dollar, field to field, and mortgage to mortgage — to such an one the antiquarian may appear a fool or a madman; but let me say to him, that he possesses riches that he knows not of, nor ever dreamed of in his philosophy, nor ever can, for his mind is not capable of comprehending or taking in the true brotherly spirit which it begets and inculcates. In Art there are several departments — such as architecture, sculpture, and painting — and each branch has its student, admirer, and enthusiast, but all pursuing and actuated by one great aim, and that the development, beautifying, and exalting of Art and her handmaids.

'In speaking of the antiquarian and his pursuits, I shall include all under one head, whatever branch he may pursue: whether it be in the collecting of old books, old clothes, old pictures, old china and pottery, old furniture, old coins, old buildings, or old trees and plants. It is the prerogative of the true antiquarian to endow and give life and motion to whatever department he may pursue. To the lover of old trees — and who is there who has not some old favorite? some tree or trees that stand out from all other trees, and are as firmly fixed in his mind as their roots are fixed in their mother-earth? — some tree that was to his youthful imagination a giant for size and beauty, and under which he took more delight to play than others, and where he lay and watched the summer clouds and built his airy castle, which, like the poet's, vanished into thin air and left not a wreck behind? or, in his more earthly mood, he manufactured his mud pies and tarts, which were about as short and crisp and free from dirt as those we see in the streets of New-York sold under the name of Yankee or Connecticut pies. To the enthusiast, and man of enlarged and exalted views, it takes a nobler form. He calls to mind the tree under which the first prayer was offered by the Puritans. He recalls the historical associations connected with the Charter Oak, which lately yielded to time and the storm; also to the tree under which Penn signed his treaty with the Indians without fraud or bloodshed; and from scenes like these in our own history, he has the power to revert to the times of old, and call to mind the miraculous plants recorded from the earliest times by poets and historians — the holly of Homer; the palm-tree of Latonia; the oak of Oden; nay, even the golden herb which shines before the eyes of the ignorant peasant of Brittany, and the May-flower which preserves from evil thoughts the simple shepherdess of La Brice.

'He recollects the sacred fig-tree of the Romans; the olive of the Athenians; the teutates of the Celts; the vervain of the Gauls; the lotus of the Greeks; the bean of the Pythagoreans; the mandrake of the Hebrews. He remembers the green cam-pack which blossoms everlastingly in the Persian's paradise; the touban tree that overshadows the celestial throne of MOHAMMED; the magic camalata, the sacred amroet, on whose branches the Indians behold imaginary fruits of ambrosia and of voluptuous

enjoyment. He recurs with pleasure to the of J
 elevate the altars of their divinities on d
 ing the throne of Love himself to t ot a ar.

'He admires the religious scruples: n make it sacrilege to exterminate or even mutilate certain consecrated shrines. A thousand superstitions, which in former times excited his pity and contempt toward the short-sightedness of human nature, tend now to elevate his fellow-creatures in his estimation. And he doubts not that all these idolatrous customs must have originated in sentiments of gratitude unexampled by tradition. He learns to respect the feelings of the great XERXES himself, who took such delight in the beauty of an oriental plane-tree as to caress its stem, press it tenderly in his arms, sleep enraptured under its shade, decorating it with bracelets and chains of gold when compelled to bid adieu to his verdant favorite.

'One would hardly suppose there was any thing interesting in examining old, antiquated, dilapidated, and decaying buildings. But are they not in many instances the shrines that have contained the brightest jewels of all countries? and ought he not to be considered a benefactor to his race who rescues from oblivion their tradition, legend, and lore? To the patriot, what thoughts cluster around Independence Hall! To the devout Methodist, what sanctity is connected with that old building where first they held religious worship as a sect! and with what veneration are parts of it still preserved!

'Who thinks of the stirring events enacted within that old church which is now occupied as a Post-office, save some one imbued with the spirit of the past? What misery and suffering is there connected with the old sugar-house in Liberty-street! What emotions fill the breast of the American, from whatever section of country he comes, as he enters old Faneuil Hall, that cradle of liberty, and finds himself confronted by the shades of those who once made it resound by their eloquence in the cause of liberty! Who can enter WASHINGTON's head-quarters at Newburgh, and gaze upon its steep roof, and old oak beams running through its garret, and see the trophies deposited there, and know that the Father of our Country was once its occupant, and not feel his blood thrill through his veins with a greater rapidity?

'From places at a distance, I come to scenes which lie at your own door; and I hardly need say that I allude to the place where ANDRE was confined and WASHINGTON signed his death-warrant where he was executed — where he was buried. From contemplating objects and scenes like these, one allows his mind to fly with the swiftness of lightning, and peer into the shadowy past, wherever story, ballad, or tradition has breathed a soul into tumbling towers and crumbling walls.'

Verily, 'these things be so.' - - - THE other day, going down the Hudson to our Metropolis, we heard a remark made by a Sing-Sing State-Prisoner, who had been sent up for four years, had served out his term, and was just released. He had been so long compulsorily silent, by reason of the discipline of the prison, that he did not seem to dare to speak above his breath. He was sitting clear forward, under the flag-staff, at the bow of the boat, looking at the beautiful land and water 'scape, (how precious it must have been to his unaccustomed eyes!) with a copy of the *Daily Times* of that morning in his hand: and he gave subdued utterance to the following remark: 'Guess I haint lost much in the way of news, any how,' said he, pointing with his begrimed, crooked, *rasped* middle-finger (he had been four years in the file-shop) to a paragraph on the first page: 'there's

the same thing, in the same place, in the same paper, that I read on my way up, four years ago: the same heads, by Gosh! — I remember it as if it was yesterday: 'Senator SUMNER's health:' 'Great India-Rubber Case:' 'Shirred Goods!' Has n't any thing else happened since FRED. TALLMADGE made that pleasing and musical oration to me before the bar of this Honorable Court? He was much 'behind the age' though, in *some* things. - - - K. N. PEPPER AS A DRAMATIST: HIS 'LAST APPEARANCE.' — Below, Mr. KASPER NATHAN PEPPER, Esq., 'Pote,' makes his last appearance 'as sich.' Domestic 'mizzery' has 'spile't his Mews,' he writes us, and with the subjoined thrilling 'drammy,' he lays aside his rhyming pen forever. Fitting close for so brilliant a poetical career:

flippityp.

A Play — consequently a Drammy.

By KASPER NATHAN PEPPER, Esq.

(Never acted onto any staig nowair.)

Drammatic Persons:

KASPER — A Man.
PETER — A Boy.
HANAH — A Wooman.
PODD — An Old Man.
HIAWOTHY — A Girl.
MISSIS JEFFERS.

Plais:

Demosthenes
and
the
Woods.

SEEN 1. *A Room in KASPER's hous. KASPER wocks bacards and forwards, a ringin ov his hana. 1 larg bed. 1 emal bed. tabel set. erly in the morning. Winter. Candel a-burnin.*
n. b. *the Room hasent been swept, but doant mind that.*

SOLILEQY, by KASPER.

How long hev I got fur to stan this mizzery!
Wi wos a tollent fur a-ritin potry implantid
into mi boosum, ef bi it i am maid
the onhapiest creeter that now wock the groun?

i was, fur a few munths, hapy! A Being
i cald a Aingel, i's in a wile, wen i
coodent thinc ov nothin better & stronger —

HANAH (*frum bed.*)

Kas, hev you startid the fire?

KASPER.

Yes, Hanah, deer. —

This creeter ov Air, al potry & feelin,
Maid bi kind Proffidens with his i onto me —
With the larg forchun ov \$900 dolers
left bi her pa — consented fur to marry me —

HANAH.

Wi doant you stop, & put the kittil on?

KASPER.

i wil, mi love. — Fur 1 yeer I was hapy!
o wair is the Berd, as hapy as wot i was? —
Wair is the Brite Gazel, & Lam, & co4tht?
Peter wos born —

PETER.

Pa, cum & taik me up!

KASPER.

& i wos hapiet stil! i coamd his hair —
tooc wocks, a-carryin ov him — wosht his fais —

roast poams about him — wiped his noas :
i lived in Hevin!

PETER (*louder.*)

pa! cum & taik me up!

HANAH.

Wi doant you taik him up, you lazy broot! —
He 'll giv hisself a fit, a-bollin to you!

KASPER (*to himself.*)

Let him git 2, confound the littel cuss!

(*taiks up the boy.*)

How cood i tock so, bout mi darlin Pete! —
How is mi Sweet, this morning? tell me, Pety!

HANAH.

Kas, did you put the taters in the pot?

KASPER.

Yes, Hanah deer, and the meet's a-fryin, too. —
O Potry! — hevent you no pitty fur
Your servent — can't you help a feller? — Ah, no;
i left her servis, wen i marrid Hanah,
& so she aint got time. o, Wi did i leev her?
Here I am, a slaiv: Sorow & Wo hev got me —

HANAH.

The meet's a-burnin! — Kas, be quick!

KASPER.

o Hevins!

Wot torcher goas ahed ov wot this is?
The meet doant burn like mi onhappy boosum!
(*burns the child, bi axident, wich yels.*)

HANAH.

You rech! — you've killed him!
(*Gits up quick, wile the boy is a-ketchin ov breth.*)
Pete, mi darlin — speek!
Run fur the Dockter, you Abbomminashun!
Cut — or ile lay the broomstic onto you!

KASPER goes, *raither quic — fur feer he has hirt the boy. Heers Hiowothy a-cryin, too,*
as he goas out ov the gait.)

SEEN 2. *into the street.*

KASPER *a-goin rather slower.* meets MISSIS JEFFERS.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Wi, Kasper, — air you sic? — wot trubbels you?

KASPER.

o Gilthy! — moarn 1000 things! — ime very onhappy.
pete's got burnt, & ime a-goin fur the Dockter.
mi sperits is lo, & i feel almitly Bad.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Wot *maikes* your sperits so lo, deer Kasper? say!

KASPER.

that i cant tel, & woodent nohow, Gilthy.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Wot! Kasper — not to a fren like wot i am?

KASPER.

Doant temp me, Gilthy! ide tel you, ef eny 1.
But i dassent doo it, nohow.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Then ile gess!

its Hanah! *shes* the oos ov al your trubbel!
 She aint the Wife fur sech a man as you!
 She doant apreshait your oncommon felins.
they aint no FINITE betwixt you. No—
 You cant deny it, nuther—hush, a minit!—
 Shese prowd, becos she hed sum munny, &
 Becos you hedent—stop!—& oos shese vulgar,
 & cant apreshait wot a Poit is,
 no moarn ef he wos alwais a-tockin grek.
 i see it, long ago! i noo how twood be!

KASPER.

Good Hevins! wotever ken a feller doo?

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Doo! leev the Vicksen, Kasper, mijitly!

KASPER.

o Hevins! i dassent! thine ov Hiawothy
 & little Pete!—poor helples littel cussis—

MISSIS JEFFERS (*talkin' his ham.*)

Now Kas, i thought you was a man—

HANAH (*a-comin.*)

Leev go
 that man, you buzzy! off, you brazen baggige!—
 Kas, *air* you ever a-goin fur the Dockter?

(KASPER *goes.*)

Now, mam, wot *air* you a-dooin with my husban?

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Consoalin ov him fur domestic Mizzery!

HANAH.

Wot's that to you, you good-fur-nothin buzzy?
 Youm a nice objick—out a-4 daylite
 a-huntin fur mi Kas fur to consoal!
 Jeffers must hev a nice time, livin with *you!*—
 a man worth 40,000 sech poor creeters!

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Youm cuite beneeth mi notis, Missis Pepper.
 (*turns & goes of, dignified. Colls out, just a-4 gitten out of hearin.:*)
 Shant i send Jeffers, fur to consoal you, Hanah?
 (HANAH *hears PETE a-cryin bad, & leavs.*)

SCENE 3. *Leafles Woods.*

2 mild from every thing.

KASPER *musin.* *Clouds. Wind a-howlin.*

KASPER.

Ken hewiman nater stan this heer conflick allus?
 To Be, or not to Be, is praps the question:
 To Be *wot?*—wether ido better taik up mi arms
 & not swim eny longer into this Be ov trubbel—
 or els kepe flaxin aroun, a-swallerin
 ov solt wotter, (teers,) is a pint i aint deskdid onto.
 ile No, soon.—se them Clowds, a-moarnin for me!
 Heer that Wind, a-shrikin!—out ov sympathy
 The leevs hev left the trees; & every thing
 Looos contemtibel & disgustin, o Mizzery!—
 Loooc at these heer 3 picters: Number 1:
 A Wooman wich hasent no Afinity fur me—
 I's al afleckshun, now cuite ottogether chaingd—
 A week wooman, with no taste for potry
 & genus, & sech: Now looc at Number 2:
 A Creeter al Soal!—al full ov Sentiment—
 onhappy with Jeffers—happy onaly with me—
 & i onaly with her! our Harts beet

cuite regular, & in size shese a littel the tallest, but she ses she loocs up to me Wich maiks it al rite. Wot Mizzery to thinc Fait atended to al the preeeliminairy Araingments, & then up & left! — in time to spile sumboddy elses Blis, i supoas. o Gilthy! Gilthy! — o onhappy Kasper! — you trees, wi doant you groan? you mud, dri up, & sho your Indignashun! Leevs, you squirm — & Wind, endeaver fur to shriek a littel louder. Clowds, i am gratifide fur to see you weep. Nacher, on the hull youm oncommon kind: Fait, onto the contrairy, youm cuite the revers. Cus evrything! — O Mizzery! Mizzery! — ha! ha! —
(Gits kind ov insain.)

Wile a-rushin fur to run in his hed agin a tre, Mr. Podd runs up, & ketches him bi the coat-tail.

KASPER.

Let go o' mi coat-tail — i mus doo it! — ha! —
(Turns & sees Podd.)

You aint a Gobblin damd, nor nothin, air you?

PODD.

Not yet, i hoap, onhappy Kasper, — but *you* aint fur from it — or a fool, wich is expressin ov it raither milder, thank this frail Fabbrie (*meanin the coat-tail*) fur your life. Brodcloth coodent hev stood it nohow. Poverty saived you.

KASPER.

O, wood that ide ben rich, & wear Brodcloth, & left mi Affairs & coat-tail in your hans. Life hesent the 1st red charm for me, deer Podd!

PODD.

Why, Kasper! wot hes hapend? — speak imejitly! Hev you got a Biler?

KASPER (*with sum impaishens.*)

No; but ive got a Biler, & its almoast Bustid, too: that's al.

PODD.

then fur Hevin's saik, open your Saifty-valve! Youm too young & hansum fur to be blowd up. think ov Hanah, & open that thayr valve.

KASPER.

O Hevins! how it herts wen you touch onto that toptic! Podd — come along; I will a tail onfoald.
(*taiks his arm, & leevs.*)

CONCLOOSHUN!

SEEN 4. KASPER'S *parler*.

(PODD *hes heard KASPER's story, likewise HANNAH's. He hes fetched things to a focus.*)

KASPER *a-settin onto 1 side ov the room; HANNAH onto the other. Podd a-standin up, in the middel.*

PODD.

Kasper, ive heerd your story — Hanah, likewise youm. There apeers fur to be sum folts onto boath sides, & you hev boath suferd oncommon. Sech, mi children, is mi vew ov the serkumstansis — varid, ov coars, Bi sum partickelers, wich it aint nessary to naim. You, Kasper, air a poit; but you furgot that Hanah isent, & probbly never wos. You, Hanah, air a sensibel wooman onto moast toptics, but you haint maid sufishent alowens fur a man like Kasper. You thogt that munny was worth moarn wot genus wos, & that \$900 dolers wood bi out eny poit —

Wich is a mistaik pepel frekently maik :
 Sum coodent be bot for twist that sum —
 Fur instans Kasper, hoo probbly stans at the top.
 the World hes ben ov the unanimus opinion
 Fur severil yeer, that K. N. Pepper is grait.
 You otto feel as ef he was a King!
 & you a Queen, and \$900 dolers ov no conaquens!
 As fur Jeffers & Cumpenny, wi, thaym poor creeters.
 Boath ov you otto shrink frum sech lo peepel.
 Doant tech em, heerafter, with 10 foot poals,
 or even 50 foot.—Air mi childern reckonsild?

(KASPER & HANAH *rush up & hug! they kiss severil times! then hug! then kiss!*)

KASPER.

Deer Hanah!

HANAH.

Deer Kasper!

PODD.

Now ime satisfide.

PETE (*enterin.*)

Wot's pop a-dooin? is he a-fitin with ma?

MISSIS JEFFERS (*enterin.*)

O mi! (*leave.*)

Mr. Podd stays to tea, & they hev a mity nice time.

FINISH.

Do you know, reader, where *this* comes from? Try to think: 'make an effort:'

'ALAS! are there so few things in the world about us, most unnatural, and yet most natural in being so! Hear the magistrate or judge admonish the unnatural outcast of society — unnatural in brutal habits, unnatural in want of decency, unnatural in looking and confounding all distinctions of good and evil; unnatural in ignorance, in vice, in recklessness, in contumacy, in mind, in looks, in every thing. But follow the good clergyman or doctor, who, with his life imperilled at every breath he draws, goes down into their dens, lying within the echoes of our carriage-wheels and daily tread upon the pavement stones. Look round upon the world of odious sights — millions of immortal creatures have no other world on earth — at the lightest mention of which humanity revolts, and dainty delicacy living in the next street, stops her ears and lips: 'I do n't believe it.' Breathe the polluted air, foul with every impurity that is poisonous to health and life; and have every sense conferred upon our race for its delight and happiness, offended, sickened, and disgusted, and made a channel by which misery and death alone can enter. Vainly attempt to think of any simple plant or flower or wholesome weed, that, set in this fœtid bed, could have its natural growth, or put its little leaves forth to the sun as God designed it; and then calling up some ghastly child, with stunted form and wicked face, hold forth on its unnatural sinfulness and lament its being so early far from heaven; but think a little of its having been conceived and born and bred in hell.

'Those who study the physical sciences, and bring them to bear upon the health of man, tell us that if the noxious particles that rise from vitiated air, were palpable to the sight, we should see them lowering in a dense black cloud above such haunts, and rolling slowly on to corrupt the better portions of a town. But if the mortal pestilence that rises with them, and in the eternal laws of outraged Nature, is inseparable from them, could be made discernible too, how horrible the revelation! Then

should we see depravity, impiety, drunkenness, theft, murder, and a long train of nameless sins, against the natural affections and repulsions of mankind, overhanging the devoted spots, and creeping on to blight the innocent and spread contagion among the pure. Then should we see how the same poisoned fountains that flow into our hospitals and lazar-houses, inundate the jails and make the convict-ships swim deep and roll across the seas, and over-run vast continents with crime. Then should we stand appalled to know, that where we generate disease to strike our children down and entail itself on unborn generations; there also we breed, by the same certain process, infancy that knows no innocence, youth without modesty or shame, maturity that is mature in nothing but in suffering and guilt, blasted old age that is a scandal on the form we bear. Unnatural humanity! when we shall gather grapes from thorns, figs from thistles; when fields of grain shall spring up from the offal in the by-ways of our wicked cities, and roses bloom in the fat church-yards that they cherish — then we may look for natural humanity, and find it growing from such seed.

‘Oh! for a good spirit who would take the house-tops off, with a more potent and benignant hand than the lame demon in the tale, and show a Christian people what dark shapes issue from amidst their homes, to swell the retinue of the destroying angel as he moves forth among them; for only night’s-view of the pale phantoms rising from the scenes of our too long neglect; and from the thick and sullen air where vice and fever propagate together, raining the tremendous social retributions which are ever pouring down, and ever coming thicker. Bright and blest the morning that should rise on such a night, for men delayed no more by stumbling-blocks of their own making, which are but specks of dust upon the path between them and eternity, would then apply themselves, like creatures of one common origin, owing one duty to the FATHER of one family, and tending to one common end, to make the world a better place.

‘Not the less bright and blest would that day be for rousing some who have never looked out upon the world of human life around them, to a knowledge of their own relation to it, and for making them acquainted with a perversion of nature, in their own contracted sympathies and estimates, as great and as natural in its development when once began, as the lowest degradation known.’

Is here not food for thought?’ - - - PREJUDICE is a singular thing. Against little matters — of diet, for example — how much unnecessary trouble is somehow undergone by virtuous and pains-taking persons! It were better otherwise. It is now eleven o’clock, in the morning of this most beautiful July day, upon the Hudson River. Observe, please, how much comfort may be secured from extremely trifling adjuncts. We have just been out in our little fertile and fruitful garden, not far off from our sanctum, (much-bepraised by partial friends;) have pulled six small onions, white as peeled willow-twigs, at bottom, but robins’-egg green above — of which two inches of striped yellow-emerald luscious greenness are carefully preserved: four small cucumbers, carefully picked fresh from thrifty, dewy vines, where in the night-time when we were asleep, they had expanded and bourgeoned: then cut the cucumbers very thinly, and the dear little onions, in their white, tender, consecutive rings. Having so done, lay the whole upon ice, to become cold, with leeway for leakage below, so that all may be cold and yet dry. With hulled black pepper, a pinch of Syracuse table-salt, and some of Mr. F. S. COZZENS’ White-Wine Vinegar, this preparation, with a slice of well-baked and

sweet bread-and-butter, will be found extremely advantageous to the human physical system. Afterward, a white bottle of what is usually termed 'Scotch Ale,' prepared by a person whose name is MURR, residing at Edinbro, North Britain, will not, it is supposed, be productive of present or prospective health ailment. Suppose you 'try it, and see?' - - - One of the great attractions of the 'Groves of Blarney,' and its famous 'Castle,' as set forth by 'poor Powne,' in his 'play' - ful description thereof, was the sport to be found in the waters that shone and sparkled thereby:

'Tis there's the lakes, well stored with fishes,
And comely aeels in the verdant mud that stray;
There's them trout and them salmon,
A-playin' together at Blackgammon,
An' when you go to take a-houli o' them, do n't they immajently swim away!

This is a 'strategic movement' which was common to most fishes, we believe until recently: although a friend and fellow-disciple of IZAAK WALTON once remarked to us, that he had seen trout tickled by the hand, over a grassy bank to the brook-side, until they turned gently upon their backs, and were easily secured. 'You would n't have believed it, had you not seen it?' we asked. 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'Well,' we responded, 'we did n't see it.' Yet we may have done our friend injustice: for 'behold you' the following passage in the letter of a New Hampshire correspondent of the *'Boston Journal'*:

'ONE of the many attractions about here are the tame fish, which are to be seen what is called Lougeetown pond, a pleasant drive of five miles from Alton Bay. I paid a visit to this place one day last week, and must say that I was very much delighted, as well as surprised. The pond is about three miles in circumference, and contains many kinds of fish, which are easily called from all parts of the pond to the shore and have become so tame that they will eat from the hands of visitors, while they lie submerged in the water. I took some of them up, and should judge that they weighed at least a pound. They are never taken from the pond, but allowed to increase in number every year.'

This 'feeling of confidence' on the part of 'fishes,' bids fair to extend. There is no living thing which is not susceptible to kindness, when it is 'itself' only. Our friend of ours, last winter, tamed a Saddle-Rock oyster, until he became so docile that he would follow him all round his apartment, in his shell. He had been crossed in love, and was obliged to bestow his affections *somewhere*: 'leastways that was what his master said. - - - FROM one of the old letters of 'W. G. O., we take this anecdote of the celebrated Dr. CHAPMAN, of Philadelphia: 'By the way, L——, I heard a good thing on Saturday last, from the renowned Dr. CHAPMAN, at the Saint ANDREW'S Dinner. You know how proverbially devoted the Scotch are; how they recognize a special PROVIDENCE over themselves; and how they have at home the 'Caledonian Violin,' or 'Scotch Fiddle,' or Itch. When the Doctor rose, he said: 'I am an old member of this Society: I am descended from Scotch ancestry: and (scratching his hands, and between his fingers) I have a pure blood. I have no flowers of rhetoric, gentlemen; but I have some *scotch flowers of brimstone*: and I would offer it freely to my brethren, the Sons of Scotland, only I know that we are proud and happy in being ourselves to be

the Lord's Anointed !' They say in Dr. CHAPMAN'S best vein ; it was, in other words, 'just like hi . . . A few moral reflections upon the character and complaint of the pati : JOB. For the first time in more than fifteen years, upon our person a BOIL. A nameless agony, near fruition. Unpleasant exceedingly. Visit a neighbor : 'Good morning : take a lounge upon the settee, on the piazza, until I have finished shaving : I'll be out in five minutes.' 'Thank you, neighbor, but would rather not this morning.' 'Step into the Library then, and take a chair.' 'Obliged, but it is n't convenient : will walk about here until you are through.' Took up a daily paper, with news from Italy : 'Trouble at the Seat of War.' Appreciated it explicitly. Thought of JOB, who, it seems to us, has never been fully understood. 'Have pity upon me, O my friends !' he said : but who pities the victim of a BOIL ? He did obtain some relief : he got into a bad scrape, yet human means did something for him : whereas we sent to all our neighbors, far and near, and there was not a potsherd in the place. One old Rockland County Dutchman told the boy that he thought there was an old one 'down to Kakiak ;' but it was too far off to be made available. . . . If the following '*Strategic Military Plan*,' which the New-York *Evening Post* daily journal copies from the Nashville (Tenn.) *Patriot*, be not the handy-work of 'SQUIBBO,' alias 'JOHN PHOENIX,' some clever writer has stepped into his shoes. One can scarcely tell which most to admire, the feasibility of the 'Plan,' or its wonderful simplicity :

'WHEN the battle of Solferino began on the morning of Friday, June 24th, the opposing forces extended to a distance of about twelve miles. On approaching the Austrians, NAPOLEON, on arriving within three hundred yards of their position, should, by all means, have thrown the main body of his regular troops, consisting of, say fifty thousand men, into what may technically be called an immense wedge. From the upper end of this wedge, two wings, in the shape of the letter L, consisting of fifty thousand Zouaves each, should have extended, the ends of the wings impinging upon the large or major extremity of the wedge, with the Austrians immediately in front, the point of the wedge being directed to their centre. At the entering point of this wedge should have been stationed the smallest man in the army, immediately behind him the next smallest, and so on, the tallest troops constituting the larger end of the terrible instrument. Thus graduated — whittled down to a point, as it were — it is evident that it would have been capable of penetrating the toughest body of troops in the world. A strong hempen cable should have been extended from the extreme point of one wing to the extreme point of the other, on the outside, running through holes perforated in the coat-tails of the Zouaves, so as to be held up without encumbering the troops, leaving them the free use of their hands.

'The army being thus formed, the wedge should have been driven home, the wings made to flop simultaneously and vigorously, and the whole force being hurled like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, the wedge penetrating their centre, and the wings bulging out in the middle and turning in at the ends, forming two arcs of a circle, until they met, when the Austrians, being now completely surrounded and split in two, the ends should have been brought together and tied by a sailor stationed there for the purpose. Thus cut in two, huddled up and surrounded by an impenetrable wall of rope and Zouaves, the enemy would either have been crushed to death, or would have thrown down their arms and surrendered at discretion.

'But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Austrians, or a large number of them, had jumped *à-cheval*, or, vulgarly speaking a-straddle, of the rope and broke it, or suppose they had cut it with their swords, thereby forming a *crevasse* through which to debouch and reach the exterior plain — what then? Why, they could only have fallen back upon the village of Cavriana, which being too small to hold them, they would have been forced further back to Volta, where, finding no adequate protection from the bayonets of the indomitable Zouaves, they would either have fallen into the hands of the French as prisoners-of-war, or would have been cut to pieces. This accomplished, NAPOLEON would have nothing to do but march into Mantua without interruption, whence he could have dispatched handfuls of troops with small arms to take peaceable possession of Verona, Peschiera, and Legnano, the remaining three corners of the Quadrangle, and this terrible war would have been ended.

'But LOUIS NAPOLEON thought best to act differently, and the result is known: instead of capturing and killing the entire Austrian army, as he might have done, he simply placed the contemptible number of thirty-five thousand *hors de combat*.

'We have not intended to wound the pride, nor touch the sensibilities of LOUIS NAPOLEON by what we have here said; and should he urge some little objection to the plan of battle we have given, we earnestly trust he will give us all due credit for candor and a sincere desire to see him do well.'

Who says that is n't 'JOHN PHOENIX?' - - - 'AN amusing story,' says a Toledo, Ohio, correspondent, 'is told of the acute sense of smell of a tobacconist of our city. He, together with his clerk, was examining some tobacco submitted for his inspection. After carefully inhaling the flavor by three or four protracted sniffs, he exclaimed to his clerk: 'JOHN, can't you smell *old leather* in that tobacco?' JOHN presented it to *his* olfactories, and 'thought he *could*.' The 'chief' then *smelled* again, and declared that he could also detect a very slight flavor of *maple sugar*. This last aroma JOHN pronounced beyond his powers. Samples of leaf-tobacco, you know, are taken from each end of the hogshead, and also from the *centre*. The samples examined were from the ends. On taking a sample from the *middle*, there was found an old boot-heel, full of maple pegs! Judgment on '*tobakker*' from this quarter is now regarded as final!' - - - OUR friend 'Col. PIRN' has sent us a poem on '*The Burning of the Princess*,' by LUXIMON ROY, M.D., of Baton-Rouge. LUXIMON is *not* a poet of the largest calibre: and we marvel that *gave* senators and assemblymen of the Legislature of Louisiana, in *honeyed phrase*, should have asked of the Doctor a copy of his effusion for publication. *To be* sure, it is *dedicated* to 'the honorable and distinguished' Legislature, and due gratitude for the compliment may be inferred: but, at the *same time*, we cannot help thinking the 'honorable members' are quizzing the medical bard: and we think our readers will join us in this opinion, after 'hefting' the ensuing specimen 'bricks:'

'Apoor the broad expanse majestic of
The Sire of Waters great, the Princess came
Like a thing of bright beauty and of life.
Her regal halls were rife with joyous hearts:
The graceful statue of the royal maid,
From loftiest pinnacle of 'Texas,' gazed
On fair plantations, where the monarch soon —
King CORROX — would descend with his flakes of

Snow, and the waving cane's sweet nectar-juice
Would flow.'

'THE sweet Princess is
A bonny favorite boat; her swift speed,
Her beauty, and the gorgeousness of her
Fine architecture and palatial halls,
Her rich adornments and her state-rooms fair,
Cause her to seem like fairy floating isle
Of dazzling beauty rare; or rather, like
Some grand enchanted sparkling palace in
A beauteous bridal Eden of the East —
An oriental paradise of fairy dreams.'

'ALONG great Mississippi's rolling tide.
Behold her sending forth the peals of her
Bright gilded bell, and deaf'ning war-whoop of
Her loud steam-whistle.'

There is a good deal of miscellaneous 'grouping' in the annexed passage, describing the immediate effects of the bursting of the boiler:

'THEN came a burst of dread volcanic sound:
Her centre to a hellish crater changed,
A blackened mass of human fragments flung
High into th' startled air, and wrapt the whole
Fair noble craft with sheets of demon blaze:
Legs, arms, and heads, trunks, chimneys, pilot-house,
With wheel, and statue of the Princess fair,
And boiler's fragments, and the beams and bolts,
With crash of timber and resounding iron,
Were upward hurl'd from that dread lurid chasm —
That gulph of chaos and destruction dire.'

Individualizing the victims of the sad disaster is less effective, since the lines ~~are~~ taken from a newspaper paragraph, and 'cut up in lengths, to suit:'

BRAVE SHERBURNE's lost, and MURPHY's dead,
And CLARK is gone, and BRANDON, YALE and GLOVER bold,
And COFFEY, HUARD, and BANNISTER are slain;
And brave LAVILLE there lies with crippled limbs:
Both BELL and RICHARDS, struggling, gasp in death;
DE LEE, CLARK, BRANDON, and the MARKS are slain;
And there Judge BOYCE and others writhe in pain;
The younger CLARK, WILLCOX, and SCOTT are low,
And blood from CARR and EVANS freely flow;
And there SURGET, LACOU and HUDSON groan —
Here COCKBURN, HARBOR, VIGNE, and FLOWERS, moan;
Judge FARRAR's scalded by the ruthless steam,
And there, on MURDOCK, comes a crashing beam;
Here DAVENPORT the burning flame surrounds —
And there a scorching rafter STEPHENS wounds;
And brave MORROW's tall and athletic form
Is crushed amid this dire volcanic storm.
With great *sang froid* Judge BURK strips off his clothes,
And from the burning deck himself he throws
Into the Mississippi's rolling flood,
With fragments turbid — and with human blood.'

Now this casualty was of too painful a character to be thus travestied: and our union of the members of the Louisiana Legislature, who could counsel the publication of such trash as we have been considering, may be thus expressed, in kindred 'blank verse:'

THE members of
The Louisiana Legislature did
A very silly, foolish thing, when they

Did recommend the printing of
 Dr. LUXIMON ROR, his verses; which
 Are very flat indeed: and if
 He e'er should write again, let
 Him not rush to types: because
 He may be certain that he can't
 'Keep a hotel:'

figuratively speaking, we would be understood. - - - If this gossiping 'clip' from a letter to the Editor, from a friend in the 'far west,' is not characteristic of that region, we lack perception and appreciation: 'The speculators in Western village lots do seem to be very fortunate in selecting *healthy* locations. One of these gentlemen, having a large interest in the two-year-old city of ———, located in the State of Wisconsin, near the Illinois line, was asked by a prospective purchaser concerning the health of his locality: 'Healthy *here!*' replied the resident — 'Healthy!! Well, *I should rather* think it was! Why, stranger, nobody ever dies here: we were obliged to send over into Illinois to get a *corpse* to start our burying-ground.' The 'party' did not 'locate' there: it was too *far* fully salubrious. . . . A New-York mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck 'out here;' and hearing he was becoming 'well-to-do,' sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually 'laid' any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise:

'GENTS: You will never get any spondulick from BILL JOHNSON. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile; his feet upon the naked earth; and not clothes enough upon him to *wad a gun!*'

We call that an expressive simile! - - - WHEN we stood, rapt in admiration, with our friends ELLIOTT the preëminent portrait-painter, and Mr. MAOGUIN, of Washington, (an appreciative lover and most liberal patron of the Fine Arts,) before Mr. CHURCH's picture of 'The Heart of the Andes,' we heard this remark from an English-looking person, who was mopping his perspiring 'foward' with an India Bandanna: 'Ex-ceed-ingly clever! — that must 'tell' abroad.' Yes: it has: as witness the following, from the 'London Daily News,' which we publish, for the simple reason, that *as an American*, we are glad to see the genius of our modest countrymen appropriately and frankly honored:

'ONE of the most remarkable pictures exhibited this season, is now on view at the German Gallery, New Bond-street. The artist — Mr. CHURCH, the American — has already established a high reputation in this country by his extraordinary painting of the 'Falls of Niagara.' Never before had the majesty of that scene, with all its infinite variety of tolling, foaming, eddying, glancing, crashing, broken water-surfaces, been so impressively presented to the eye. Other representations may have been good for recollection, but the suggestiveness of that alone enabled those who had not seen the great Falls to form some idea of the gloriously terrible reality. The present picture is a worthy companion to the last. Mr. CHURCH seems to have proposed to realize the climax and acme of all that is grandest and most epical in his own great twin continent. Here we have a pictorial poem upon the immovable mountain-majesty of the great South-American Cordilleras; before, we had the most stupendous leap and plunge of the great rolling North-American flood. The 'Heart of the Andes' is a scene hitherto unexplored by the painter; but HUMBOLDT, with truth, observed that in no other sec-

tion of the globe, not excepting the Alps and Himalayas, could the landscape painter acquire such an extent and variety of knowledge suited to his purpose, and receive such inspiration and impulse. Our own landscape painters, even after their annual trip to Snowdon, might well sigh for such a new world as this to conquer. On the other hand, Mr. CHURCH, our American co — or rather, let us say brother — has little or nothing to learn from the experience of the oldest European school or master. Yet, marvellous as is the skilful composition and comprehensive knowledge here displayed, Mr. CHURCH has never studied in the most conventional sense of the word; he has never visited the great galleries of art out of America. But he has done better; he has devoted several years to the study at first hand of the noble coast and mountain scenery of his native land. This was the training he had received before he resolved to open up for himself a field entirely new to all modern artists of note and ability. Original and elevated, however, as was his theme, he brought to it powers and capacity fully commensurate. The pre-Raphaelite minuteness and self-evident accuracy of the foreground, and the broadly-generalized, delicately-graduated, and atmospheric distance of this picture, prove that the artist unites almost a contrariety of gifts. Breadth and finish are almost perfectly harmonized. . . . We would gladly attempt to convey some general idea of this truly great picture, but that our space would not permit us to sketch ever so imperfectly all the richness here accumulated, as it were, from every zone and climate; all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, of impenetrable sloping silvas and interminable table-land, and of great Andean snow-crested mountains, whose ranges almost bisect the earth, and from whose sides gush streams whose course is measured by the breadth of continents. Over all this panorama of power, and majesty, and beauty, there mantles, however, only a sentiment of repose, calculated to awaken a still, deep feeling of veneration. TURNER himself, in his wildest imagination, never painted a scene of greater magnificence than this view, which wears all the impress of Nature's own unrivalled reality.

'Good' for the 'Thunderer!' - - - READER: if you desire to see a specimen of 'condensed composition,' do us the favor to read the following. It is the prologue to 'TROILUS and CRESIDA,' by 'WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, Gent.':

'IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy: within whose strong immures
The ravished HELEN, MENELAUS' queen,
With wanton PARIS sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their war-like freightage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavillions: PRIAM's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And responsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A prologue armed — but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited

In like conditions as our argument —
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.'

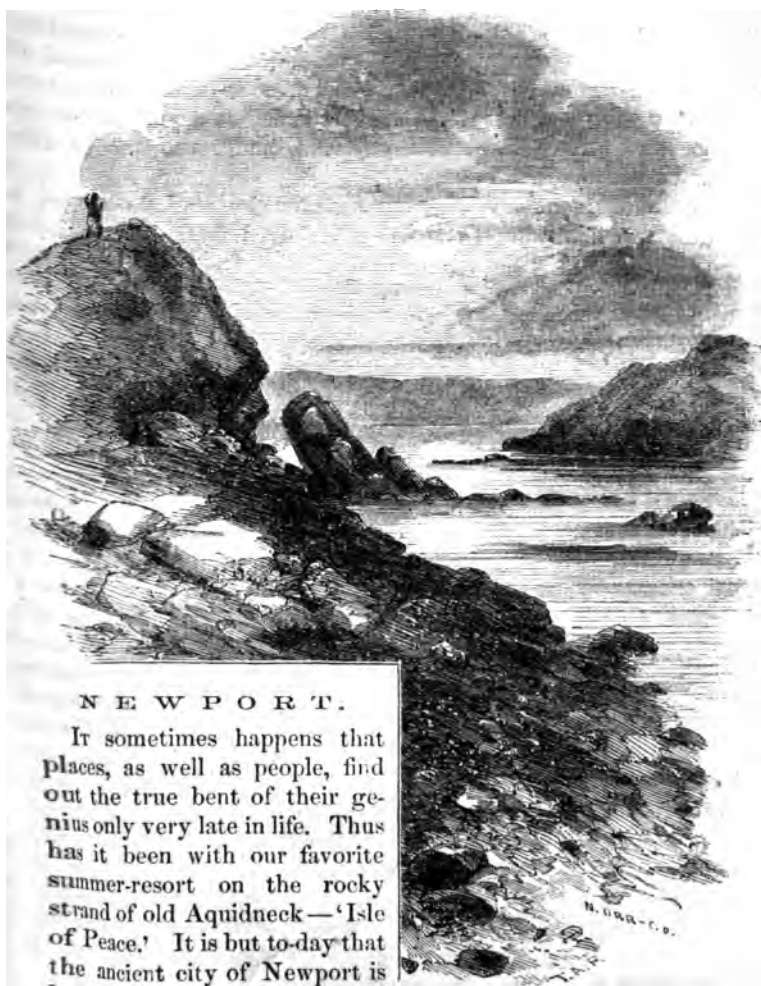
What a vivid variety of pictures! - - - '*A Sunday-School Teacher*,' write us as follows from Middletown: 'I was glad to notice in the last number of your Magazine, a few thoughts upon our English translation of the Lord's Prayer, particularly with reference to the reading, '*Lead us not into temptation.*' Your own rendering, as suggested, seems more in consonance with the general spirit and teachings of the Scripture, and with our ideas of the character and attributes of 'Our FATHER in Heaven.' Allow me to suggest the following as conveying juster sense of our SAVIOUR's words to his disciples and to us: '*Leave us not into temptation.*' This is a petition which we all have occasion to offer up, and certainly conveys no imputation upon the goodness of God, which can hardly be said of the prayers as set forth in our common English version.' - - - The following recent publications await future reference in these pages: '*Henry Hudson, Holland: an Inquiry into the Origin and Objects of the Voyage which led to the Discovery of the Hudson River*;' with 'Biographical Notes:' from the Press of the BROTHERS GIUNTA D'ALBANI, at the Hague: 'Address of the Washington National Monument Society,' by the Secretary, JOHN CARROLL BRENT, Esq.: and Rev. T. H. STROCKTON's 'Anniversary Address on Ministerial Union.' Also receive 'The Orthographical Hobgoblin!' - - - THE recent death of RUFUS CHOATE and the remarks which the event has elicited from the public press, have revived in our mind a thought which has often occurred to it: *What was it which constituted the Eloquence of Rufus Choate?* It surely must have been in his manner, and that we never witnessed. In print, selected by partial friends, and advanced, with no stinted praise, his 'brilliant' and 'eloquent' passages seem to neither the one nor the other. 'You should have heard him once, before a Boss jury!' exclaims one of his fervent admirers, this moment at our elbow. No doubt that would have been one test: but you did not require to hear WEBSTER: he lives in print, as he lives in memory. CHOATE's style of oratory,' says the '*Express*' daily journal, whose editors knew him intimately, 'was in the worst manner of very bad school. Affected, unnatural, strained, it could not be comprehended without study. WEBSTER could and would say more in five minutes than CHOATE would say in five hours.' - - - A PLAIN, straight-forward, easily-followed practical, altogether excellent work, is '*Copeland's Country Life: a Hand-Book of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening.*' We shall have somewhat more to say of the volume, and somewhat more to the purpose, hereafter. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, of Boston, are the publishers. - - - A STRONG reliable, and ever ready adhesive substance for repairing broken furniture and household ware, has, time out of mind, been a desideratum. The want is now admirably supplied by SPAULDING'S PREPARED GLUE, rendered soluble by chemical and sold in neat bottles, with a brush, for that American institution — twenty-five cents. When applied, the glue hardens, and holds with tenacity. No household should be without it.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LIV.

OCTOBER, 1859.

No. 4.



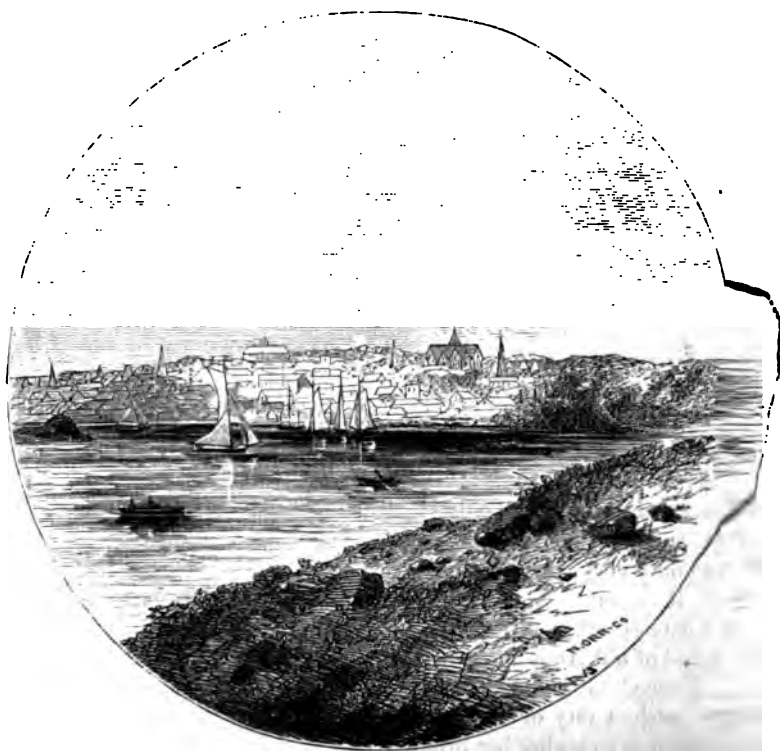
NEWPORT.

It sometimes happens that places, as well as people, find out the true bent of their genius only very late in life. Thus has it been with our favorite summer-resort on the rocky strand of old Aquidneck — 'Isle of Peace.' It is but to-day that the ancient city of Newport is beginning to realize her brilliant

PURGATORY CLIFFS.

destiny as a *retreat* from the busy life of which two hundred years ago it was her hopeful ambition to become the very scene and centre. One time her now quiet harbor was the chief rendezvous of the mariners of the surrounding seas, and she looked down in commercial pride at the patronage upon all the present great ports of the land, fearless of the rivalry, in which her once bright prospects have long since been entirely buried. The turn which time and circumstances have thrown upon her fate is not to be regretted, while the loss in the old career is so amply made up in the new. The music of the far-sounding sea is more befitting the 'Isle of Peace' than the babel-voice of commerce, and her health-giving airs are sweeter, untainted by the smoke of factory and mill. The laughing yacht looks more at home in her sunlit waters than the grim, weather-stained merchantman, and her streets are more appropriately lined with gay villas and cottage-nooks, than with dark warehouses and dingy shops.

Much and long, however, as our sea-girt city may thus seem to have mistaken her calling, she has never lived ingloriously, for,



NEWPORT—FROM BREXTON'S COVE.

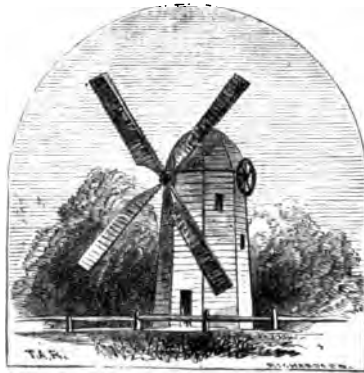


DUMPLING ROCKS AND FORT.

genius will sparkle, though struck upon the most untoward flint, so in the story and in the still remaining traces of her past character, there everywhere shines evidence of the power which now distinguishes her in her new vocation. They are pleasant pictures to look upon, both 'this and that,' the old Newport of the past century and the new and very different city of the present day.

Newport occupies the south-west corner of the island upon which the little State of Rhode Island, of which it forms a considerable part, was named. To the old aboriginal occupants the region was known as Aquidneck, Aquitneck, or Aquethneck, according to varying orthographies—signifying 'Isle of Peace.' Its southern shores are washed by the surf of the Atlantic, while at all other points it is surrounded by the waters of the Narragansett Bay. In the year 1638 it was purchased by the first white settlers, of the Chieftains Canonicus and Miantonomi, for the certain number of broadcloth coats, jack-knives, and other sundries, which went at the time to make up the customary price of such commodities as Indian states and territories.

The Aquidneck pioneers were a party led by John Clarke, William Coddington, Mrs. Hutchinson, and others, who were driven by the oppressions of religious bigotry from their homes in the neighboring



WINDMILL.

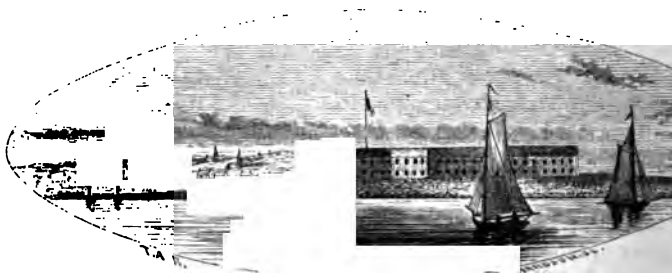


THE OLD VERNON HOUSE.

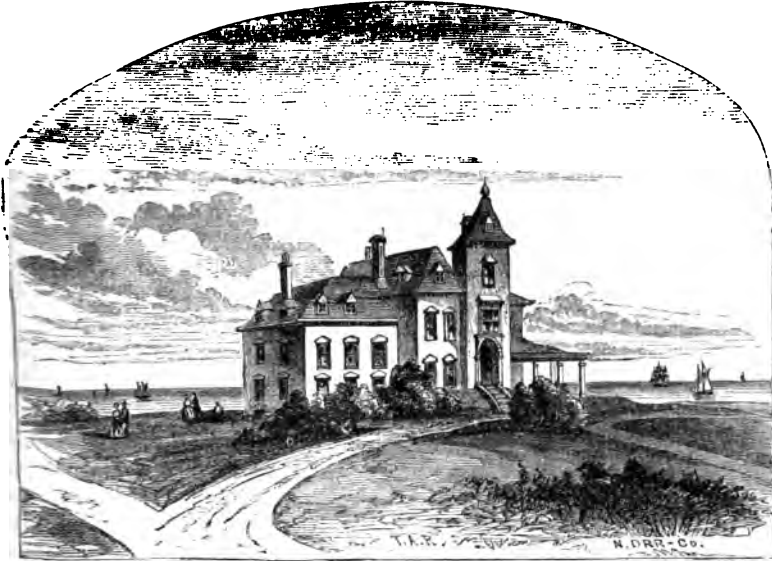
colony of Massachu-
setts as Roger Williams
and his friends had just
been compelled to seek
an asylum on the site
of the present city of Pro-
vidence, thirty miles above,
head of the Narragansett
Bay. Clarke and
Lowell had set
Long Island on fire
in the war, but were
stopped *en route*.
Williams and his
followers enshrined their
Persecution in the
Island of Aquidneck
in his own vicinage
first settlement was

Providence, now Portsmouth, in the upper part of their new territory. The busy hive increased so fast, that when a year only had passed, they found it necessary to swarm, which they did, a portion of the colony fleeing south-ward, in 1639, and founding for themselves the city of Newport.

As on the settlement of Roger Williams in Providence, so the colony at Aquidneck, there was a hearty exercising of the doctrine of intolerance and persecution, in matters of conscience, which so characterized the neighboring regions; and entire freedom of religious and civil, was solemnly assured to all — a wise as well as a policy which at once strengthened the new settlements with the wealth and virtue of the classes proscribed elsewhere, especially the numerous ones of Quakers and Jews. The admission of these elements into the body politic and social, contributed greatly



FORT ADAMS—APPROACH FROM SEA.



CHATEAU SUR MER. SEAT OF WILLIAM S. WETMORE, ESQ.

immediate success and to the after fortunes of the people ; and to this day is the salutary influence powerfully and usefully at work.

Next to the great blessing of religious liberty, the chief attraction of Aquidneck, or Rhode Island — as the inhabitants re-named it, from its fancied resemblance to the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean — was the purity and pleasantness of its climate, a greater secret of its success at this day even than then.

‘ It is,’ says Neal in his history (1715–20) ‘ deservedly esteemed the paradise of New-England, for the fruitfulness of the soil and for the temperateness of the climate ; and though it be not above sixty-five miles south of Boston, it is a coat warmer in winter.’ Berkeley, of whose agreeable connection with the neighborhood we shall speak by-and-by, writing in 1729 to a friend, describes the climate as like that of Italy, and not colder in winter than he had experienced it every where north of Rome. ‘ We have,’ said Callender in his Historical Discourse in 1739, ‘ all summer, a south and a south-westerly sea-breeze ;’ while another writer of a century back praised it as ‘ the healthiest country he ever knew.’

The climate of Newport, thus so remarked by visitors at the earliest periods, no less than now, for its charming qualities, comes, says Professor Maury, from the trend of the gulf-stream, driven thitherward by the prevailing south and south-west winds.

In March, 1644, six years after the first settlement at Aquidneck

ries of gallant warlike achievement, of both earlier and later days in those troublous days.

With the fall of the posts on Mount Washington the whole of island of New-York passed into the possession of the British, and remained during the war; the waters of the Harlem and the Spyt den Duivel forming thenceforward the northern boundary of their position here, while a long stretch of country lay between them and the American posts above.

Though the island was thus given up, the losers still hoped—and more than once attempted—to regain it. In 1777 General Heath was ordered to approach King's bridge, and if practicable to attack the fortifications there. He advanced and summoned Fort Independence, on Tetard's Hill, to surrender. This reasonable demand was refused; and before it could be enforced other events caused it to be withdrawn. In 1781 there again seemed to be a favorable opportunity here for patriot valor, and a descent under the command of the Duke de Lauzan was planned; but, like the previous venture, it proved fruitless.

In the attack under Heath, on the 17th January, 1777, there was some spirited and bloody work. Two days after, one thousand troops were detailed for a further assault upon the British battalions within the Bridge. It was intended to cross the Spyt den Duivel the night upon the ice; but that scheme was abandoned as hazardous when warmer weather immediately followed. The next morning there was a severe cannonading upon both sides, and so again on the succeeding day; all greatly to the confusion and dismay of the besieged. This spot was at all times a scene of gallant deeds—the Thermopylae of the time and neighborhood, no less bravely disputed than was the classic pass of the Spartans of old. In 1783 there came its hour of triumph when, upon the evacuation of New-York by the British troops at the



KING'S BRIDGE—FROM BELOW.

in these days of commercial prosperity, Newport was not less pre-eminent for intelligence, taste, and learning, and was, as Dr. Waterhouse said in 1824, (*Boston Intelligencer*), 'the chosen resort of the rich philosophic from nearly all parts of the civilized world.' In this characteristic of the old town there was a foreshadowing of the special virtues of the new; for, with all its opulence and refinements, the old Newport of the nineteenth century by no means exceeds that of the eighteenth, in elegance and culture, or even approaches it in truthfulness and courtliness of manners, in princely liberality, or in high moral tone. These were yet the stately days of the old aristocratic age, when the unwashed democracy of modern times was all unknown.

Among the earliest of the distinguished names associated with the history of Newport is that of the venerable Bishop Berkeley, who made his appearance there in 1729, tarrying some two years. The memory of this amiable and learned philosopher is often and vividly recalled to the mind of the present people and visitors at Newport. On the east side of the town, within sound of the surf on the sea-shore, there yet stands the house which he built and occupied, under the name of Whitehall, beneath the humble roof of which he wrote some of his best works, among them the famous ode in which occurs the oft-quoted line, 'Westward the course of empire takes its way.' In a walk of the rocky bluff near by, on the Sachuest or Second Beach,



MALBORN PLACE. RESIDENCE OF MR. J. FRESCOTT HALL.

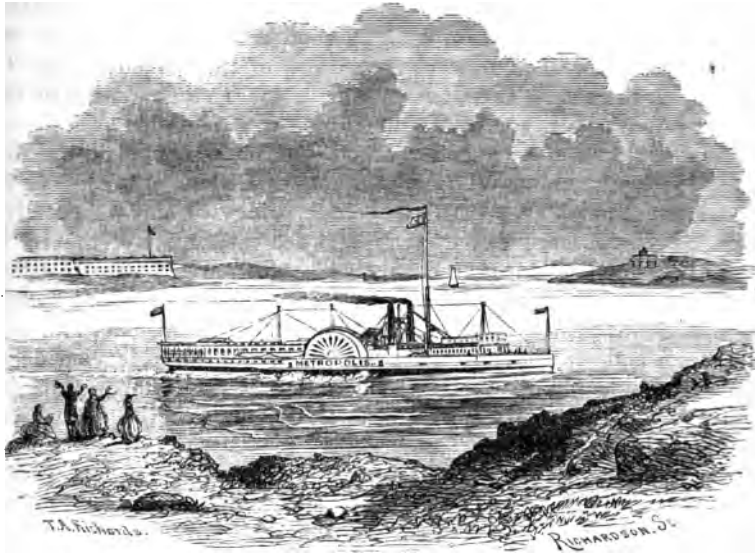
known to us as the Hanging Rocks, he is said to have penned the pages of his 'Minute Philosopher,' under the inspiration of the voiceful sea. The worthy Bishop's eloquence was occasionally heard from the pulpit of the venerable Trinity Church, and the organ in use there to this day, was the gift of his generous hand.

In the society which Berkeley met in Newport was found his clerical friend Honeyman, the rector of Trinity Church, and the god-father of the lofty observatory-crowned eminence on the north of the city. Then there was the Rev. John Callender, the author of the famous 'Historical Discourse;' the wise divines Stiles and Hopkinson, and Abraham Redwood, the generous founder of the beautiful Redwood Library, so attractive to the stranger in the town at the present day; and besides these learned worthies, there were the hospitable Malbones, Godfrey and John, many merchant princes, and other large-hearted specimens of the fine old gentry of by-gone days. It would be pleasant to recall here the numerous anecdotes which have come down to us of the social life of Newport at this period, but we must hasten on to the eventful story of later days. Before we glance at this, the revolutionary epoch, no less in the fortunes and fate of Newport than in the political character of the country, let us hastily chronicle the names of yet a few others whose lives have shed lustre upon the place, as that of Gilbert Stuart, the illustrious painter, and of Edward Malbone, another estimable artist, and of yet a third, the venerable Charles B. King, yet living, as long may he continue to, among us. The eloquent voice of Channing was often heard on the old isle of Aquidneck, and his homestead is among the picturesque relics of the region. So, also, are the home and tomb of Oliver Hazard Perry, the illustrious Commodore of the Lake.

It was thus, under the most propitious breezes of fortune, material and moral, ruffled only in earlier years by the neighboring wars of King Philip, and the still earlier rumors of wars between the French and Indians in the north, that old Newport lived from her birth to the troublous days of the Revolution, which robbed her of her population and wealth, never to come back again by the old path of commercial enterprise and success.



VIEW FROM SPOTTING ROCKS.



THE HARBOR—NORTH. STEAMER METROPOLIS.

The only action which may properly be called a battle that happened in Rhode Island during the Revolution, was fought, with no decided success on either side, on Butts' or Quaker hill, in Portsmouth, the original settlement of the island. Yet the people were staunch adherents of the popular cause, and many opportunities came for the display of their gallantry and valor at home as well as abroad. Long before the actual commencement of hostilities, they performed the first overt act of resistance which was made in the Colonies to the royal authority, by the summary destruction of the armed sloop 'Liberty,' in return for her rude treatment of a vessel from an adjoining colony, and of themselves when they demanded atonement therefor. The incensed Newporters boarded the 'Liberty,' cut her cables, and let her drift out to Goat Island, where she was soon afterward burnt during a heavy thunder-storm. Subsequently to this act there occurred, further up the bay, the similar exploit of Gaspee Point, in which the obnoxious toll-gathering craft, the 'Gaspee,' was adroitly persuaded to run upon the unknown, hidden sands, and while thus helpless, was destroyed by a rebellious party from Providence. Not less daring was the attack of the 'Pigot' by the crew of the little sloop 'Hawk,' on the east side of the island. Nothing, either, could have been more neatly done than the bold seizure of the British commander Prescott, at his own head-quarters at Portsmouth, when Colonel Barton, of Providence, and a few trusty fellows dropped down the bay at night,

under the noses of the enemy's ships, and mastering the sentinels, coolly took the old tyrant from his bed and carried him, without superfluous toilette, again beneath the shadow of the British vessels, to the American camp. The General himself said at the moment to his gallant captor: 'Sir, you have made a bold push to-night!'

The first threat of war against Rhode Island was made in the fall of 1775, when Admiral Wallace, who commanded an English fleet in the harbor at the time, seemed to be preparing to carry off the live stock at the southern end of the island for the supply of the royal troops in Boston. Foiled seasonably in his project, he swore vengeance against the town, frightening away half of its inhabitants, and sorely terrifying the rest, until a compromise was made by furnishing him certain stores and supplies. He then proceeded up the bay, leaving desolation wherever his demands were denied. In the following spring (1776) Wallace was by a spirited effort driven out of the harbor of Newport; but before Christmas of that same year there came a British fleet, under Sir Peter Parker, from which nine or ten thousand troops, English and Hessians, were landed at Middletown, five miles from Newport; and hereabouts the intruders stayed until the autumn of 1779, now in their camp, and now quartered upon the inhabitants of the towns, but, in camp or not, always aggressive and destructive: so that at their final departure they left only ruin and dismay where they had found prosperity and happy content. On abandoning the island, after their three-years' possession, they completed the destruction they had begun and continued by burning the barracks at Fort Adams and the light-house on Beavertail Point, and by bearing away the town records, which were subsequently regained, but in such condition as to be of little use. The churches had been used and abused

as barracks; the Redwood Library was robbed of its treasures; hundreds of buildings had been destroyed, and of all the beautiful trees which formerly adorned the island, scarcely one remained.

The investment of the island by the British, and the gradual wreck which resulted from wanton destruction and from the continual defence of their position, reduced the population from twelve to four thousand, desolated the country, and ruined Newport, despite the brilliant flicker of life which followed, in the gay occupancy of the town by the French troops under Rochambeau and the Admiral de Ternay.



THE PERRY MONUMENT.



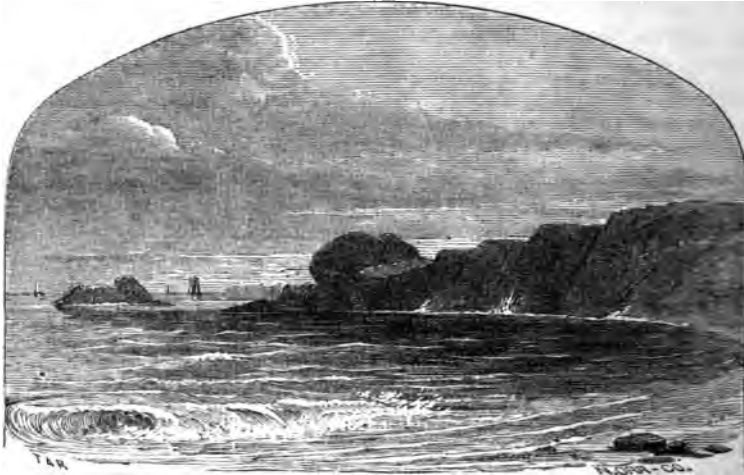
THE OCEAN HOUSE.

A brave but futile attempt had been made the previous autumn, (August, 1778,) with the coöperation of a French fleet, under D'Estaing, to expel the enemy from Rhode Island. The people now confidently hoped for release from the yoke which had so long galled them, but with the exception of a little maneuvering, and sailing to and fro, and the sinking of some boats as obstructions to the navigation, nothing of great moment happened on the water, and nothing on the land but the action (during the retreat of the Americans) at Butts' hill, already alluded to as the only battle of the Revolution fought upon Rhode Island soil. In this attempt from ten to fifteen thousand of the patriot troops were engaged, under the command of Generals Greene and Sullivan. They crossed over from the main-land to the upper end of Aquidneck, at Tiverton. The failure of the expedition is attributed to the want of prompt and energetic aid on the part of the Count d'Estaing.

The coming of the second French fleet, under De Ternay, though not required now to drive the enemy from their threshold, was no less warmly hailed than had been that of



WELTON HALL.



SCENE FROM BACHUENT OR SECOND BEACH.

D'Estaing before. It entered Newport harbor on the 10th of July, 1780, amidst the acclamations of the populace. Scarcely, however, was Rochambeau established in his head-quarters, at the old 'Vernon house,' (yet standing,) when news came of the approach of the enemy's blockading squadron. As in the case of previous rumors of war, however, no engagement followed, and the French officers were left to display their gallantry in the drawing and ball-room, to the high edification of the beautiful belles of the day and place, instead of their prowess in the tented field. They went, at last, and finally, during the following year, (1781,) and Newport was left, without any new troubles, to mourn over the crushing and fatal issue of her past misfortunes.

During the French occupancy of the town, Washington was received there amidst a general illumination, and such rejoicings as the depressed hearts of the people allowed. He was entertained at the head-quarters of the Count de Rochambeau, in the present 'Old Vernon House.' The commander of the fleet, the Count de Ternay, died here, and was buried with great pomp in the cemetery of Trinity Church.

Thus brilliantly ended the Revolutionary story of Newport. The brightness, though, made the gloomy night which followed only the darker; for, as the gay ships sailed away, so passed the last ray of the old sunshine of success in which the now desolate and almost deserted town had so long and so joyously lived.

There is little to be said of Newport during the half-century between the close of the Revolution and her memorable social *renaissance*, about the year 1840. This was the dark age in her eventful history,



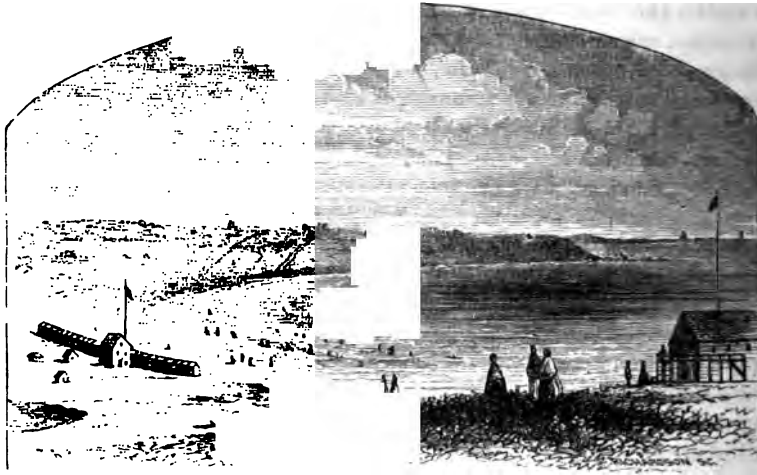
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WHITEHALL.



KANTON'S OR FIRST BEACH.

dreds and from hundreds to thousands. Many of the strangers, not content with their brief summer stay, took up their permanent abode in the town, replacing the old dwellings with sumptuous villas, here one and there another, until at last there grew up the long spacious streets of cottage and castle which now form the new and beautiful Newport that looks down so encouragingly from its hilly terrace upon the old town basking by the lazy sea.

In this renewed prosperity the old taverns and inns grew by-and-by to be insufficient for the accommodation of the coming throngs, and some twenty years ago there began to spring up the great hotels which are now annually overrun with all that is most gay and most dazzling of the luxury, the elegance, the pomp, the parade, and the fashion of the land. With the erection of the Ocean House in 1845 the new life of Newport was fairly begun, and her position as one of the great national watering-places of the Republic forever assured. No where else in the New-World may there be seen, so well as in the parlors and halls of this elegant establishment, an epitome of the luxury, beauty, elegance, and fashion of American summer society.

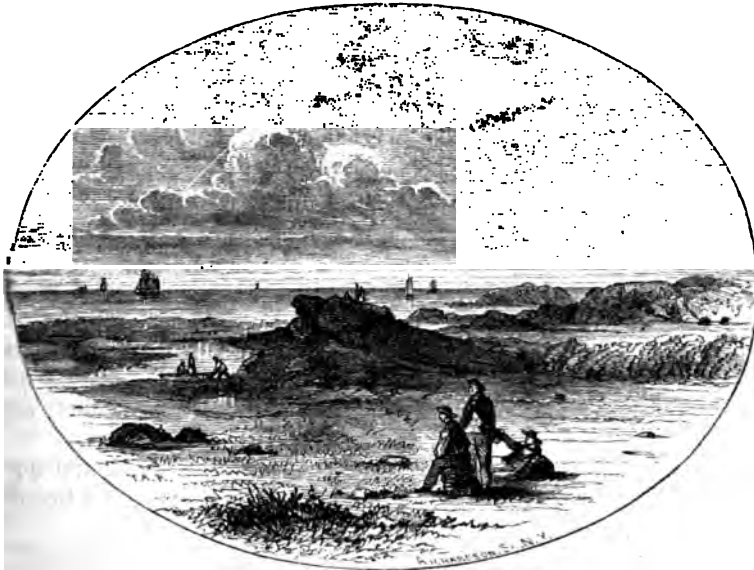
The Newport visitor of this day will, if he journey by way of New-York or Boston, bestow himself upon the cars or steamers of the famous 'Fall River Line.' At New-York he will take the palatial 'Metropolis,' or some other scarcely less sumptuous boat of the Fall River squadron. Leaving the great city, he will enjoy the beauties of the East River by the beautiful light of the setting sun; see the broad bosom of Long-Island Sound under the magic of moonbeams, and have a pleasant experience of old Ocean as he rounds Point Judith,

toward the Narragansett Bay. Passing, at length, Fort Adams on the right of the portals between the outer and the inner harbors, and the bold Dimpling Rocks on the left, he will make his midnight entry into the old town. Cosy carriages will incontinently convey him to comfortable quarters at the Ocean House, or if he should prefer it, to the Fillmore, the Atlantic, the Bellevue, or the Aquidneck, and in the soft sunny morning he may bestir himself to the enjoyment of the merry society within doors, or the more attractive natural beauties without.

Of course he will not forget his pleasure and duty to join the army which does daily battle with the laughing surf. When evening approaches, he will accompany the throngs of gay equestrians to the beach, yet beyond that of the bathers, where he may see the Hanging Rocks of Berkeley and the dark cliffs of Purgatory; or, if the tides are averse, and it should be fort-day instead of beach-day, he will turn his horses' heads fort-wards, pay his respects to the courteous



THE OLD MILL.



THE HANGING ROCKS.



THE GLEN.

officer in command, and listen to the band as he rides up and down the broad parade. At another time he may gallop with the cavalcade through the length and breadth of South Touro-street, with its succession of beautiful villas. This favorite promenade of the town will bring him to the rock-sheltered cove called the Boat-House, and to the jagged, foam-crested cliffs and crags of the Spouting Cave. After dinner he may talk against the music, following the splendid march up and down the hall of his hotel;

and later he may join the informal dance or the more ceremonious hop at his own or at some one of the other great houses. When more quietly inclined, he may stroll into the dainty rooms of that ancient and classic little edifice—the Redwood Library, and amuse himself with its rich stores of pictures and books; or he may lounge through the streets, and talk with the past as he gazes upon the venerable walls of the old State House, or on the former homes of Rochambeau, Channing, Perry, and others. He may take a pleasant peep at the pretty cemetery of the Jews, a gift of the generous and princely Touro.

The 'Old Mill,' or tower, in the heart of the town, will not fail to excite the visitor's curiosity and interest, whether he wonders or not if it were built by the Norsemen a thousand years ago for mystic rites, or by an enterprising miller a century since, simply to grind his corn. Whoever did it, and whatever for, it is a pleasant old relic to look and think upon.

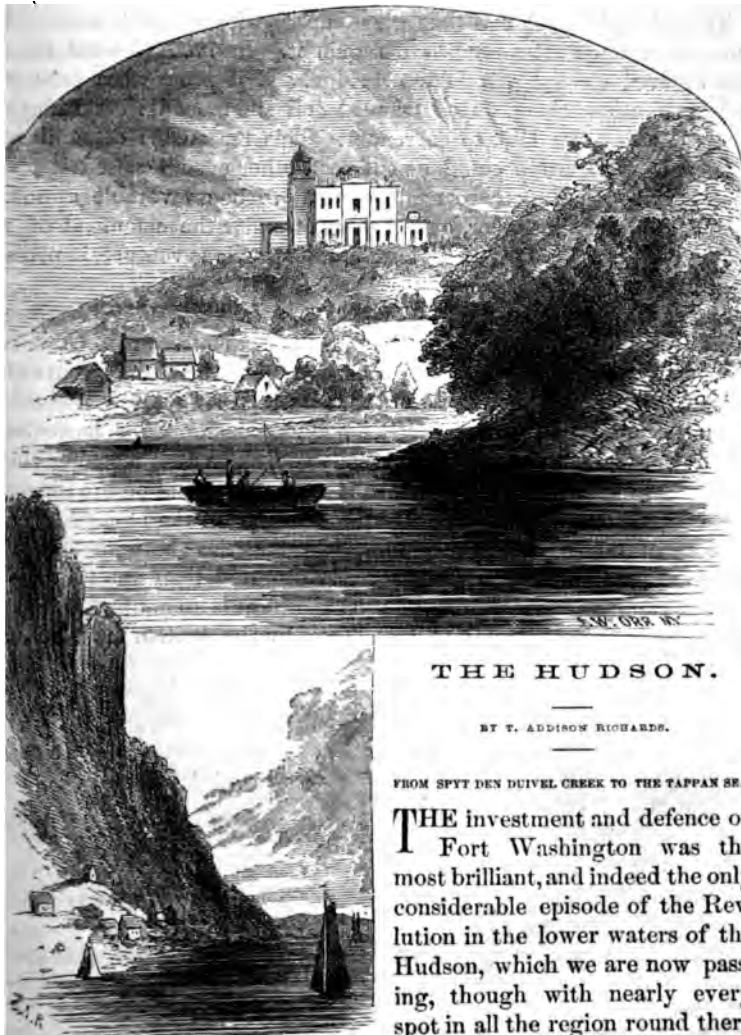
One may ride agreeably to the upper part of the island, and explore the pretty woodland called the Glen; or, yet beyond, the old Stone Bridge, the only link with the main-land; or the scenes around of old settlement and Revolutionary memory.

With the varied society of Newport, floating or permanent, one may find abundant amusement for all hours; or, if the humor be not social, then in the out-door attractions every where; on the sandy seashore or by the frowning cliffs.

Active or idle, at home or abroad, one ought not to be unhappy here, amidst so many social, scenic, and poetic attractions, and breathing an atmosphere which is of itself life to enjoy.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE, as old men note, hath likened been
 Unto a public fast or common rout,
 Where those that are without would fain get in.



THE HUDSON.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

FROM SPYT DEN DUIVEL CREEK TO THE TAPPAN SEA.

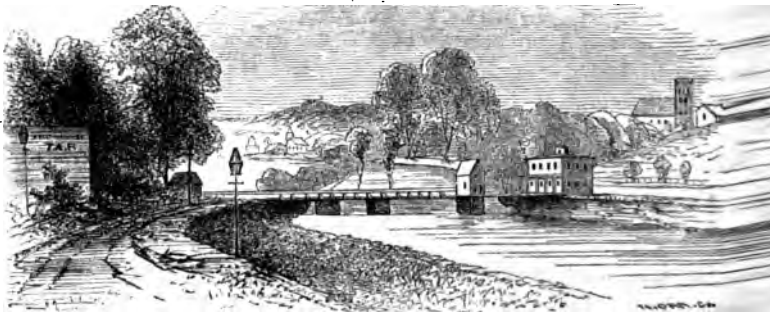
THE investment and defence of Fort Washington was the most brilliant, and indeed the only considerable episode of the Revolution in the lower waters of the Hudson, which we are now passing, though with nearly every spot in all the region round there are associated interesting memo-

ries of gallant warlike achievement, of both earlier and later date, in those troublous days.

With the fall of the posts on Mount Washington the whole of the island of New-York passed into the possession of the British, and so remained during the war; the waters of the Harlem and the Spyt den Duivel forming thenceforward the northern boundary of their position here, while a long stretch of country lay between them and the American posts above.

Though the island was thus given up, the losers still hoped—and more than once attempted—to regain it. In 1777 General Heath was ordered to approach King's bridge, and if practicable to attack the fortifications there. He advanced and summoned Fort Independence, on Tetard's Hill, to surrender. This reasonable demand was refused; and before it could be enforced other events caused it to be withdrawn. In 1781 there again seemed to be a favorable opportunity here for patriot valor, and a descent under the command of the Duke de Lauzan was planned; but, like the previous venture, it proved fruitless.

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KING'S BRIDGE—FROM BELOW.



RAIL-WAY AT SPYT DEN DUIVEL.

lose of the war, the American army bore its war-stained banners
ver it on their way to retake possession of their long-lost capital.
hat was a proud day for the weary veterans, and a pleasant memory
; has left for us who may now look upon the scene and muse upon its
dventurous story. How few are there of the many who at this day
isit the spot in their daily drives out of the crowded city below, who
ethink themselves of the great history of this little bridge! In its
resent aspect — a simple, rudely-arched stone structure, with the
lightest of wooden railings — it certainly makes no more pretension
han does the quiet stream which flows beneath it. Slight is the trace
hich it now preserves of the brave blood with which in other days it
as so often and so freely stained.

Nothing could be prettier than is the varied little valley in which
he old bridge lies, at the confluence of the Harlem and the Hudson
ivers, through the connecting link, of a mile in extent, of the mis-
chievous currents of Spyt den Duivel. Bold and beautifully wooded
ills surround it at all points, once crowned with grim, war-like de-
nces, and now with smiling villa-homes. Eastward, on the one hand,
the eminence where once stood the old Fort George, and opposite
retch out the verdant heights of Fordham. Between them, in the
istance, is described a portion of the famous bridge which bears the
aters of the far-off Croton high over the Harlem River to the great
ty. This spot, it is said, was first selected as the site of the humble

Dutch settlement now grown into the mighty city. If the worst burghers chanced to think, while debating the question of local that it would be all the same 'a hundred years hence,' they exact hit the mark; since, so the event has turned, the city which founded fourteen miles away has fairly grown out to the site which was at first meant to occupy. Directly west of King's Bridge is Tappan's Brook, the *Mosholus* of the Indians, a stream romantic in natural attractions, and in legendary and historic tales. In this neighborhood is the family mansion of the Macombs, of which was Major-general Alexander Macomb of the United States army.

Spyt den Duivel Creek—more usually written Spuyten Duyck and sometimes Spiting Devil—is a picturesque stream flowing for a mile or less between bold hills from the Harlem at King's Bridge to the Hudson. Upon the brow of the eminence on the south or east side there once stood the defences known as Cockhill Fort, and upon the corresponding heights across on the north side, was Fort Independence.

It was at the mouth of the Spyt den Duivel that Hudson's bark, the 'Half Moon,' was beset by Indians as it was descending the river in its immortal voyage of discovery in 1609. Two Indian captives, however, it seems, escaped from the vessel, and had managed to gather a force with which they hoped to secure the rich booty that the stranger offered them. Scarcely had the voyagers dropped anchor—as a strange adverse tide compelled them to do—near Spyt den Duivel, when the lurking red men made at them with their murderous bows and arrows, but they were speedily dispersed with the more murderous musketry of the strangers.



THE HARLEM RIVER AND THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

The odd name of this little stream is said to have grown out of the daring adventure of a famous Manhattaner, who lost his life in an attempt to cross the water during a terrible storm. Deaf to the remonstrances of friends, and tentative only to rash promptings of a vainglorious spirit, he leaped in



VILLA ABOVE HASTINGS.

fatal floods, swearing that he would swim across '*en spyt den duivel*' (in spite of the devil!) Mr. Irving thus legendizes the story, 'The Doleful Disaster of Antony the Trumpeter,' a chapter in the mortal history of Diedrich Knickerbocker:

After Stuyvesant, the valiant Governor of Manhattan, 'being,' the narrative says, 'resolutely bent upon defending his beloved city, in the event of itself, he called unto him his trusty Van Corlear, who was his right-hand man in all times of emergency. Him did he adjure to beat the war-denouncing trumpet, and mounting his horse to beat the country night and day. Sounding the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx — startling the wild solitudes of Croton — arousing the rugged yeomanry of Weehawk and Hoboken, the mighty battle of Tappan Bay, and the brave boys of Tarry Town and Wyand Hollow — together with all the other warriors of the country — he addressed them about — charging them one and all to sling their powder-horns, load their fowling-pieces, and march merrily down to the battlements.

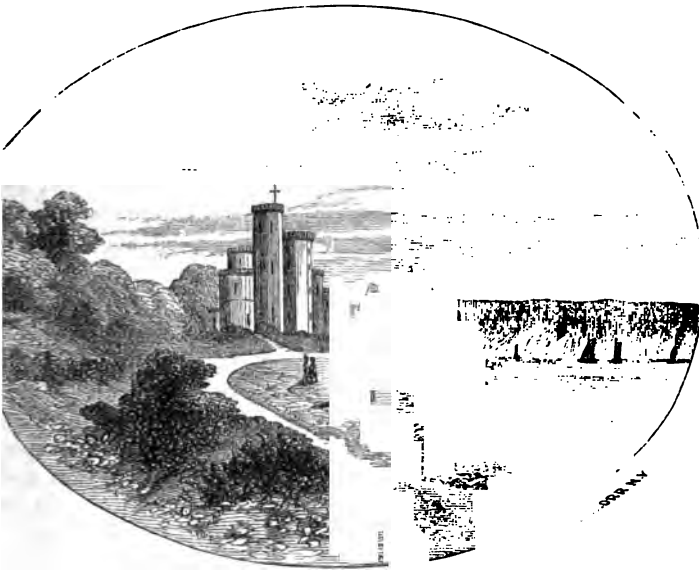
'Now there was nothing in all the world, the divine sex excepted, that Antony Van Corlear loved better than errands of this kind. So, just stopping to take a lusty dinner, and bracing to his side his junk bottle, well charged with heart-inspiring Hollands, he issued jollily from the city gate, that looked out upon what is at present called Broadway, sounding as usual a farewell strain, that rung in sprightly echoes through the winding streets of New-Amsterdam. Alas! never more were they to be gladdened by the melody of their favorite trumpeter.

'It was a dark and stormy night when the good Antony arrived at the famous creek (sagely denominated *Harlem River*) which separates the island of Mamma-hata from the main land. The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vaped like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across *en sijn den duivel!* (in spite of the devil!) and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! scarce had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters: instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast sunk forever to the bottom!

'The potent clangor of his trumpet — like the ivory horn of the renowned Paladin Orlando, when expiring in the glorious field of Roncesvalles — rung far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair; with the fearful ac-



ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT.



FONTHILL—FORMERLY THE SEAT OF EDWIN FORREST, ESQ.

1 (to which I am slow of giving belief) that he saw the *duivel*,
 2 shape of a huge moss-bonker, seize the sturdy Antony by the
 3 and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, the place, with
 4 adjoining promontory, which projects into the Hudson, has been
 5 l *Spyt den Duivel*, or *Spiking Devil*, ever since; the restless
 6 of the unfortunate Antony still haunts the surrounding solitudes,
 7 his trumpet has often been heard by the neighbors, of a stormy
 8 , mingling with the howling of the blast. Nobody ever dares to
 9 over the creek after dark; on the contrary, a bridge has been
 10 to guard against such melancholy accidents in future; and as to
 11 -bonkers, they are held in such abhorrence that no true Dutchman
 12 admit them to his table, who loves good fish and hates the devil.
 13 e domain stretching south of Spyt den Duivel, and thence to
 14 Washington, is that of Tubby Hook, henceforth to be known as
 15 Tryon, in accordance with the wishes of the gentlemen residing
 16 , and as was mentioned in the previous chapter. It is surely time
 17 ke the amendment, when even Tubby has degenerated into 'Tub,'
 18 seen in the present rail-way passes. It may be, however, that the
 19 enclosure of the rail-way is not without authority, if the supposi-
 20 which prevails, and which the erudite Diedrich Knickerbocker is
 21 to favor, be well founded, that the place, instead of being called
 22 the worthy ferry-man Tibers, as per old idea, was really named
 23 nor of an illustrious washer-woman who once dwelt thereat.

IX.

And priest and monks and villagers
Press on in eager flight,
And the rich lords of Robel spur
To see the wondrous sight.

X.

All strove to move it, but in vain ;
They toil and strive the more ;
The ponderous mass of metal stands
Firm as it was before.

XI.

Then CONRAD comes, a virtuous youth,
Of simple, honest ways,
So poor that none may envy him,
So humble none may praise.

XII.

*'With God go poor as well as rich :
'Tis all alike,'* cries he,
And coming forward to the bell
He moves it easily.

XIII.

To Robelstädt he takes the bell,
To hang with Neustadt chimes ;
It often peals for joy or wo,
But of all other times,

XIV.

When on St. JOHN'S Day's holy noon
The Dambeck bells arise,
From the high tower of Neustadt church
Their sister bell replies.

XV.

It may not chime at funeral
Of noble knight or lord,
But at the burial of the poor
Tolls of its own accord.

XVI.

And in its peal the villagers
Distinguish, so they say,
The brazen tongue repeat the name
Of Dambeck far away.

OF POLITICS AND OF POLITICIANS.

ALTHOUGH, since the completion and publication to an admiring world of his veritable history of New-York, the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker has eschewed political discussions, it does not follow that he has not kept observant eye upon those modern heroes who, at any cost of comfort and of self-respect, are valorously determined to save the Republic, either by

‘Song, argument, invention, laughter, jest,
Wit, bawdry, criticism.’

Nor, indeed, had it been his wish to do so, could he have succeeded, since the newspapers, with the austerities of which he is wont philosophically to temper the too great blandishments of his morning pipe, would not have permitted it: it being the wont of the managers of those mercurial miracles, whatever may be the season, to keep up such a continual clatter about the condition of the country — which is always going to the dogs, and never reaching them — that nothing but an exceedingly bloody murder ever brings a respite from affecting appeals and truculent proclamations. Nor have we, to whom is now committed the care of the Magazine to which he was graciously pleased to lend his illustrious and venerable name, been less wary in noticing how ‘the gaps of government were filled.’ It is not, indeed, our province to record the processions, illuminations, sanguinary battles; the flounderings of Faction in her kennel; the watchful sentryship of Opposition; the clamor, the riot, the misrule, ‘the infinitude of lies;’ the

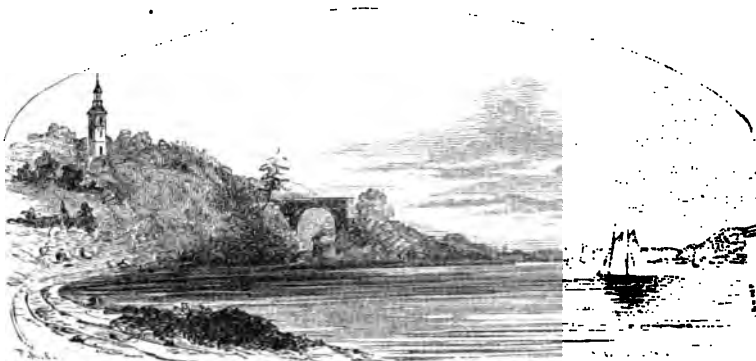
‘Copious, but unconnected eloquence;
Words of fierce import, but of little sense.’

We have, it is true, at intervals, when the condition of the country seemed to be especially alarming, attempted to cast our vote upon one side or the other, although never, upon our honor, upon both; but having, upon each occasion of so doing, been either semi-slain by Dead-Rabbits, or hustled by Killers, we long ago abdicated our royal citizenship, and now endeavor to discharge our duty to the United States of America by a diligent perusal of the election returns, which, although entirely incomprehensible, are very pretty and exciting reading. Nor have we failed upon great occasions, when summoned by booming cannon, or the softer strains of a brass band in the balcony, or the flight of the aspiring rockets, to visit the Temple of Tammany, and to listen, as well as we could, with our limited auricular abilities, while ‘a thousand voices bellowed through the room’ to the sublime indoctrinations of the gentlemen upon the platform. And though we

country, even in its plainest garb — and how much more in its noblest aspects, elevated by the wand of taste and art — is a high manifestation of the power of beauty; and as true beauty is goodness itself, surely the social life must, in the condition upon which we are looking, be onward and upward. God speed the people, then, in this exodus from the land of bondage of their neglected Penates; and while they regenerate and sanctify their hearths in the simple and peaceful retreats of nature, let them sow around them, in return, the seeds of mental activity, of art-culture, and of all the better growth of city life.

In exploring the smiling shores of the Hudson at this day, and especially that part of the river which stretches upward through our present *itinaire*, from Spyt den Duivel to Tappan — and to look at the marvellous tokens of wealth and taste seen on every side, now in the vine-covered cottage, and now in the stately mansion or the lordly, turret-capped castle, one might easily think that his steps had led him into a new world, and among a different and higher order of beings than it has been his wont to meet: and so, it is not a little curious to him to discover, on better acquaintance, that the Arcadian dreamers of the lawns, or the lavish lords of the wide manors around him, are none other than the self-same care-worn, money-getting men he used to run against, and, may be, still daily encounters in the crowded city streets. The identity, though, is only physical, for morally they are, while thus in the shadow of old woods, and within sound of the voice of running waters, not the hard, soulless nuggets they may seem to be in the sinister sunshine of the town. Oh! for an alchemy to make the transformation proof against all evil acids.

The extraordinary natural beauties of the Hudson have made its shores so much coveted for country retreats, as to exclude therefrom, in a great degree, the humbler and poorer classes of the people; but happily for them, there remain other still enviable, if less imposing,



DOWN THE RIVER—BELOW YONKERS.



THE NEPPERHAN, OR SAW-MILL RIVER, AT YONKERS.

spots, as by the gentle Bronx, along the closely neighboring line of the Harlem Railway; beyond the East River, 'on old Long Island's sea-girt shore,' and over the Palisades, in the quiet vales of Hackensack.

The Palisades, which still lift their grand walls above the western waters of the river,

all our present voyage to the Tappan Sea, are as yet unoccupied by suburban homes. They can hardly, however, be longer thus neglected, with the superb and far-reaching rich they afford—sites rugged and sterile enough, certainly, viewed from the river, but wonderfully beautiful, as looked at the crest of the cliffs, either far off upon the winding or back upon the verdant mountain terrace, sloping with long run down to the rich valley reaches of the Hackensack. The coming of the Northern Railway, which follows the Hudson through all the Palisade range, to Piermont on the Tappan at contribute greatly to the occupancy of this side of the river as the other.

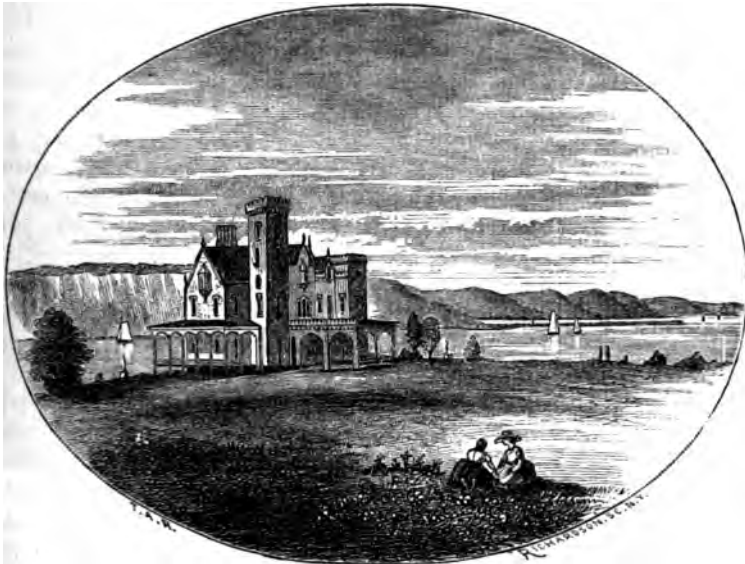
famous mountain ridge which bounds the Hudson for so many miles to the west, rises gradually near Bergen Point, opposite the Palisades, extends upward through the territory of New-Jersey for twenty-eight miles, and yet farther within the bounds of New-York. The more obvious line of the range begins at Fort Lee, opposite the upper end of the Island of New-York, and terminates at the Narrows above. Its average width is about two miles and-a-half, a broad summit of table land, dropping gently, as we have already said, towards the valleys of the Hackensack and the Passaic. The river front is uniformly precipitous, and the bare rock is everywhere seen in that singular vertical formation, from which has come the name of the Palisades. The upper half of the average elevation of six hundred feet, is this perpetual wall of Trap Rock, covered with every forest growth, and sloping, still precipitously, through the Narrows, to the water's edge. This lower and more inclined section

is usually covered with rich verdure, except where the quarrying, carried on here and there, have stripped off the trees, and posed the rugged earth in the likeness of a ruthless land-slide. At the base of the Palisades there generally are, though one would suspect it from the appearance, *en passant*, little terraces, enough for gardens and even for liliputian farms. These are well exploited, and all along are seen humble huts and cottages at the base of the cliffs, with now and then a hamlet of respectable size, with its dock and craft, and its unsuspected road up to the summit of the hills.

With the solitary Palisades thus on the one hand, and the thickly-settled hill-slopes on the other, the river flowing in between, we continue our voyage upward from the west side of the Spyt den Duivel. The next railway station beyond that of Riverdale. Here access is afforded to a charming settlement and to the grand edifice near by which lifts its lofty towers conspicuously before us. These towers are a new feature in the landscape, having grown up as towers do here, like Aladdin's almost in a night. They are a part of the yet scarcely-constructed structure of the Catholic school of Mount St. Vincent—the House of the Sisters of Charity and Academy of Mount St. Vincent as the institution is more formally styled. This spot has long been an object of curious interest to the Hudson voyager, as Fonthill, the seat of the eminent tragedian, Edwin Forrest. The present proprietor purchased the estate, all but some forty acres, which Mr. Forrest retains, about two years ago. Since that time the new edifice has arisen in close proximity to the old 'castle,' and quite belittling its superior dimensions. Mr. Forrest's house is an excellent example of the English castellated style of architecture. It is most substantially constructed of stone, and from its congregation of towers, especially from the highest—the flag or stair tower—which rises several feet above the base, most charming pictures of the river and the hills below are obtained. The new building stands a little back, and to the left, as seen from the water, of the picturesque old chateau—old relatively, for it is not many years ago that all the locality was lonely woodland. Both structures are now used in the business of the institution.



THE OLD MANOR HOUSE AT TONAWANDA.



RESIDENCE OF MR. LILIENTHAL, NEAR GLENWOOD.

The new Academy of Mount St. Vincent is built of brick, in the Byzantine style. In form it is a parallelogram with projections on the longer sides. Its greatest length is two hundred and sixty-five feet, and its depth, including the chapel, is one hundred and fifty-six feet. The great central tower rises four hundred feet above the river level, or from the ground one hundred and fifty-eight feet. The chapel, which forms a part of the new building, is one hundred feet long, with a ceiling forty-three feet above the floor. It is sufficiently spacious to hold one thousand worshippers. The plan of this great structure is such as to leave the academy and the convent connected with it quite distinct, though under the one roof. The appointments of the edifice are throughout, from cellar and kitchens to attics and towers, admirably adapted to their several uses, and no doubt the united material and moral features of the place and its purposes will greatly attract the popular interest. The Academy of Mount St. Vincent is but just opened for the first time in its new locality with its educational programme.

Passing by the charming slopes of Fonthill, we are in full view of the ups and downs of Yonkers, the largest of the suburban river towns at this day, as it was the first and most important settlement in the neighborhood of New-York in the olden time. Yonkers is sixteen and a quarter miles, or in the language of the time-tables, fifty-six minutes away from the lower river railway-station in town. Being so near the

sequence.' The sublime moral lesson which they teach would be lost upon the Hon. P. F., as well as upon Mr. J. B. They must e'en 'gang their own gait,' spattering through miry ways and fording green and stagnant cess-pools; spattering their neighbors with the accumulated droppings of their sweet peregrinations; bearing false witness, distorting motives, misrepresenting measures, disentombing buried scandals, battering down the sacred walls of home and carrying there distress and mortification and agony, dealing death to sensitive natures, denying the possibility of human virtue and the very existence of that patriotism of which they boast so loudly. Go on, Mr. Foxy! spatter away, Mr. Brick! Your country calls. God help the country! heaven keep the commonwealth!

But there are at least philosophical consolations. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has said in his delightfully cool way, 'I do not for these defects despair of our Republic. In the strife of ferocious parties, human nature always finds itself cherished, as the children of the convicts at Botany Bay are found to have as healthy a moral sentiment as other children.' This is not complimentary as to the present, but it is consoling as to the future. The time may come when the men who manage our parties may rise to something like an idea of the dignity of their position and of its responsibility, when (to quote an old and scarce English pamphlet*) 'our politicians will not be led by the nose, like a bear by a chain; nor like a crab always go on one side; nor fawn and creep; nor yet snarl or bark like a puppy; nor stop one ear, nor blink with one eye; but walk upright; not regarding men's persons or professions so much as their actions; not believing some men infallible and others always in the wrong; not flattering a man because he is in power, nor believing ill of him for no other reason; nor treating the proceedings of the ministry as ill-natured critics do books, condemning them without reading, or reading them only to pick out their faults and not to do justice to their beauties.' The same writer also adds: 'Heaven grant to every common politician common sense!' To which the present essayist humbly but sincerely responds 'Amen!'

BY TOM HOOD.

After such years of	on and strife,
Some wonder that I	uld weep for his wife,
His tears on her grave	n thing surprising—
He's laying her dust for	r of its rising.

* *Politics an Advantage to this Nation: Humbly inscribed to a*
read. London, 1729.

lician that can

T H E N E W W O R L D .

About the globe's expansive compass roll
Two restless oceans, spread from pole to pole,
And crowned, between them, on a single throne
Two sisters reign majestic and alone:
Apart from all the world, each virgin queen
Invites the nations to her vales of green:
Around all regions, stretched through all extent,
A wall of waters guards the continent:
Across its valleys, o'er its forests vast
That wave and murmur in the varying blast,
With solemn anthems deep to deep replies,
And fills the air with ocean harmonies.

From where AURORA paints the northern sky
And yonder Land of Fire that lights the eye,
HESPERIA's queens, approaching, midway meet
On slender Darien's green and rocky seat:
In sacred union, and with lifted hand,
Vows, witnessed by the stars, they plighting stand,
While fondly cordial and with loving mien,
Upon the bright Antillas spread between,
As pledges of their love they scatter there
The golden Indies fanned by balmy air.

Around the Boreal Pole impervious bars
Of frozen seas uplift their icy spires,
Reflecting nightly cold and shivering stars
Or blazing in the mystic Northern Fires:
The gnarled and dwarfish Pine, that lonely sighs
And shudders where eternal winter blows,
Hears tempests sweep the dark and howling skies
Above a dreary wilderness of snows.

Thence dark green forests arch their shady streams,
That murmur hymns amid their woodland dreams;
Where leagues on leagues of leafy grandeur spread
Beneath the sun, and fragrant coolness shed:
They darken o'er the level fields afar,
And roll, like waves of shadows, down the vales;
Or garland mountains, circling to the star
Above them, with a crown; or through the dales
Pour forth their endless floods of living green,
So dense the odorous winds scarce breathe between.



NORTH, FROM THE PIER AT HASTINGS.

place between the two British frigates, the *Rose* and the *Phoenix*, then anchored near, and some gun-boats of the Americans. After a sharp assault the patriots were driven back for shelter into the mouth of the Nepperhan. At the time of the Revolution Yonkers was the centre of that reach of country of which we have before spoken, which laid between the British posts at King's Bridge and those of the American army above. This tract was the unlucky foraging ground of both parties, and the rendezvous of the opposing bands of reprobates known as the Skinners and the Cow Boys, the former claiming to act in the service of the Americans, and the latter under the British banner. As far as the quiet folk of the devoted neighborhood were concerned, there was not much choice between the rival bands, since they both served themselves, no matter whether at the cost of friend or of foe. What with the escapades of these fellows, and with the marches and counter-marches above and below them, and with now and then a serious skirmish, the 'neutral ground' was a busy region at the time, and is full of pleasant histories to-day.

A mile or less beyond the village of Yonkers, is the more quiet retreat of Glenwood, where numerous picturesque villas have of late years sprung up; while yet three miles and-a-half above, is Hastings, another pretty village, which is growing in strength and grace under the smiles of the country-loving people of the city. At this point we approach the great waters of the Tappan Sea and drop anchor for the nonce.

WRITTEN ON THE BEDCHAMBER DOOR OF CHARLES THE SECOND, BY ROCHESTER.

HERE lies our sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

THE BELLS OF DAMBECK.

I.

THE ancient church of Dambeck,
A gray and ruined pile,
Stands where a lake's blue waters
To bluer heavens smile.

II.

All lone and grass-grown are the aisles,
Birds the sole worshippers,
Breezes attune the organ-pipes
And sing as choristers.

III.

In the deep waters of the lake
The ancient bell-tower fell ;
Oft from the waves the chimes are heard,
'T is thus the peasants tell ;

IV.

And on St. JOHN'S Day's holy tide,
From out the wave they rise,
And gazing on the sun at noon
Chime to the listening skies.

V.

Once on a time, the legend runs,
Three children gathering flowers,
Saw the old wave-worn bells arise
Just at the noon-tide hours ;

VI.

And GRETCHEN, bolder than the rest,
Or drawn by fairy spell,
Drew nearer, and her handkerchief
Hung on the largest bell.

VII.

The noon had passed, the sun sunk down
Behind the western hill,
The chime of bells again had sunk,
Save one which chimed there still.

VIII.

Then straightway all the children run,
And to the good priest tell
Of GRETCHEN and the handkerchief
She hung upon the bell.

IX.

And priest and monks and villagers
Press on in eager flight,
And the rich lords of Robel spur
To see the wondrous sight.

X.

All strove to move it, but in vain ;
They toil and strive the more ;
The ponderous mass of metal stands
Firm as it was before.

XI.

Then CONRAD comes, a virtuous youth,
Of simple, honest ways,
So poor that none may envy him,
So humble none may praise.

XII.

*'With God go poor as well as rich :
'Tis all alike,'* cries he,
And coming forward to the bell
He moves it easily.

XIII.

To Robelstädt he takes the bell,
To hang with Neustadt chimes ;
It often peals for joy or wo,
But of all other times,

XIV.

When on St. JOHN's Day's holy noon
The Dambeck bells arise,
From the high tower of Neustadt church
Their sister bell replies.

XV.

It may not chime at funeral
Of noble knight or lord,
But at the burial of the poor
Tolls of its own accord.

XVI.

And in its peal the villagers
Distinguish, so they say,
The brazen tongue repeat the name
Of Dambeck far away.

We really do not know. Who does? We repeat that for 'warm hearts, strong lungs and Corinthian fronts,' and other excellent and praiseworthy attributes, the orators of the United States of America knock those of the rest of the world into nothingness. We are not speaking of those poor-spirited creatures who sometimes say a clever thing or two at one end of the Capitol or the other, and who do not use 'bombast words, metonomies, metaphors, allegories, and other grammar science'—poor fellows—because we suppose they are ignorant. We refer, we wish it to be understood, to orators; to orators who are indigenous, and of which our land is so unusually prolific that our very savages—Sadekanatie, Decamerosa, and other red gentlemen—who at the beginning of every sentence say 'Brothers!' and at the end of every sentence give a belt of wampum, and at the conclusion of the whole call for rum—yes, these very painted, nose-ringed, and be-feathered fellows, who are always addressed as 'My children!' by that officer of the army who happens to preside at the palaver, are, when they are sober, the rivals of Demosthenes, Orator Henry, and Pop Emmons, who all three enjoyed the advantages of civilization. Black, white, and red—not to mention the intermediate tints—we are a nation of orators, and as such 'we must be cracked up, Sir!'

But perhaps, in the management of the affairs of this enormous and free-and-easy republic, especially in this noble city of Gotham, which, as is well known to those who are in the secret, controls and manages that small part of the land which it does not cover, the orator who is seen and heard is of far less importance than those ingenious gentlemen who are seen, but not on platforms, and are heard, not in melodious speeches, but in strident howls. Some people, who are very difficult to please, speak of these devoted patriots as 'small-beer politicians.' This, which is intended as a sneer, is in reality a compliment; for the beer which is thus disrespectfully alluded to is not only a healthy but an exceedingly active beverage; sometimes bursting bottles, which may be compared to the dissolution of our Confederacy; some projecting corks, which may be likened to a bombardment of the enemies of the republic; sometimes turning to 'acid tiff,' which emblems the heart-sickness of hope deferred; and sometimes sighed for in dreams, as the author of 'The Splendid Shilling' has it:

'If a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale:
In vain! awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.'

have never had the misfortune to run (or 'be run,' as the phrase is) for Congress; have never, like Hogarth's politician, burned a hole in our hat-brim while holding a candle to some unusually dusky leading article; have never been a candidate, and therefore never called liar, swindler, or forger in the newspapers, yet, with our hand upon the appropriate side of our vest, we can say, 'America, we love thee!' with due emphasis, and 'trippingly on the tongue.' We are not quite sure that we should be willing to perish for our country; but when our country asks us to perish — which we do not think would be *dulce*, however *decorum* — we will seriously consider the matter; and the most agreeable method of exit — the dagger, the bowl, the rope, or the briny deep. For the present, if nobody has any objection, we rather prefer to live; especially as the weather is getting to be decidedly cooler.

The erudite Montaigne observes in his essay upon the 'Vanity of Words,' that 'the republics that have maintained themselves in a regular and well-modelled government, such as those of Lacedæmon and Crete, held orators in no very great esteem;' and after this proceeds to speak in rather contemptuous terms of Athens, Rhodes, and Rome, in which a different sentiment prevailed. He further observes: 'Eloquence flourished most at Rome when public affairs were in the worst condition, for a free and untilled soil bears the worst weeds.' But the Lord Michael de Montaigne should have lived to observe how in this mighty republic, which in splendor and power rivals every commonwealth mentioned or unmentioned in history at the present moment, when our proud Bird, standing upon the Alleghanies, fans either ocean with his extended pinions, menaces with his beak the effete nations of South-America, and turns his tail disrespectfully at the North Pole, screaming defiance to the cohorts of tyrants upon their blood-stained thrones — Phew! We cannot go on. That eagle is too much for us. He always was. We are afraid that he always will be. What we meant to say, before the eagle carried us off, as the roc did Sinbad the sailor, only to souse us into a sea of bathos, was that Michael de Montaigne, who was after all a sardonic old fellow, should have heard our orators, and marked their windy triumphs; should have known how a pet of the mass meetings can

'Twist, and turn, and show, and hide,
And make the worse appear the better side.'

What ancient sage was it who compared the people to the sea, and the orator to the wind? We will match, in that respect, and for rare and unapproachable ventosity, the orators of our own Columbia against the world.

'O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? o quid agis?'

We really do not know. Who does? We repeat that for 'warm hearts, strong lungs and Corinthian fronts,' and other excellent and praiseworthy attributes, the orators of the United States of America knock those of the rest of the world into nothingness. We are not speaking of those poor-spirited creatures who sometimes say a clever thing or two at one end of the Capitol or the other, and who do not use 'bombast words, metonomies, metaphors, allegories, and other grammar science'—poor fellows—because we suppose they are ignorant. We refer, we wish it to be understood, to orators; to orators who are indigenous, and of which our land is so unusually prolific that our very savages—Sadekanatie, Decamerosa, and other red gentlemen—who at the beginning of every sentence say 'Brothers!' and at the end of every sentence give a belt of wampum, and at the conclusion of the whole call for rum—yes, these very painted, nose-ringed, and be-feathered fellows, who are always addressed as 'My children!' by that officer of the army who happens to preside at the palaver, are, when they are sober, the rivals of Demosthenes, Orator Henry, and Pop Emmons, who all three enjoyed the advantages of civilization. Black, white, and red—not to mention the intermediate tints—we are a nation of orators, and as such 'we must be cracked up, Sir!'

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In vain! awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.'

Now this certainly expresses with great precision the felicities of hope and the agonies of disappointment to which many worthy men, anxious to serve themselves and their country, are doomed. Small beer, forsooth! Why not small beer? We should call for the immediate organization of a small-beer party, did we not, with our usual delicacy, fear an invasion of the rights of several worthy factions already existing. Our own opinion is, that the gentlemen thus contemptuously spoken of may be compared to so many Atlases, each bearing upon his shoulders a world of responsibility. Who carry the torches and the transparencies in the processions? Who furnish the necessary howls, yells, sibilations, objurgations, groans, knock-downs and drag-outs? Who, scorning meaner labors, give their days and eke their nights to the preservation of our liberties, not seldom — such are the prejudices of an illiberal and myrmidonian constabulary — to the loss of their own? Who brave the perils of inebriety by pouring down bumpers of bad rum, worse gin, and Feuchtwangerian brandy, drinking the health of some noble candidate, to the destruction of their own? Who forget their wives and children, and valorously desert their homes — if they happen to have either — to prime themselves at the primaries, to shout at the secondaries, if there be such, to swell the attendance at the tertiaries, to dig up defunct citizens and carry them to the polls, to squabble and muddle and fuddle themselves, in order that the Hon. Philanthropos Foxy, who does not care a stiver for the whole pack of them, may betake himself to Washington with designs, which we are too polite to call felonious, upon the Federal Treasury? Small beer, indeed! Pray what do you call your large beer? Are they not both 'much of a muchness?'

And, verily, such do have their reward even in this ungrateful world. For even if, through the ingratitude of the aspirant who has been hoisted into place upon their shoulders, they fail to receive some small office with proportionate emoluments, do they not obtain from Washington, under the frank of the Hon. P. F., and therefore at the cost and charge of this great and good Government, huge bundles of Public Documents, which they cannot read, and which they would not read if they could, thereby securing an unlimited supply of waste paper — so many certificates of their patriotism? Do they not have the satisfaction of waiting upon the lucky GREAT MAN? of entering, for once in their lives, a respectable house? of eating and drinking, scot-free, for a single evening? of miring the carpets, and of frightening the family by their cheerful cries of congratulation? And should all these things be wanting, do they not carry about in their manly breasts the *mens conscia recti* to sweeten their bitter disappointment and put a refreshing fire into their very swipes?

But while treating of these mighty and momentous struggles we must not forget those potent agents and invaluable auxiliaries of political reform—the newspapers. There can be to our eyes no finer spectacle than your Able Editor, from morning to morning and from evening to evening consuming incomputable gallons of ink, gross after gross of steel pens, acre after acre of foolscap, in proving to an exceedingly uninterested world that another Able Editor over the way is either a knave or a fool. With what pains do these excellent gentlemen strive to prevent our noble English tongue from falling into voluptuous effeminacy, by searching their dictionaries—those who know that there is such a book also search ‘Roget’s Thesaurus’—for words expressive of contempt, indignation, and horror! With what masterly ingenuity do they ‘insinuate the lie,’ and thus avoid the pains and penalties of the law of libel! With what audacity, like that which Burke attributed to Junius, do they pounce, not upon the King, but upon the President, and pound, maul, overthrow, and bespatter the venerable chief of these realms! It is indeed a most extraordinary circumstance, and one worthy of the attention of all the political philosophers of the land—if we have any—that never, since the adoption of the Constitution, have we had a Chief Magistrate who was either able or virtuous or accomplished. The first, and as some of us have fondly enough thought the greatest of the line—*clarum et venerabile nomen!*—was charged with most of the crimes known to the moral, and with most of the crimes known to the public law. He was ambitious; he was ignorant; he was dishonest; he sought only his own aggrandizement; he aimed at the overthrow of the Constitution; he grasped at a sceptre, and he panted for a crown. This then, O illustrious man, was the reward of a life-time devoted to thy country! These were the gentle praises and soft ovations which followed thee to thy retreat! Who would not be a patriot? Who would not do good only to be maligned, and immolate self only to be distrusted? But thank that PROVIDENCE who has placed in our constitutions a self-sustaining force and a self-rewarding conscience:

JURUM et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Aurtet.

Dux inquiete turbidus Hadria,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidam ferient ruinæ.

The Hon. Philanthropos Foxy will not be able to read these lines, nor will Mr. Jefferson Brick. But it is of less than Tootsian ‘no con-

sequence.' The sublime moral lesson which they teach would be lost upon the Hon. P. F., as well as upon Mr. J. B. They must e'en 'gang their own gait,' spattering through miry ways and fording green and stagnant cess-pools; spattering their neighbors with the accumulated droppings of their sweet peregrinations; bearing false witness, distorting motives, misrepresenting measures, disintombing buried scandals, battering down the sacred walls of home and carrying there distress and mortification and agony, dealing death to sensitive natures, denying the possibility of human virtue and the very existence of that patriotism of which they boast so loudly. Go on, Mr. Foxy! spatter away, Mr. Brick! Your country calls. God help the country! heaven keep the commonwealth!

But there are at least philosophical consolations. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has said in his delightfully cool way, 'I do not for these defects despair of our Republic. In the strife of ferocious parties, human nature always finds itself cherished, as the children of the convicts at Botany Bay are found to have as healthy a moral sentiment as other children.' This is not complimentary as to the present, but it is consoling as to the future. The time may come when the men who manage our parties may rise to something like an idea of the dignity of their position and of its responsibility, when (to quote an old and scarce English pamphlet*) 'our politicians will not be led by the nose, like a bear by a chain; nor like a crab always go on one side; nor fawn and creep; nor yet snarl or bark like a puppy; nor stop one ear, nor blink with one eye; but walk upright; not regarding men's persons or professions so much as their actions; not believing some men infallible and others always in the wrong; not flattering a man because he is in power, nor believing ill of him for no other reason; nor treating the proceedings of the ministry as ill-natured critics do books, condemning them without reading, or reading them only to pick out their faults and not to do justice to their beauties.' The same writer also adds: 'Heaven grant to every common politician common sense!' To which the present essayist humbly but sincerely responds 'Amen!'

BY TOM HOOD.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that PETER should weep for his wife,
His tears on her grave are nothing surprising —
He's laying her *dust* for fear of its *rising*.

* *Politics an Advantage to this Nation: Humbly inscribed to every politician that can read.* London, 1729.

THE NEW WORLD.

ABOUT the globe's expansive compass roll
Two restless oceans, spread from pole to pole,
And crowned, between them, on a single throne
Two sisters reign majestic and alone:
Apart from all the world, each virgin queen
Invites the nations to her vales of green:
Around all regions, stretched through all extent,
A wall of waters guards the continent:
Across its valleys, o'er its forests vast
That wave and murmur in the varying blast,
With solemn anthems deep to deep replies,
And fills the air with ocean harmonies.

From where AURORA paints the northern sky
And yonder Land of Fire that lights the eye,
HESPERIA'S queens, approaching, midway meet
On slender Darien's green and rocky seat:
In sacred union, and with lifted hand,
Vows, witnessed by the stars, they plighting stand,
While fondly cordial and with loving mien,
Upon the bright Antillas spread between,
As pledges of their love they scatter there
The golden Indies fanned by balmy air.

Around the Boreal Pole impervious bars
Of frozen seas uplift their icy spires,
Reflecting nightly cold and shivering stars
Or blazing in the mystic Northern Fires:
The gnarled and dwarfish Pine, that lonely sighs
And shudders where eternal winter blows,
Hears tempests sweep the dark and howling skies
Above a dreary wilderness of snows.

Thence dark green forests arch their shady streams,
That murmur hymns amid their woodland dreams;
Where leagues on leagues of leafy grandeur spread
Beneath the sun, and fragrant coolness shed:
They darken o'er the level fields afar,
And roll, like waves of shadows, down the vales;
Or garland mountains, circling to the star
Above them, with a crown; or through the dales
Pour forth their endless floods of living green,
So dense the odorous winds scarce breathe between.

Yon rocky peaks that span the continents,
Through realms of beauty and magnificence —
Adown whose craggy slopes, at evening time,
The panting sun-steeds, reeking vapory gold,
Leap with their fiery chariot sublime,
While wide the cloudy doors of night unfold
With gilded pageantry and starry glow —
Their shadows o'er the seat of empires throw :
And through this measureless expanse of land,
Here rivers into rivers plunging go
With sweep majestic ; and linked hand in hand
The chain of lakes through silver lavers flow.

Who here shall guide the wings of centuries
Along their cloudy flight with swaying force,
And charm enthroned Dominion, as she flies
Erratic on her swift uncertain course ?

There NATURE lies within her shining bowers
Of beauty, dreaming with love-languid eyes
Upon the fragrant bosoms of her flowers,
O'er-arched by summer's softly-breathing skies.

From deep Atlantic to Pacific's vast
And bright domain, where'er the eye is cast,
A virgin world, of most attractive charms,
Invites the race with love's expanded arms.

Behold the thrones of Nature ! and their king
Is HE who bade them lift their lofty heads
Above the cloudy reach of eagle's wing,
Where Fancy's giddy foot with trembling treads,
Around whose tops the far heavens seem to cling —
The blue Cordilleras, the wild Ozark,
And, stretching southward to the stormy Horn,
The fiery Andes, linked by valleys dark,
With gilded forehead greet the glowing morn :
And nightly, o'er the hushed Brazilian world,
Those burning peaks their red volcanic fires,
Through thundering craters fearfully up-hurled,
Fling far with gleamings imminent and dire ;
And northward thence the proud Nevada stands
With golden foot, where shining rivers run
In devious courses o'er the glittering sands,
Rolling their billows toward the setting sun.

Walk on the mountains : see the torrents flash
From crag to crag and toss their foam, like snow,
Upon the winds, and downward leap and dash
Through rocky gorges to the gulfs below !

Or here, within this cavern, which the day
Has never seen, sit in the gloom and hear
The subterranean thunder, far away,
Of cascades pouring in an atmosphere
Of night! Or yet again, before the sun,
Behold Niagara, with sea-like roar
Its solemn chorus chanting evermore,
As if with Nature's voices blent in one —
The King of Grandeur on his shining throne!

Know ye the mighty land of mountains vast,
Around whose summits winds incessant sweep:
Where screams the tameless eagle in the blast
Upon his craggy throne, and gulf-ward leap
A thousand cataracts from ledgy heights?
Know ye the pleasant land where valleys blush
With conscious loveliness and green delights,
And nooks of shady quiet in the hush
Of breezeless evening sleep? There rivers roll
The volumed weepings of a hundred hills
Through blooming fields; and on each shady knoll
The sweetest songs and most melodious trills
Are poured from many a joyous throat. And there
The sky is full as blue, the sun as bright,
The morn as lovely, and the starry night
Unfolds its glories in as sweet an air,
As any clime the boasting earth around.
It is the land of Freedom! and it rings
With heavenly voices; there her throne is found,
And there the minstrel wakes his lyric strings.

S O N G .

I caught a dove, as white
As flake of morning light,
And held it playfully against my face:
It fluttered as 't would try
From clasp of mine to fly,
Then softly yielded to my fond embrace.

I caught a maiden's hand,
The whitest in the land,
And held it tenderly — a precious prize:
In fear, at once, and glee,
She struggled to be free,
Then nestled down and loved me with her eyes.

B A L L O O N R Y .

‘THOU wert swift, O MORAR, as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night.’—OSHAAS.

AN aerial locomotive, at once mighty and docile, remains to be invented. The problem, which was raised in old mythologies, in legends of winged gods and flying artificers, as to the capacity of man to make a highway of the clouds, still remains to be solved. Regarded *a priori*, the air certainly seems the predestined, as it is the most delightful, passage-way between any two localities whatsoever. No where else is the path so buoyant, the prospect so complete, the climate so pure, the impediments so few. The cars and the steamers would surely hide their heads, and retreat to the home of the forgotten arts, if they should once see a balloon promenading the skies, harnessed to the winds, large enough to carry a whole city in its folds, and so gentle as to obey every touch of its master. It is complained that, thus far, greater speed has been attained only by diminishing the pleasure of travelling; but in the air our very pastimes, as the swinging motion and the mountain prospect, would be combined to give delight to locomotion. It is curious to contemplate the changes which would be introduced into some national affairs more momentous than travel and commerce. The armies and navies would, at least in part, be transferred to the skies. Cherbourg would be but a slight defence against an enemy which should make its first appearance five miles aloft, and be able to select its own point inland on which to fall. Louis Napoleon would have little fear of the British Channel fleet in planning his invasion of England; he would sail across above the range of their farthest gun and drop where he pleased; but he would doubtless be wise enough to save a supply of his fleetest balloons to jump aboard of in case of an accident. It is possible that the balloon would soon be improved into some agency of inter-stellar communication; that a man with a bag-full of air to supply him might be shot across the void which separates us from the moon; that our able editors would have to add new columns to their journals to give the latest news from the remotest dynasties of the solar system; and that our terrestrial arts, and sciences, and branches of learning, which are already so voluminous that savants are modest, and only here and there a bookseller is omniscient, would be swollen to such proportions as to cause the despair even of encyclopedias.

Two systems of *aërostation* have been advanced, and have now their advocates. The first proposes to raise and guide an apparatus heavier than the volume of air which it displaces, and is analogous, therefore, to the flight of birds. To realize it, it is only necessary for a man to transform himself into a winged creature; to invent a machine that shall produce the effect of wings. The difficulties may be only of degree, but they are great nevertheless. How shall a machine attain to that delicacy of poise, and ease of management, which instinct gives to the framework of the bird? The wings, to be useful, should have the power of square rods or square acres of surface, and would therefore be unwieldy unless folded together in some compendious way. Who can invent the method?

The second system proposes to guide a body lighter than an equal weight of atmospheric air, that is, a balloon. But of all the productions of art, a balloon has thus far been the wildest and most untamable. A fantastic sprite, it has always been the fierce play-fellow of the winds and clouds, and has refused to enter into Ariel-like service to any magician. Only at his peril has a man ever intrusted himself to it. But the wild audacity of the present age threatens to subdue it, and to add the skies to the departments of nature which man may visit and set his foot upon. Though *aërial navigation* is still problematical in all its details, there are probably fewer persons now than ever before who affirm that insurmountable difficulties make it an absolute impossibility.

Among the oldest of traditions are stories of attempts at imitating the flight of birds; thus *Dædalus*, who was the greatest artist of his time, was reputed to have flown across the *Egean*. The Greek geometer *Archytas* devised a wooden flying dove, which rose into the air, balanced itself, and flew about, impelled by some subtle ether with which it was filled. In the thirteenth century, *Roger Bacon* is said to have invented a machine which diminished the weight of a man, and enabled him to move and guide himself in the air like a bird. In the fourteenth century, *Albert of Saxony*, an *Augustine* monk, maintained the practicability of balloon navigation, and recommended that balloons be constructed air-tight, and that no air be admitted into them; 'for by the admission of air they would be made to descend, as a ship sinks downward by admission of water.' Two centuries later the Portuguese *Mendoza*, and the German *Schött*, occupied themselves with similar speculations, and conceived the project of an *aërial ship*, with sails, oars, and rudder. The alchemists *Cardan*, *Fabry*, and others, thought that the rarefaction of air by heat would prove of advantage in making a flying-machine. In 1670 the Jesuit *Lana* proposed a balloon made of very thin copper-plate, from which all the air should be extracted, and which would thus become lighter than the atmosphere.

Four of these, he calculated, would bear up an immense vehicle for travel and transport. Though he affirmed that he only doubted of the success of the plan from fear that God would not permit any invention to be made that would so endanger civil government, it was yet shown, a little later, that if copper were reduced to the necessary thinness it would be unable to resist the external pressure of the air.

The discovery of hydrogen gas in the latter half of the last century introduced a new era in the projects and progress of ballooning. The French engineers, the brothers Montgolfier, were however baffled in their attempts to confine this subtle gas, and sent up in 1783 at Annonay, in France the first well-accredited balloon, which contained only heated air, maintained in a state of rarefaction by a constant fire. They soon after transferred the experiment to Paris, where a sheep was carried up and brought down again safely. The invention became a matter of European interest. Dr. Franklin affirmed that it was the birth of a child whose future could not be predicted; and numerous imitations and improvements were attempted. The defect of the montgolfieres, as the balloons filled with rarefied air were called, was the great magnitude which had to be given them to acquire sufficient power, the heated air being only two or three times lighter than the atmospheric air. M. Charles succeeded in inventing a canvas that would hold hydrogen gas, and within a year sent up a hydrogen balloon which rose with unprecedented velocity till it was lost in the clouds. As yet no one had trusted himself to the mercies of the invention. Quadrupeds were the first aerial voyagers, but in the same year the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilâtre de Rosier rose in a car attached to a montgolfiere, ascended to a height of three thousand feet, crossed over Paris, and in twenty-five minutes landed safely. M. Charles quickly followed in a hydrogen balloon, started from the garden of the Tuileries, rose seven thousand feet, and descended after a few minutes at a distance of nine leagues. The experiment was deemed so hazardous that the king forbade a repetition of it. In 1785 the daring Pilâtre de Rosier, the first who had ventured to follow a balloon into the air, lost his life with a companion in an attempted voyage from Boulogne across the channel. The balloon took fire, and he fell from a height of three thousand feet. In 1804 Gay-Lussac ascended at Paris to a height of twenty-three thousand feet, the greatest yet attained.

Balloons were now common in Italy and England, as well as France. The most brilliant voyages in Italy were by Mme. Blanchard, whose husband was also a distinguished *aéronaut*. Her ascensions were witnessed by throngs at Rome, Naples, Turin, and the principal cities of France. In 1819 she set out at ten o'clock in the evening on her sixty-seventh ascension from the Tivoli in Paris. Her balloon was

beautifully illuminated, and after reaching a considerable height she began to discharge fire-works around her. Soon her balloon was seen to be in flames, and while many of the spectators fainted, amid the murmuring cries of the capital which was watching her exploit, she fell head downward upon one of the houses, breaking through its roof. Another Italian *aéronaut* was dashed to pieces in an ascent at Copenhagen in 1851.

The most successful of recent English aeronauts has been Mr Green, who in 1836 crossed with the great Nassau balloon from the Vauxhall Gardens, London, to Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, being eighteen hours in the air. Mr. Cocking was his associate, and a victim in 1836 to the parachute. His parachute was inverted, and he fell through three thousand five hundred feet in the time of one and a half minutes, descending the last sixty feet in a single second. In 1852 Mme. Poitevin was prohibited from ascending at the Cremorne Gardens on horses, and as 'Europa on a bull,' on the ground of cruelty to animals.

Though several propositions have recently been made for guiding balloons, none of them have seemed to give any adequate protection against the winds. Possibly the demonstration furnished by the late American *aërial* voyage from St. Louis to Lake Ontario of the existence of currents at different altitudes which may be made available for different directions will provide the key to right motion in the skies.

Blanchard was the first who made any attempt to give a course to a balloon other than that of the winds, previous *aéronauts* having aimed at nothing more than to go up and to get back to the earth some time and some where. His machine might be described as either a bird-shaped boat or a boat-shaped bird, and it also bore much resemblance to a fish. It had ten large wings, which might also be called either oars, sails, or fins, and his anomalous apparatus, when exhibited in Paris in 1783, attracted general attention, and was visited by the two brothers of the king, who promised to reward him liberally if successful. His preparations were completed within a year, and on the second of March, 1784, he sailed or flew or began to swim upward from the Champs de Mars, displaying a banner inscribed with *Sic itur ad astra*; he crossed the Seine at an immense height, and returned safely. In 1785 he guided his balloon over the British Channel (in French *La Manche*), and was therefore styled by the wits Don Quichote de la Manche. He ascended afterward from the principal cities of Europe, was every where welcomed with triumph, and was the theme of innumerable epigrams, but never established that he had any other power over the winds than that derived from his weather-wise shrewdness. In 1796 he came to New-York, and made here his forty-sixth *aërial* voyage.

The system of wings or sails was tried with divers variations by his successors, but no one was able to make them the masters and not the slaves of the winds. A much later and perhaps more promising attempt is that of M. Transon. His object was to avail himself of the aerial currents moving in different directions, and he had therefore connected with his principal balloon others of smaller size, which he sent up to higher altitudes, and all together forming a free system in the air would move in the direction of the current into which the balloonist threw the largest quantity of his superficial surface. This method has not yet been abandoned, and it is possible that a team may thus be established, the vehicle remaining constantly at a given altitude and the horses rising or falling from current to current, aiming always to keep a true general direction.

In 1852 M. Giffard made an ascent in France in a machine which had more or less gubernatorial power by means of sails and a rudder, which were worked by steam. An Archimedean balloon, combining paddle-wheels and a motive power on the principle of the screw-propeller, was invented in England in 1856. One of the latest inventions is that a model of which has lately been exhibited by Lord Carlingford, which is at once boat, fish, bird, steam-ship, and screw-propeller, and combines in its manufacture almost every mechanical art and principle. It has not been attempted to realize it, and perhaps nobody but the designer has ever yet studied out the model. It is described by himself as 'something in the shape of a boat, extremely light, with one wheel in front and two behind, having two wings slightly concave fixed to its sides, and sustained by laths of a half-hollow form, pressing against them and communicating their pressure through the body of the chariot from one wing to the other, and supported by cords whose force, acting on two hoops nearly of an oval shape, hold the wings firmly in their position, using a force that cannot be less than ten tons, on the principle of corded musical instruments. The aerial chariot is provided with a tail that can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and which serves for giving an elevated or declining position, and worked by a cord that communicates into the interior of the chariot, which is drawn forward by an aerial screw of the perfect form of a screw-propeller.'

A COQUETTE.

A WEATHERCOCK which for a while
Has turned about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rusts to a point and stays at last.

THE EMPTY CUP

I HAD a tiny silver cup,
A jewel rich and rare ;
And I said : No maid shall drink from my cup
But the lassie with golden hair :
The loveliest lass in all the land —
In a land of maidens fair.

LULLIE was the lassie's name :
The lass with the love-lit eye
That thrilled my heart to its very core
Whene'er I passed her by :
The maiden true, whose eyes of blue
Would shame the azure sky.

I met her at the crystal spring,
Where the sparkling waters flow,
In the blush and bloom of summer-time —
In the morning's rosy glow :
When the birds were warbling up above,
And the flowers were glad below :

When all above sweet notes of love
Did greet the rosy morn,
And the loving breeze sighed through the trees,
And kissed the growing corn ;
At that radiant hour rich thoughts of love
In my own lone heart were born.

LULLIE stood by the musical spring,
In a halo of light arrayed,
And if ever a fairy walked the earth,
LULLIE, the beautiful maid,
Was a fairy then, as the zephyrs soft
With her golden tresses played.

I kneeled and filled my jeweled cup
From the bubbling, silvery stream,
And gave it to her lily-hand,
As I saw the love-light beam
From her radiant eyes, more glorious far
Than the starlet's nightly gleam :

And I said, as she placed it to her lip,
'LULLIE, the cup is thine ;
If thou drink that draught, a token it is
Thou wilt forever be mine :
If thou sip the tiniest, sparkling drop,
It shall quench my thirst with thine.'

With a beauteous grace she turned her head,
I scarcely dared look up :
I felt that my face was burning red,
And I scarcely dared look up :
'Look ! look !' with a modest blush, she said,
And I saw the empty cup !

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

August 26th.

THAT day, that single day which I besought, was not given to me. My short weakness had not long to wait for its expiation, which will be a long one. How had I forgotten it? In the moral, as in the physical order, there are laws which we never transgress with impunity, and whose certain effects form in this world the permanent intervention of what we call Providence. A weak and great man, writing with an almost insensate hand the gospel of a sage, said of those very passions which formed his wretchedness, his opprobrium, and his genius: 'All passions are good, when you remain master of them; all are bad, when you let them hold you in subjection.' What is forbidden us by nature, is to extend our attachments beyond our strength; what is forbidden us by reason, is to wish for what we can not obtain; what is forbidden us by conscience, is not to be tempted, but to let ourselves be overcome by temptation. To have passions, or not to have them, does not depend on us; it depends on us to govern them. All feelings of which we have the mastery, are lawful; all those which have the mastery of us, are criminal.

Set thy heart only on the beauty which does not perish; let thy condition limit thy desires; let thy duties go before thy passions; extend the law of necessity to moral things, learn what may be taken away from thee; learn to leave all when virtue bids it! Yes, such is the law; I knew it; I violated it; I am punished. Nothing more just.

I had scarcely set foot in the clouds of this mad love, when I was violently hurled down, and I have hardly regained, after five days, the necessary courage to relate the almost ridiculous circumstances of my fall. Mme. Laroque and her daughter had gone in the morning to pay a fresh visit to Mme. de Saint Cast, and then to bring back Mme. Aubry. I found Mlle. H  louin alone at the chateau. I brought her a quarter's salary; for though my duties leave me in general an entire stranger to the interior management and discipline of the house, the ladies desired, doubtless out of consideration for Mlle. Caroline and for me, that her moneys and mine should be an exception, and be paid by my hand. The young lady was in the little boudoir adjoining the drawing-room. She received me with a pensive sweetness that touched me. I felt just then that fulness of heart which disposes one to trustfulness and kindness. I resolved, like Don Quixote, to extend a helping hand to the poor isolated demoiselle; I

said suddenly, 'you have withdrawn your friendship from me, but mine has remained entirely true to you; will you let me give you a proof of it?'

She looked at me and murmured a timid yes.

'Well, my poor child, you are ruining yourself.'

She rose abruptly. 'You saw me that night in the park?' she cried.

'Yes, Mademoiselle.'

She took a step toward me, and said: 'Monsieur Maxime, I swear to you that I am an honest girl!'

'I believe it, Mademoiselle; but I am bound to tell you that in this little romance, very innocent doubtless on your part, but perhaps less so on the other side, you are very seriously risking your honor and your peace. I beg you to think of it, and I beg you at the same time to be very well assured that no one save yourself shall ever hear a word on the subject from my mouth.'

I was going to withdraw; she sank on her knees near a sofa, and burst out sobbing, her forehead resting on my hand, which she had taken. I had but a short while ago seen more beautiful and worthier tears flow, but still I was moved. 'Let us see, my dear young lady,' I said, 'it is not too late, is it?' She shook her head strongly. 'Well, my dear child, take courage. We shall come out of it all right. What can I do for you, tell me? Is there in this man's hands any pledge, any token, that I can demand of him for you? Command my services as if I were your brother.'

She gave up my hand angrily. 'Ah! how hard you are!' she said. 'You speak of saving me; it is you who are ruining me! After pretending to love me, you repelled me; you have driven me to humiliation and despair. You are the sole cause of whatever happens!'

'Mademoiselle, you are not just; I never pretended to love you; I had a very sincere affection for you, which I still feel. I confess that your beauty, your wit, and your talents, give you a perfect right to expect from those who live near you something more than brotherly friendship; but my position in the world, and the family duties that devolve on me, did not allow me to pass that limit with you, without failing in uprightness. I tell you plainly I think you are charming, and I assure you that in restraining my feelings toward you within the bonds that my duty prescribed, I was not without merit. I see nothing so humiliating to you in that, Mademoiselle; it might much more justly humiliate you to be very resolutely loved by a man who is very resolute not to marry you.'

She gave me a malicious look. 'What do you know about it? All men are not fortune-hunters.'

'Ah! do you happen to be a malicious little lady, Mlle. H  louin?'

I said very calmly. 'That being the case, I have the honor to wish you good-by.'

'Monsieur Maxime!' she cried, suddenly rushing forward to stop me. 'Forgive me! Have pity on me! Alas! understand me, I am so unhappy! Picture to yourself what can be the thoughts of a poor creature like me, cruelly endowed with a heart, a soul, an intellect, and who can use them all only to suffer and to hate! What is my life? what is my future? My life is the feeling of my poverty, continually strengthened by all the refinements of the luxury that surrounds me! My future will be regret and bitter weeping some day, for even this life, this slave's life, odious as it is! You speak of my youth, my wit, my talents. Ah! would that I had never any other talent than that of breaking stones on the road! I should be happier! My talents! I shall have passed the best part of my life in adorning another woman with them, that she might become beautiful, and yet more adored and more insolent! And when the purest of my blood shall have passed into the veins of this doll, she will go away on the arm of a happy husband, to take her part in the fairest scenes of life; while I, alone, old, and neglected, shall go and die in some corner, with the pension of a lady's maid. What have I done to heaven, to destiny, tell me? Why is it I, rather than these women? Am I not as good as they are? If I am bad, it is unhappiness, it is injustice that has ulcerated my soul. I was born like them, perhaps more than they, to be good, loving, and charitable. Oh! benefits cost so little when one is rich, and benevolence is easy to those who are happy! If I were in their place, and they in mine, they, they would hate me—as I hate them! You can not love your masters! Ah! what I tell you is horrible, is it not? I know it well, and that is what undoes me. I feel my abject position, and blush at it; and I keep it! Alas! you will despise me now more than ever, Sir; you whom I should have loved so much, if you had allowed it! you who might have restored to me all that I have lost, hope, peace, goodness, self-respect! Ah! there was a moment when I thought myself saved, when I had for the first time a thought of happiness, of a future, of pride. Unhappy that I am!' She had seized my two hands; she bowed her head upon them, her long curls floating round it, and wept madly.

'My dear child,' I said to her, 'I understand better than any one the annoyance and bitterness of your condition: but let me tell you that you add to it greatly, by cherishing in your heart the melancholy feelings which you have just expressed to me. All this is very ugly. I will not conceal it from you, and you will end by deserving the full rigor of your destiny; but come, your imagination exaggerates its rigor strangely. At present, whatever you may think of it, you are treated here on the footing of a friend; as I see nothing in the

future to hinder you from leaving this house on the arm of a happy husband. As for myself, I shall all my life be grateful to you for your affection; but I wish to tell you once more, for the last time on this subject, that I have duties to which I belong, and I will not and can not marry.'

She looked at me suddenly. 'Not even Marguérite?' she said.

'I do not see what Mlle. Marguérite's name has to do here.'

She threw back with one hand her hair, which was overspreading her countenance, and stretching the other toward me with a menacing gesture, she said in a dull voice: 'You love her! or rather you love her fortune; but you shall not have it!'

'Mademoiselle Héloûin!'

'Ah!' she continued, 'you are pretty much of a child, if you thought to deceive a woman who had the madness to love you! I can read your manœuvres plainly, I warn you! Besides, I know who you are. I was not far off when Mlle. de Porhoët repeated to Mme. Laroque your wily confidence —'

'What! you listen at doors, Mademoiselle?'

'I care little for your insults. Moreover, I will avenge myself, and that soon. Ah! you are certainly very clever, Monsieur de Champcey, and I offer you my compliments upon it. You have played beautifully the little part of disinterestedness and reserve, that your friend Laubépin did not fail to recommend to you when he sent you here. He knew with whom you had to do. He knew well enough the absurd mania of this beautiful girl! You think you have already secured your prey, do n't you? Some good millions, of which the source is more or less pure, they say, but which would still do very well to put fresh plaster on a Marquisate, and fresh gilding on an escutcheon. Well, you may give up the idea from this moment; for I swear that you shall not wear your mask another day, and this is the hand that shall tear it off.'

'Mademoiselle Héloûin, it is high time to put an end to this scene, for we are bordering on the melo-dramatic. You have made it a fair game for me to forstall you in the field of tale-bearing and calumny; but you can descend into it in full security, for I give you my word that I shall not follow you there. And so, your servant.'

I left the unhappy creature with a deep feeling of disgust, but also of pity. Although I had always suspected that the best-endowed organization might, in the very proportion of its gifts, be irritated and distorted in the equivocal and mortifying position that Mlle. Héloûin holds here; my imagination had not been able to sound the abyss of gall just opened before my eyes. Certainly, when you think of it, you can hardly conceive a kind of life that subjects a human soul to more venomous temptations, that is more capable of developing and sharp-

ening in one's heart the covetousness of envy, of raising the revölt of pride at every moment, of exasperating all the natural vanities and jealousies of a woman. It can not be doubted that the greatest number of the unhappy girls whose destitution or talents have set them apart for this employment, so honorable in itself, escape by the moderation of their feelings, or, with God's help, by the firmness of their principles, the lamentable emotions against which Mlle. Héloüin has not been able to secure herself; but the trial is terrible. For my own part, the thought had sometimes occurred to me that my sister might be destined by our misfortune to enter some rich family as a governess; and I now took an oath, whatever future might be in store for us, rather to share with Helen in the poorest garret the bitterest bread of toil, than ever to allow her to sit down at the poisoned banquet of this wealthy and hateful servitude.

Still, if I was firmly determined to leave a clear field to Mlle. Héloüin, and on no account to enter myself into the recriminations of a degrading contest, I could not look without disquiet at the probable consequences of the war which had been declared against me. I was plainly threatened in every thing where I am most sensitive, in my love and in my honor. Possessed of the secret of my life and the secret of my heart, mingling truth and falsehood with the skill of her sex, Mlle. Héloüin could easily present my conduct under a suspicious light, and turn against me the very precautions, the very instincts of my delicacy, so as to lend to my simplest proceedings the color of premeditated intrigue. It was impossible for me to know exactly what turn her malevolence would take; but I trusted in her, and was certain she would make no mistake in the choice of her means. She knew better than any one the weak points of the imaginations she wished to impress. She possessed, over the minds of Mlle. Marguérite and her mother, the natural power of dissimulation over frankness, of cunning over candor; she enjoyed with them all the confidence that arises from long habit and daily intimacy, and her masters, as she called them, were far from suspecting, under the exterior of graceful amiability and obsequious attention, in which she wraps herself with consummate art, the existence of the frenzied pride and ingratitude that are preying upon that wretched soul. It was too probable that so sure and skilful a hand would pour its poison with full success into hearts thus prepared for it. It is true Mlle. Héloüin might be afraid, in yielding to her resentment, of placing Mlle. Marguérite's hand once more in that of M. de Bévallan, and of hastening forward a marriage that would be the ruin of her own ambition; but I knew that a woman's hatred calculates nothing, and risks every thing. I expected then the promptest and blindest of vengeance on her part, and I was right.

I passed in painful anxiety the hours that I had hoped for sweeter

thoughts. All the poignancy that dependence can cause in a proud heart, all the bitterness that suspicion can cause in an upright conscience, all the pain that contempt can cause in a loving heart — I felt it all. In my worse days, my cup of adversity had never been more full. Still I tried to work as usual. Toward five o'clock I went to the chateau. The ladies had returned in the afternoon. I found in the drawing-room Mlle. Marguérite, Mme. Aubry, and M. de Bévallan, with two or three passing guests. Mlle. Marguérite seemed not to notice my presence; she continued conversing with M. de Bévallan in an animated tone unusual to her. They were speaking of an extempore ball that was to take place that very evening at a neighboring chateau. She was to go there with her mother, and she pressed M. de Bévallan to accompany them; he excused himself on the ground that he had left home in the morning before receiving the invitation, and that his dress was not suitable. Mlle. Marguérite persisted with an affectionate, eager coquettishness, at which he himself seemed surprised; and told him that he certainly still had time to go back home, dress, and return to take them. A nice little dinner should be kept for him. M. de Bévallan objected that all his carriage-horses were sick, and that he could not come on horseback in ball-dress. 'Well then!' Mlle. Marguérite returned, 'you shall be driven in the buggy.' At the same time she, for the first time, turned her eyes toward me, and covering me with a look in which I saw the thunderbolt breaking out, she said in a short, commanding tone: 'Monsieur Odiot, go and tell them to put to the horse!'

This servile order was so different from those usually addressed to me here, and from what I may be thought disposed to obey, that the attention and curiosity of the most indifferent were immediately aroused. There was an embarrassed silence. M. de Bévallan cast an astonished glance on Mlle. Marguérite, then looked at me, assumed a serious look, and rose. If they looked for any mad display of anger, they were deceived. True, the insulting words which had just fallen on my ear, from so beautiful, so beloved, and so barbarous a mouth, had penetrated with the chill of death to the deepest fountains of my life; and I doubt whether a blade of steel, finding its way through my heart, would have caused me a worse sensation: but I was never so calm. The bell which Mme. Laroque is in the habit of using to summon her attendants, was on a table within my reach; I pressed my finger on the spring. A servant entered almost immediately. I believe I said to him:

'Mlle. Marguérite has some orders to give you.'

At these words, which she heard in a kind of stupor, the young girl violently made a sign in the negative with her head, and dismissed the servant. I made great haste to leave the room, for I was stifling there:

but I could not withdraw before the attitude of provocation which M. de Bévallan then assumed.

'Upon my word,' he muttered, 'this is something very peculiar.'

I pretended not to hear him. Mlle. Marguérite said two words abruptly to him in a whisper.

'I bow to your wish, Mademoiselle,' he returned in a higher tone, 'only allow me to express the regret which I feel at not having the right to interfere.'

I immediately rose. 'Monsieur de Bévallan,' I said, standing within two paces of him, 'that regret is quite superfluous, for if I did not think it my duty to obey Mademoiselle's orders, I am entirely at your, and I shall await them.'

'Very well, Sir, very well, nothing better,' replied M. de Bévallan, gracefully waving his hand to reassure the women.

We bowed to each other, and I went out.

I dined alone in my tower, waited on as usual by poor Alain, whom the rumors of the servants' hall had doubtless informed of what had taken place; for he did not cease to fix upon me piteous looks, heaving deep sighs at intervals, and, contrary to his custom, keeping a gloomy silence. Only, in reply to my question, he informed me that the ladies had decided not to go to the ball that evening.

My brief repast over, I set my papers in a little order, and wrote two words to M. Laubépin. Under any circumstances, I recommended Helen to his care. The idea of the neglect in which I should leave her, in case of accident, wounded my heart, without shaking the least in the world my immovable principles. I may be wrong, but I have always thought that, in our modern society, honor is at the top of the whole hierarchy of duties. It supplies the place now-a-days of so many half-obliterated virtues in men's consciences, so many half-dead beliefs; it plays in the present condition of society, so much the part of a guardian deity, that it will never enter my mind to weaken its rights, to discuss its decrees, or to lower its obligations. Honor, in its indefinite character, is something superior to law and morality: we do not reason it out, we feel it. It is a religion. If we no longer have the foolishness of the cross, let us keep the foolishness of honor!

Moreover, there is no feeling deeply planted in the human soul, that is not sanctioned by reason, if you think of it. Better at all hazards is a daughter or a wife alone in the world, than protected by a brother or a husband dishonored.

I was every moment expecting a message from M. de Bévallan. I was preparing to call upon the collector of the borough, who is a young officer wounded in the Crimea, and ask his aid, when some one knocked at my door. It was M. de Bévallan himself who came in. His coun-

tenance expressed, with a slight shade of embarrassment, a sort of open, joyful good-humor.

'Sir,' he said, while I looked at him with a very lively surprise, 'this is a somewhat irregular proceeding; but, upon my word, I have seen service which puts my courage above suspicion, thank God! On the other hand, I have occasion to feel this evening a happiness which leaves no room for hostility or rancor. Lastly, I am obeying orders which must now be more sacred to me than ever. In short, I come to give you my hand.'

I bowed gravely, and took his hand.

'Now,' said he, taking a seat, 'here I am very much at ease to discharge the duties of my embassy. Mlle. Margu rite, Sir, just now, in a moment of abstraction, gave you some instructions which certainly were not proper for your position. Your feelings were very justly hurt, we acknowledge; and the ladies have charged me to make you accept their regret. They would be in despair if this momentary mistake should deprive them of your good offices, of which they appreciate the full value, and should dissolve a relation on which they set an infinite price. For myself, Sir, I have this evening acquired, to my great joy, the right to join my request to that of the ladies: the wishes I long ago formed, have just been gratified, and I shall be personally obliged to you if you will not mingle with the happy recollections of this evening the recollection of a separation which would be at once prejudicial and painful to the family into which I have the honor to enter.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I can not but be very sensible to the testimony which you are so good as to give me, in the name of those ladies and in your own. You will forgive me if I do not at once reply by a formal determination, which would require more freedom of mind than I can yet feel.'

'You will at least allow me,' said M. de B vallon, 'to carry away a good hope. Come, Sir, as the opportunity now offers, let us break forever any shadow of coolness that may have existed between us. For my own part, I am strongly disposed that way. In the first place, Madame Laroque, though without giving up a secret that does not belong to her, has not left me unaware that the most honorable circumstances are concealed under the species of mystery with which you surround yourself. Then I owe you gratitude on my own account: I know that you were recently consulted on the subject of my pretensions to the hand of Mlle. Laroque, and that I can flatter myself on your estimate of me.'

'Indeed, Sir, I do not think I have deserved —'

'Oh! I know,' he returned, laughing, 'that you were not insanely fluent in my favor; 'but at any rate you did me no harm. I even

admit that you gave proof of true sagacity. You said that if Mlle. Margu rite would not be absolutely happy with me, she would not be unhappy either. Now the prophet Daniel could not have spoken better. The fact is, that the dear child would not be absolutely happy with any one, because she could not find in the whole world a husband who would speak to her in verse from morning to night. There are none such! I am not a man of that calibre, any more than another, I admit; but, as you in fact did me the honor to say, I am an upright man. When we know each other better, you will certainly have no doubt of it. I am not a wicked devil; I am a good sort of fellow. Good heavens, I have my faults; above all, I have had them! I have loved pretty women — there, I cannot deny it! But what! that is a proof that one has a good heart. Besides, I am now in port; and I am even delighted at it; because — between ourselves — I was beginning to grow a little rusty. In short, for the future I will think of nothing but my wife and children. Therefore I conclude with you, that Margu rite will be perfectly happy, that is to say, as much as she can be in this world, with a head like hers; for I am sure I shall be charming, I shall refuse her nothing, and even anticipate her wishes. But if she were to ask me for the moon and stars, I cannot go and hook them down to please her, the thing is impossible! And so, my dear friend, your hand once more!’

I gave it to him. He rose. ‘There, I hope you will stay with us now. Come, clear that forehead of yours a little. We will make your life as agreeable as can be; but devil take it, you must help a little! You take pleasure in your sadness. You live, if you will allow me the expression, exactly like an owl. You are a kind of Spaniard that one never sees! Shake off this, come! You are young, and a handsome fellow; you have wit and talents; take advantage of all these things somewhat. Come, why should you not pay some court to little H loun? It would amuse you. She is agreeable, and would do very well. But, the deuce! I am somewhat forgetting my promotion to high dignities! Well, good-by, Monsieur Maxime; we shall see you to-morrow, shall we not?’

‘To-morrow, certainly.’

And this upright man — who, on his side, is a kind of Spaniard that one often sees — left me to my reflections.

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A SINGULAR occurrence! Although its consequences have been hitherto none of the happiest, it has done me good. After the rude blow that had struck, I remained as if stunned with grief. This has at least restored to me the feeling of existence, and for the first time

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in three long weeks, I have the courage to open these sheets, and take up my pen again.

Every satisfaction being given me, I thought I had no longer any cause to throw up, at least abruptly, a position with advantages that after all are necessary to me, and for which I should have great difficulty in finding an equivalent at a day's notice. The prospect of the merely personal sufferings which remained to be met, and which I had moreover brought on myself by my own weakness, could not authorize me to flee from duties in which my own interests are not the ones concerned. Besides, I did not mean Mlle. Marguérite to be able to interpret my sudden retreat as vexation at losing a rich match, and I made it a point of honor to show an impassible front, even to the steps of the altar; as for the heart, she should not see that. Briefly, I contented myself with writing word to M. Laubépin that certain aspects of my situation might at any moment become unendurable, and that I was eagerly desirous for some less highly paid and more independent employment.

The next day I presented myself at the chateau, where M. de Bévallan welcomed me cordially. I saluted the ladies as naturally as I could. Of course there was no explanation. Mme. Laroque seemed to me agitated and pensive; Mlle. Marguérite a little excited still, but polite. As for Mlle. Héloûin, she was very pale, and kept her eyes bent on her embroidery. The poor girl had not cause to congratulate herself excessively on the final result of her diplomacy. True, she tried from time to time to dart at the triumphant M. de Bévallan a look full of disdain and threatening; but in that stormy atmosphere, which would have tolerably discomposed a novice, M. de Bévallan breathed, moved, and flew about with the most perfect composure. This supreme self-command plainly irritated Mlle. Héloûin, but at the same time it subdued her. Still, but for the risk of ruining herself along with her accomplice, I do not doubt she would have done him immediately, and with more justice, a service similar to that with which she had obliged me the day before; but it was probable that, by yielding to her jealous rage and confessing her ungrateful duplicity, she would only ruin herself, and she had sense enough to see it. M. de Bévallan, in fact, was not the man to have pushed an affair with her, without reserving for himself a strict defence, which he would use with merciless coolness. Mlle. Héloûin might say to herself with truth that they had yesterday believed, on her bare word, her otherwise lying accusations; but she was not unaware that a lie which flatters or wounds the heart, finds credence more readily than a truth that is a matter of indifference. She resigned herself, therefore, not, I suppose, without feeling bitterly that the weapons of treason sometimes turn against the hand that uses them.

Throughout that and the following days I was subjected to a kind of torture which I had foreseen, but of which I had not been able to calculate all the bitter details. The marriage was fixed to take place in a month. All the preparations had to be made in haste and without delay. Mme. Prevost's bouquets came regularly every morning. The laces, stuffs, and jewels then flowed in, and were exhibited every evening in the drawing-room before the eyes of busy and jealous friends. I was obliged to give my opinion and advice on every thing. Mlle. Margu rite asked for them with a sort of cruel affectation. I obeyed with a good grace; then returned to my tower, and taking from a secret drawer the little torn handkerchief that I had saved at the peril of my life, I wiped my eyes with it. Still this weakness! But what can I do? I love her! Treachery, enmity, irreparable misunderstandings, her pride and my own, separate us forever: be it so! but nothing shall hinder my heart from being full of her in life and death.

Meanwhile, a mocking demon whispered in my ear, that, according to all the foresight of human wisdom, Margu rite would find more peace and real happiness in the moderate friendship of a reasonable husband, than she could have met with in the passionate attachment of the romantic lover. Is it then true? Is it then possible? I do not believe it! She will have peace; good! but after all, peace is not the last word of life, not the highest symbol of happiness. If absence of suffering and petrification of the heart sufficed to make one happy, too many people would be happy, who do not deserve it. By dint of prosaic reasoning, we come at last to slander God, and to degrade His work. God gives peace to the dead, passion to the living! Yes, there is in life, by the side of the vulgarity of common and daily interests, from which I am not childish enough to pretend to escape, there is poetry allowed — what do I say? — commanded! It is the part of the soul that is endowed with immortality. This soul must of necessity feel itself and arouse itself at times, were it by transports that go beyond reality, were it by aspirations that go beyond possibility, were it by tempests or by tears. Yes, there is a suffering more valuable than happiness, or rather, which is happiness itself; the suffering of a living creature which knows all the troubles of the heart and all the phantasms of the brain, and shares in these noble tortures with a steadfast heart and kindred thoughts! There lies the romance which every one has the right, and, to speak plainly, the duty to work out in his life, if he bears the name of man and wishes to prove his claim to it. To return: this much boasted peace itself, the poor child will not possess. Let the marriage of two sluggish hearts and two frozen imaginations beget the repose of annihilation, I am quite

willing; but the union of life and death cannot be maintained without horrible constraint and perpetual laceration.

In the midst of this internal misery, which redoubled in intensity every day, I found a little relief only with my poor and aged friend, Mlle. de Porhoët. She did not know, or pretended not to know, the state of my heart; but, in veiled allusions, perhaps unintended, she passed lightly over my bleeding wounds the delicate and skilful hand of a woman. There is moreover in that soul, living emblem as it is of sacrifice and resignation, and already seeming to hover above the earth, a seclusion, a calmness, and a gentle firmness which communicated themselves to me. It made me understand her harmless mania, and even join in it with a sort of childishness. Leaning over my sketch-book, I shut myself up with her for long hours in her cathedral, and I breathed in it for a moment the vague odors of an ideal serenity.

Nevertheless, as the fatal time drew near, Mlle. Marguérite lost the feverish vivacity which had seemed to animate her from the day on which the marriage had been definitely arranged. She fell back, at least now and then, into her old familiar attitude of passive indolence and gloomy dreaming. I even caught her looks once or twice fixed on me with a kind of unusual perplexity. Mme. Laroque, on her part, often looked at me with an air of disquiet and indecision, as if she at the same time wished and feared to enter on some painful subject of conversation with me. The day before yesterday, I happened to be alone with her in the drawing-room, Mlle. Héloûin having suddenly gone out to give some order. The indifferent talk, in which we were engaged, ceased in a moment, as if by a secret agreement; after a short silence, Mme. Laroque said to me in a searching tone: 'You place your confidences very badly, Sir!'

'My confidences, Madame! I cannot understand you. Apart from Mlle. de Porhoët, no one here has received from me the shadow of a confidence.'

'Alas!' she returned, 'I wish to think so—I do think so: but that is not enough!'

At that moment Mlle. Héloûin came back, and all was said.

The following day—yesterday—I had gone out riding in the morning, to overlook the cutting of some wood in the neighborhood. Toward four in the afternoon I was returning in the direction of the chateau, when, at an abrupt turn in the road, I found myself suddenly face to face with Mlle. Marguérite. She was alone. I was going to pass her with a bow; but she stopped her horse.

'A fine autumnal day, Sir,' she said.

'Yes, Mademoiselle. You are taking a ride?'

'As you see. I am using my last days of independence, and even

abusing them, for I feel a little embarrassed by my loneliness. But Alain was wanted yonder. My poor Mervyn is lame. You will not take his place, perhaps ?'

'With pleasure. Where are you going ?'

'Why, I almost had the idea of going as far as Elven Tower.' She pointed out with the end of her whip a misty hill-top that rose on the right of the road. 'I think,' she added, 'you have never made the pilgrimage.'

'That is true. I have often been tempted, but have always put it off; I do n't know why.'

'Well, that will do perfectly; but it is already late, and we must make haste a little, if you please.'

I turned my bridle, and we set off at a gallop.

While we were riding, I sought to account for this unexpected whim, which did not fail to look rather premeditated. I supposed that time and reflection might have weakened in Mlle. Marguerite's mind the first impression of the slanders by which she had been troubled. Apparently she had at last conceived some doubts as to the veracity of Mlle. Héloûin, and had profited by the opportunity to offer me, under a disguised form, a sort of reparation that might be due to me.

Amid the reflections which then besieged me, I attached little importance to the particular end which we proposed to ourselves in that strange ride. Still, I had often heard this Elven Tower mentioned as one of the most interesting ruins in the country; and I had never travelled over either of the two roads leading to the sea from Rennes and Jocelyn, without contemplating with an eager eye the undefined mass that is seen rising up in the midst of those distant moors like a stone set on end; but time and opportunity to go there had been wanting.

The village of Elven, which we passed through at a somewhat gentler pace, gives a truly striking picture of what a borough might have been in the middle ages. The form of the low, gloomy houses had not altered for five or six centuries. You think you are dreaming when you see, through the arched openings without any frames that serve for windows, those groups of wild-eyed women, in sculpturesque costume, spinning with the distaff in the shade, and talking in low tones in an unknown tongue. It seems as if these grizzly spectres had just left their tombstones, to enact together some scene of another age, of which you are the only living witness. It causes a kind of oppressed feeling. The little life that is to be seen around you in the only street of the town, wears the same stamp of antiquity and foreignness, faithfully preserved from a vanished world.

At a little distance from Elven we took a by

ch led us to

the top of a barren hill. From it we distinctly saw, though still at a considerable distance, the feudal colossus, overtopping a wooded height in front of us. The moor on which we were went down with a pretty stiff descent toward marshy meadows, skirted by thick brushwood. We descended its other side, and were soon in the woods.

Here we followed a narrow causeway, the loose and rugged pavement of which must have rung again under the tramp of iron-shod horses. I had long ceased to see Elven Tower, the position of which I could no longer even conjecture, when suddenly it disclosed itself out of the foliage, and rose within two paces of us with the suddenness of an apparition. This tower is not in ruins; it still preserves its original height, more than a hundred feet, and the regular courses of granite which compose its magnificent octagonal form, give it the look of a formidable block cut out but yesterday by the purest chisel. There is nothing more imposing, more proud, and more gloomy than this old keep, unaffected by the lapse of ages, and isolated in the depth of these woods. Trees have grown to their full height in the deep recesses that surround it, and their tops scarcely touch the sills of the lowest windows. This gigantic vegetation, in which the base of the building is bewildered and lost, completes its air of fantastic mystery. In that solitude, in the midst of those forests, in front of that suddenly-rising mass of strange architecture, it is impossible to help thinking of those enchanted towers, in which beautiful princesses sleep a sleep of ages.

‘Up to this day,’ said Mlle. Margu rite, to whom I tried to convey this impression, ‘this is all I have seen; but if you are anxious to awake the princess, we can go in. So far as I know, there is always a shepherd or shepherdess in the neighborhood, who is provided, he or she as the case may be, with a key.’ Let us fasten our horses yonder, and set to work to look — you for the shepherd, and I for the shepherdess.’

The horses were stationed in an inclosure near the ruin, and Mlle. Margu rite and I parted for a moment, to beat up the neighborhood, as it were. We had the annoyance of finding neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the inside of the tower naturally increased with all the attraction of forbidden fruit, and we crossed at a venture a bridge thrown over the moat. To our lively satisfaction, the massive door of the keep was not fastened: we had only to push it, in order to enter a narrow, dark, rubbish-covered hovel, which might have served formerly as a guard-house; thence we passed into a vast hall of almost circular shape, the fire-place still showing on an escutcheon the bezants of the Crusades; a large window opening before us, and traversed by the symbolical cross cleanly cut out in the stone, gave a full light in the lower region of the inclosure, while the

eye lost itself in the uncertain shadow of the high open arches. At the sound of our steps a flock of unseen birds flew away out of the gloom, and shook down on our heads the dust of ages. Ascending the granite-slabs which are arranged in steps on each side of the wall, we could have glanced outside at the depth of the moat and the ruined portions of the stronghold, but we had observed on coming in, the first steps of a staircase in the thickness of the wall, and we felt a childish eagerness to push our discoveries farther. We undertook the ascent. I opened the march, and Mlle. Marguérite followed me courageously, managing her long skirts as well as she could. From the height of the roof the view is vast and delightful. The sweet tints of twilight were just touching the ocean of foliage, half-gilded by the autumn, the dark marshes, the green expanses of turf, the slopes that interlocked on the horizon, where they mingled and succeeded each other before our eyes into the extreme distance. In the presence of this graceful, melancholy, and boundless landscape, we felt the peace of solitude, the stillness of evening, the melancholy of time past, all sinking together, like a potent charm, into our spirits and our hearts. What could be added to this charm, for me at least, by the presence of an adored being, all who have loved can understand. That hour of contemplation in common, of emotions shared between us, of pure, *déep* pleasure, was doubtless the last that was to be given me to live near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sensitiveness almost painfully violent. For Marguérite, I know not what went on within her: she was seated on the edge of the parapet, looking into the distance, and silent. I heard only the slightly quickened drawing of her breath.

I could not say how many moments thus glided away. When the vapors became thick upon the low-lying meadows, and the farthest horizons began to fade in the growing shadow, Marguérite rose. 'Let us go,' she said in a half-whisper, as if the curtain had fallen on a drama that had touched her: 'it is over!' Then she began to go down the staircase, and I followed her.

When we would have left the keep, great was our surprise to find the door fast. Apparently the young guardian, unaware of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was one of merriment. The tower was really an enchanted tower. I made some vigorous efforts to break the spell; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was firmly shot into the granite, and I had to give up the attempt to loosen it. I then directed my attacks against the door itself; but the massive hinges, and oak-panel plated with iron, opposed the most unconquerable resistance. Two or three large stones that I found in the rubbish, and which came

tumbling at my feet. Mlle. Marguérite would not let me continue an attempt that was evidently hopeless, and that was not unattended with danger. I then ran to the window, and shouted several times for help; but no one answered. For ten minutes I repeated my shouts every instant, with the same want of success. At the same time we hastily took advantage of the last gleams of day-light to explore minutely the whole interior of the keep: but apart from this door, which was as a wall against us, and the large window, separated from the moat by an abyss of nearly thirty feet, we could find no outlet.

Meanwhile night had fallen over the country, and darkness had invaded the old tower. Only a few rays of the moon penetrated into the depth of the window, and cast a slanting white light over the stone steps. Mlle. Marguérite, who had gradually lost all appearance of mirthfulness, ceased even to reply to the more or less probable conjectures with which I tried to beguile her anxiety. While she remained silent and motionless in the shade, I was seated in a full light on the step nearest the window, and from that position I made signals of distress at intervals: but to tell the truth, in proportion as the success of my efforts became more uncertain, I felt myself seized by a feeling of irresistible joy. I saw, in fact, suddenly realized for me the most eternal, the most impossible dream of lovers: I was shut up in the depth of a desert and in the closest solitude with the woman I loved! For long hours there would be none but she and I in the world, no life but hers and mine! I thought of all the tokens of gentle protection, of tender respect, which it would be my right and my duty to lavish upon her; I imagined to myself her terrors appeased, her trustfulness, her slumber; I said to myself with deep delight, that this happy night, if it could not give me the love of this dear creature, would at least secure me forever her most unshaken esteem.

As I was giving myself up, with all the selfishness of passion, to my secret ecstasy, of which some reflection, perhaps, was depicted on my countenance, I was suddenly aroused by these words, addressed to me in a dull voice, and with a tone of affected calmness: 'Monsieur le Marquis de Champcey, have there been many villains in your family before you?'

I rose up, and immediately fell back again on the stone flag, fixing a stupid gaze on the darkness, through which I saw dimly the outline of the young girl. One single idea occurred to me — a terrible one: it was that fear and vexation were disordering her brain — that she was going mad.

'Marguérite!' I cried, without even knowing that I spoke. The word, no doubt, completed her irritation.

'Good heavens, how odious he is!' she resumed. 'What a villain he is! yes, I repeat it, a villain!'

'The truth began to dawn on my mind. I went down a step, and said coldly: 'Well, what is the matter?'

'It is you!' she said with abrupt vehemence: 'it is you who have paid this man—or boy, I do not know which—to imprison us in this wretched tower. To-morrow I shall be ruined, dishonored in public opinion, and I shall no longer be able to belong to any but you. That is your calculation, is it not? But I promise you it shall not succeed any more than the rest. You know me yet very imperfectly, if you think that I would not prefer dishonor, the cloister, death, any thing, to the degradation of linking my hand, my life, to yours! And even should your infamous trick succeed, should I have the weakness—as I assuredly shall not—to give you my person, and—what touches you more nearly—my fortune, in exchange for this stroke of cunning, what sort of man can you be, of what slime are you made, to be willing to have a wife and a fortune acquired at that price? Ah! thank me, Sir, thank me for not yielding to your wishes. Your wishes are imprudent, believe me; for, if ever shame and public derision threw me into your arms, I should have such contempt for you, that it would crush your heart! Yes, were it as hard and icy as these stones, I would draw blood from it—I would fetch tears from it!'

'Mademoiselle,' I said, with all the calmness I could command, 'I beseech you to return to yourself. I declare, upon my honor, that you are insulting me. Be pleased to think of it. Your suspicions rest on no probability. I have had no possible way of preparing this treachery of which you accuse me; and even had I, how have I ever given you the right to think me capable of it?'

'Every thing I know of you gives me the right,' she said, slashing the air with her whip. 'I must tell you, once for all, what I have too long had in my mind. What did you come to do in our house, under an assumed name and character? We were happy and in peace, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, anxiety, and vexations that we did not know before. To attain your end, to repair the breaches of your fortune, you have insinuated yourself into our confidence, you have trampled under foot our repose, you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings, you have bruised and broken our hearts without mercy. That is what you have done—or wished to do; it matters little which! Well, I am profoundly weary and sore under all this, I tell you! And when at this moment you offer me the security of your honor as a gentleman, which has already permitted you so much unworthiness, I have a right not to believe it, and I do not believe it!'

I was beside myself: I grasped her hands in the violent transport that carried me away: 'Marguerite! my poor Marguerite! I love you, it is true; and never entered into a love more

holy, more disinterested, or more ardent ! But you, too : you love me. You love me, unhappy girl, and you are killing me ! You speak of a bruised and broken heart : ah ! what are you doing to mine ? Yet it belongs to you — I give it up to you. But as for my honor, I keep it : it is intact ! and before long, I will compel you to acknowledge it. And on that honor, I swear to you, that, if I die, you will weep for me ; and that, if I live, never — all adored as you are — were you even on your knees before me — never will I marry you, unless you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you ! And now, pray, pray : ask God for miracles, for it is time !'

I then pushed her abruptly away from the recess of the window, and rushed to the topmost steps ; I had formed a desperate project, which I immediately put in execution with the hastiness of downright insanity. As I have said, the tops of the beeches and oaks, which grow in the moat round the tower, rose to the level of the window. With the help of my twisted whip, I drew toward me the extremities of the nearest boughs, caught them at hazard, and let myself go into the air. I heard above my head my name, 'Maxime !' suddenly uttered with a piercing shriek. The branches to which I clung bent all their length toward the abyss ; then there was an ominous crack, they snapped with my weight, and I fell roughly on the ground.

I suppose the rotten character of the soil deadened the violence of the shock, for I felt myself alive, though wounded. One of my arms had struck against the sloping masonry of the face of the wall, and I felt so sharp a pain that my heart sank within me. I was stunned for a moment. I was aroused by the distracted voice of Margu rite, crying : 'Maxime ! Maxime ! for pity, for mercy's sake ! In the name of God, speak to me, and forgive me !'

I rose, and saw her in the arch of the window, in the midst of a gleam of pallid light, her head bare, her hair falling loose, her hand clasped on the bar of the cross, her eyes eagerly fixed on the dark precipice.

'Fear nothing,' I said, 'I am not hurt. Only be patient an hour or two. Give me time to go to the chateau, it is the safest plan. Be sure that I will keep your secret, and save your honor, as I have just saved my own.'

I got out of the moat with difficulty, and went to find my horse. I used my handkerchief to tie up my left arm, which was no longer of any use, and gave me a good deal of pain. Thanks to the brightness of the night, I easily found the way back. In an hour I reached the chateau. They told me that Doctor Desmarets was in the drawing-room. I hastened to go there, and found him with a dozen people, whose faces betokened their condition of anxiety and alarm. 'Doctor,' said I gayly, as I entered the room, 'my horse has just taken fright at

his shadow, and thrown me on the road; I am afraid my left arm is dislocated. Will you look at it?’

‘What, dislocated!’ said M. Desmarets, after untying the handkerchief; ‘why, it is regularly broken, my poor boy!’

Mme. Laroque gave a slight cry, and came toward me. ‘Why, it is an evening of accidents,’ she said.

I feigned surprise. ‘What else is the matter?’ I cried.

‘O heavens! I am afraid some accident has happened to my daughter. She went away on horseback at three o’clock; it is now eight, and she is not yet returned.’

‘Mademoiselle Marguérite!’ why, I met her ——’

‘What! where? at what time? Pardon me, Sir; it is a mother’s selfishness.’

‘Why, I met her toward five o’clock, on the road; we passed. She told me she thought of riding as far as Elven Tower.’

‘Elven Tower! She must be lost in the woods. Some one must go promptly. Let orders be given.’

M. de Bévallan immediately ordered horses. I affected at first a wish to join the company in their search; but Mme. Laroque and the Doctor forbade it strenuously, and I easily let myself be persuaded to go to bed, which, to tell the truth, was what I greatly needed. M. Desmarets, after applying the first dressing to my wound, went away in a carriage with Mme. Laroque, who was to wait in Elven for the result of the search M. de Bévallan would make in the neighborhood of the tower.

It was about ten o’clock when Alain came to tell me that Mlle. Marguérite was found. He told me the story of her imprisonment, without omitting any circumstances, except, of course, those which the young girl and I alone were to know. The story was soon confirmed by the Doctor, then by Mme. Laroque herself, who came both in succession to pay me a visit; and I had the satisfaction of seeing that no suspicion of the exact truth had entered into any of their minds.

I passed the whole night in repeating, with the most tiresome perseverance, and with the oddest complications of dream and fever, my dangerous leap from the height of the window of the keep. I could not get used to it. At every moment the sensation of the empty space rose in my throat, and I awoke out of breath. At last came day, and calmed me. At eight o’clock I saw Mlle. de Porhoët come in; she installed herself by my pillow, with her knitting in her hand. She did the honors of my room to the visitors who kept coming all day. Mme. Laroque came the first after my aged friend. As she held with a prolonged pressure the hand I stretched out to her, I saw two

tears glistening on her cheeks. Has she received a communication from her daughter?

Mlle. de Porhoët informed me that old M. Laroque had taken to his bed yesterday. He had a slight attack of paralysis. To-day he cannot speak, and his state causes anxiety. It has been decided to hasten the marriage. M. Laubépin has been sent for from Paris; he is expected to-morrow, and the settlements are to be signed the day after, under his management.

I have been able to sit up for some hours this evening; but if I am to believe M. Desmarets, I have done wrong in writing, with my fever, and I am a great ass.

T O M Y C H I L D .

Too gentle for the ruder winds of earth
 To chill and wither,
 Too many tokens of a heavenly birth
 Not to flee thither;
 No wish of mine, though it had magic worth,
 Should draw thee hither!

For I am sad amid these damps sublunar,
 But happy thou!
 And I shall doubtless wear that peace the sooner
 Upon my brow
 That now I stand like vine behind the pruner,
 Lopped in each bough!

But oh! my heart goes out in bitter yearning
 For love so lost!
 A smouldering fire, whose embers still are burning
 On altar tossed,
 That human pride that only now is learning
 How love is crossed!

O loved and lost! 't is thus the lot of all —
 The loved are gone!
 And lost from circle of the hearth and hall
 The ANGEL-ONE
 That comes to every house, whom angels call
 Too soon upon!

THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

Tea was ready, and they gathered around the well-rubbed and shining mahogany. Such waffles, chipped beef, sweetmeats, melon, shrimps, potted veal, baked apples — delicious medley!

‘Claudia, did you find a resting-place for Miss Patty’s *frisette*?’ asked Helen, as she passed her cousin’s cup to her.

‘Oh, yes! such a stuffy old place! She will feel perfectly at home. I saw the happy dwellers under the roof of the widow Thompson at their tea. They are all women. They all wear caps, except a few who have neither hair nor caps — too young, they think, to look old, and too old to retain their *chevelure*. I wish, ma’am,’ to Mrs. Latimer, ‘you could see the ‘fly-boys’ at work. They prance up and down with long green branches, skirmishing vigorously, and occasionally shouting ‘Hi! hi!’ I think their attacks were particularly directed at the heads and shoulders of the guests. I saw one of them (there were two) pound Mrs. Curtis till I really felt for the old lady.’

‘And where else did you go?’

‘I met Laura Mildmay, and she invited me, as we were just passing her house, to come in and see her. Why did you never tell me about their house, Nelly? why, it is a study — a work of art!’

‘I have not seen it lately.’

‘In the first place, it has so neat a yard that Laura says she confidently expects to find some day that her mother has cleaned it all away, the raking and sweeping are so constant and so thorough. You enter by a plank walk through a grove of little plum-trees, and find the door flanked on either side by a tiny flower-bed as big as Uncle William’s pocket-handkerchief. The parlor is long and narrow, with a low ceiling. It had originally no chimney, and a master-mason informed Mrs. Mildmay that no chimney could be built without breaking down the walls; so, like a woman of genius, she hired a negro workman of no reputation, and together they fabricated a capital fireplace, which has proved perfectly satisfactory. Encouraged by this success, Mrs. Mildmay’s ambition and industry and invention have accomplished the most marvelous additions and improvements. There is a gothic glass window stuck ‘promiscuous like;’ a *closet*, which consists of a board or two pulled out under the roof; queer staircases which lead to queerer apartments; and in short it is a wonder of a house.’

‘Is it comfortable?’ asked Mrs. Latimer.

‘Comfortable! the very picture of comfort, and pretty too. The walls of the parlor are lined with pictures and engravings—the frames, of shells and sea-weed. The windows have cornices of the same, and there are bursts of fancy in the shape of unimaginable chairs and sofas. I admired every thing so much, and was so vastly amused, that Laura took me up-stairs. There was her room, with an improvised balcony beside one window, from which she can play Juliet on occasion. It was cheerful, bright, and neat as freshness and hands could make it. In the angle of one corner she suddenly opened, to my unfeigned amazement, a little strip of an observatory, two feet long and two inches wide, which she was pleased to call a ‘window.’ ‘Surely,’ I said, when I could speak for laughing, ‘you cut that out with a pen-knife; and what is it for?’ ‘This corner,’ she answered, ‘was the safe retreat of millions of mosquitoes; they retired here with a perfect disregard of brushes and the fiercest attacks, so mother called in the aid of that valuable individual, Joe the carpenter, and now the wind rushes through and scatters my blood-thirsty enemies.’ Then she showed me her brother’s room, next to hers; it is the size of the piano; so, to let in the air, there are indiscriminate holes punched here and there, for free circulation.’

‘But the rain, my dear Claudia; do n’t the rain come in?’ asked Mr. Latimer, helping himself to another slice of melon.

‘Laura solemnly assured me that not a drop ever penetrates that ‘charmed mansion.’ But you have not heard of the crowning feature of the establishment. Mrs. Harris, Laura’s sister, has a white nurse for her children; she is spending the summer with the Mildmays, and there was no room for the nurse. Mrs. Mildmay gave an hour’s thought to the emergency, and lo! an apartment was found. Above the stair-case leading to Laura’s room was placed a large shelf, midway between the stairs and the roof; there is space for a bed and a box, with a window, ‘giving’ upon the south-shed two feet from this couch; so, like Mohammed’s coffin, ‘twixt heaven and earth,’ there nightly reposes the fair Hibernian; and a rail is inserted, after she gets in, across the window, lest she should, in troubled dreams, precipitate herself through the casement.’

‘And how does she mount to her lofty retreat?’

‘Another invention! a little ladder lies in a corner, to be used when needed, and, for fear that just as she is climbing indiscreet eyes may be conveying themselves up the stair-case, her ankles are protected by a strip of calico lining the under-side of the ladder. Now, fancy all this as neat as if fairies dwelt there, fill the house with a cheerful, merry family, clever, cultivated, amusing, and most united and affectionate, and tell me if it is not worth several visits.’

‘It should be sung in story,’ said Helen, rising and ordering out the

card-table for her father's nightly game of whist, and so the evening ended.

Rupert Leslie came down the next day to *chaperon* his sister and his cousin to the hop. He was a good, heavy young man.

'I hope you do n't find it a trouble to go with the girls?' asked his aunt.

'Not much.'

'Do you like dancing, Rupert?'

'Do n't see any thing to like in it.'

'I am afraid, then, you will find it a bore to go to-night.'

'I do n't mind being bored.'

'Are n't you fond of ladies' society, Rupert?' inquired Mr. Latimer.

'When they do n't talk too much.'

'Oh! you like silent belles?'

'Not too silent, for I have n't got any thing to say to girls.' There was a pause.

'Have you read Macaulay, Rupert?'

'Old Peter Macauley, Sir, down Market-street? I never knew he wrote any thing.'

'Of course you have read 'Pickwick.''

'Claudia gave me a book with a name like that, but it put me to sleep.'

'How is cotton selling?'

'I declare, Sir, I heard old Danvers say this morning, but whether it was high or low I've forgotten. It was one or t' other. They keep me marking bales till I wish there was n't a cotton-plant this side of the Atlantic.'

After which long reply Rupert visibly yawned, and walked into the piazza.

'My dear Margaret,' said his uncle, following his retreating figure with a steady gaze, 'I am afraid that if Rupert is not a wag, he is a very dull fellow.'

'I do n't see much wag in him,' answered Mrs. Latimer, expressively.

The Ocean House was brilliantly gay this night; its three large dancing-rooms were thronged, and in the piazza sat parties of spectators, too lazy to dress for the occasion, or too shabby to buy a bottle of wine, which at supper was the only expense of the entertainment; or too straight-laced to join in an amusement which they were by no means averse to witnessing; or too dreadfully doubtful about their position to risk bringing their gentility in contact with humbler people; or too delighted to be critical and censorious upon the participants without exposing themselves to like remarks.

The music was fine, the sea-breeze invigorating, and there were not two greater belles than Claudia Leslie and Helen Latimer. Their dresses were nearly alike, and quite original in their ornaments.

Both wore white muslins, fresh and crisp; similar belts of gold bullion encircled each round waist, and a narrow golden band confined Claudia's dark braids, and was almost lost in the glitter of Helen's shining curls. But whereas Claudia's wreath and skirt trimmings were clusters of ripe rice, falling in its heavily graceful, natural curves, Helen had the wild-oats which adorn the sand-hills, mixed with the feathery growth of the asparagus, forming the prettiest bouquets of green and pale-gold.

They were soon surrounded by eager partners. Oh, the youth of those days! there are none equal to them now. Where is there a man like Charles Lawrence? His friends will remember him. I see his handsome head lifting itself above the crowd, his dark eyes brightly flashing, his gay laugh borne upon the summer breeze; his ready wit, his sparkling smile, his kindly tone, making him welcome to every group and every circle. Playful as a child, saucy as a girl, strong as a man, his wonderful beauty first attracted, and then his noble qualities and social gifts retained the ever-growing interest. He is gone. Cut down before he had reached his prime, at the age of twenty-seven Charles Lawrence's glorious form was laid in a 'bloody grave. But who guessed that fatal end to-night, when passing through the crowd he bent admiringly before the charming cousins, and spoke his welcome and his homage?

They received him with beaming smiles and winning words. And not him alone; face after face flits before me as I write. For instance, Richard Allen Ash. The purest, the kindest, the noblest gentleman! A heart so warm, so frank — a spirit so genial, so true! A little of the old-fashioned courtliness of the past century, that went out with powder and red heels, distinguished his carriage. Thorough-bred he was, with all the simple hospitality of a gentle and unostentatious nature. In him society lost an ornament and a protector. Amid the crowd of busy men, too occupied to give their time to such matters, he had both the fortune and the taste which permitted and enabled him to do so much for art and manners. Gazing back, I look upon a long line of my chivalric countrymen. Some, like these I name, are dead; some have married; some have sought their fortunes in distant lands. All are gone!

'The first waltz and second quadrille are yours, Harry,' whispered Helen.

He nodded. He was looking for something; somebody, rather. Could it be the lady who now airily entered, sliding her dainty feet over the floor as if it were her natural throne, and these her subjects?

Bertha St. Clair, in colors that few complexions upon — sailed past all those women, who hated her for it, and pretended that they despised her.

She put up her glass and surveyed the room, held out her pretty hand to some of her acquaintances, bowed to others, smiled from a distance to a few more. She chatted vivaciously, with a dancing light in her eyes, and an occasional gesture and quick movement of her soft white arms.

'Did you know that *she* was to be here?' asked Helen.

'I thought she might, perhaps, if you mean Mrs. St. Clair,' said Harry carelessly.

He did not move from Helen's side. He really did not care for Mrs. St. Clair except through his vanity, and after his fashion he did love Helen. He was in a good-humor at this moment, and until some trifle aroused him he would not tease or hurt Nelly.

Walter James asked for the ensuing dance, and while waiting for it they went into the piazza. A tall, finely-formed girl was slowly pacing its length, among other promenaders. Her back was turned, but Helen recognized Maria Scarborough.

'It is Maria, is it not?' she asked her companion.

'Yes, and a funny thing happened just now. One of the Wilmots, whose plantation joins Mr. Scarborough's on the Santee, was introduced to the 'statue.' She measured him disdainfully with her little light eyes, as he recalled the fact that they had known each other as children. 'I have heard of a family of Wilmots near us,' she said indifferently. Tom colored up. 'I should think you had; we have little pasture-land on our place, and we always bought milk from your grandmother, old Mrs. Chester.' I think if a look could have murdered him, Maria would have 'done the deed' that instant. All the Scarborough aristocratic blood boiled at this allusion to the plebeian Chester from whom the money comes.'

'I think it was not very polite of Mr. Tom Wilmot; and are not you ashamed to laugh?'

'Oh, who can stand that girl's saunders?'

'Anybody who appreciates her goodness,' replied Helen, as she touched the fair shoulder whose they had now overtaken.

Miss Scarborough turned, paused a moment with affected hesitation at Nelly, tossed up her head with its very auburn braids, and with a supercilious 'good-evening' looked on.

Helen stood motionless and with her hand half-extended; then the color rushed into her cheeks with sudden violence, and she sat down stunned.

'Do n't mind her,' said Walter. 'What is coming between you?'

'Nothing;' and then Helen remembered, and blushed still deeper. Mr. James talked of a thousand things, and rattled on. The first bars of the quadrille sounded.

'I would rather not dance.'

'Then let us sit here;' and Helen thankfully assented, and was so glad, in the midst of her deep annoyance and distress, that she had such a cheerful, kind companion as Walter. Poor Helen!

The quadrille ended, and then came Harry's waltz; but it was half played before he stalked up to them.

'Where have you been?' she timidly asked.

'Nowhere. I thought you were better employed.'

'Oh, Harry, don't be jealous and teasing now!' and then she hurriedly told him, as they went in, of what had occurred. Instead of sympathy, he was only thinking of her having sat in the piazza with Mr. James.

'What else was I to do?'

'I wished that quadrille.'

'Then why did n't you tell me so? I had to offer you the dances myself.'

'You might have guessed it.'

'Guessed it!' and Helen sighed.

'Helen! if I loved you less, I might be less jealous, as you call it.' Then he went over the same old ground which they had a thousand times traversed; selfishly upbraiding her, and yet so seriously unhappy in his folly, that poor Nelly ended by thinking, as she had often done, that it was somehow her fault that her father refused his consent.

It was a melancholy waltz. Helen's feet mechanically performed their duty, and her pliant, graceful figure floated along unmindful that her young brow was grave and over-shadowed. As soon as Harry saw that she was thoroughly out of spirits, then he regained his own. But it was too late now to bring back genuine smiles to her pretty lips; however, chance aided him, for stopping near her after a turn, Helen overheard Mrs. St. Clair say: 'Somebody has been distressing that poor child.'

Pity from Mrs. St. Clair? Never! Helen's smiles became frequent as they were forced. Life's troubles—the first trivial troubles, which to a youthful heart are weighty as great sorrows—were gathering around Helen Latimer. She began to see how false had been her estimate of Trevor's capabilities to make her happiness; she did not acknowledge it, but she already felt it. He was kinder now, and poured out professions of the deepest nature. If he ever wounded her, it was from his overwhelming love; and Helen believed, in her simplicity, that there is a 'love' which shows itself by torturing, distressing, and working hourly and daily upon the feelings of the loved

one! This picture is not overdrawn. There are many such men as Harry Trevor, and I have heard them praised for their honesty and their profound sentiments.

She was preparing to go into the dancing-room again when the second quadrille began.

'Of course,' Harry petulantly said, 'you sit out in this cool, quiet piazza and talk to James during *his* dance, but you drag me in to stand up and dawdle through a quadrille with all those cursed fools when my turn comes.'

'Dearest Harry!' remonstrated Helen, 'it was only necessary to say what you wished — to hint it.'

'One hates to be always obliged to *say* what one wishes.'

No reply from the wearied Helen, who only stifled back a retort, and then presently made some kind speech. The cloud disappeared again; but can any thing be more heart-searing than an incessant necessity for dispersing such uncalled-for clouds? Better that they should gather heavier and heavier, break, and end at once; blot out forever the glory of that sunshine which should reign between two natures seeking to merge into one.

To-night, after this, there was an unbroken gleam, actually lasting two hours. When Helen danced with others, Harry's tall figure planted itself somewhere near her, watching with delighted eyes her every movement. He had not a glance for any other woman.

'Was there ever a man so much in love as Trevor?' several people remarked.

'And she is such a flirt, too!' was the occasional rejoinder; because poor Nelly liked to please, and her eyes smiled on all comers a charming welcome, and gave a listening attention to the dullest. But so the world judges.

Helen saw a long colloquy, just after supper, between Mrs. Scarborough and Claudia Leslie. She was a little alarmed, and yet almost satisfied.

'If Mrs. Scarborough is telling Claudia about what she saw, Claudia will manage to let her guess the truth, and exculpate me,' Helen thought.

The last dance was ended, shawls were in requisition, gay adieus uttered, and the 'most brilliant hop of the season' was over.

As they drove home, Rupert, who had happily passed his evening unnoticed in a corner of the piazza, gave one of his great yawns, and said:

'Claudia, what was that Walter James was saying about a boat?'

'Oh, Rupert!' cried his sister, 'do n't stretch out your immense feet in that way; you have sent both of them right through my dress, you careless boy!'

'It is not my feet. Harry is sitting opposite to you — why do n't you attack him? You are always pitching into me. I never saw such a woman!'

Harry gravely disclaimed, and entered into a low-voiced conversation with Helen, who was leaning back, a little tired but quite happy. He was unusually tender in his tones, and treated Claudia with marked coldness; so marked that Helen was surprised and not pleased. All that touched Claudia was so near to her.

The two girls shared the same room, and as soon as they had noiselessly wished good-night to the young men, and crept up-stairs — 'lest they should disturb papa and mamma' — Helen eagerly asked: 'What was Mrs. Scarborough saying to you, Claudia?' And then she mentioned Maria's reception.

'I am so sleepy,' said Claudia; 'wait till to-morrow.'

'No; I wish very much to hear it now. Think how worried I have been.'

'Well, if you must know, Mrs. Scarborough chooses to think you a very — a — strange sort of girl, and told me so.'

'Told you so!' cried Helen, crimsoning, 'and what did you say?'

'What could I say? I did n't dare to speak of your sort of engagement, for fear of Uncle William; and that was not all — yesterday's adventure — that she had against you. All sorts of foolish things —'

'Foolish things?'

'Yes. A quantity of stories trumped up about you. She said she did not think you really improper, but you were not a suitable companion for her Maria. I could have beaten the old wretch for her insolence!'

'Well?' Helen said, growing colder and colder.

'My dear Nell! I said all I could, but you know you have often done imprudent things; and then that saucy tongue of yours makes many enemies. I never heard you attempt to deny either fact; so how could I?'

'How could you, indeed?' repeated Helen bitterly, 'and she called you up just to tell you these things, which you could not deny?'

'Nelly, you are unreasonable. What difference can it make to you what Mrs. Scarborough thinks or says of you? Everybody knows that she is jealous of you about Maria.'

'Did she call you up only to tell you these things, which you could not deny?' repeated Helen.

'And to ask me to join a water-party to-morrow afternoon,' added Claudia reluctantly.

Helen's cheek grew pale as she went on:

'Whose boat?' remembering Rupert's interrupted question.

'Walter Jam'

'And does he know?' faltered Helen.

‘Know what?’

‘That I am excluded?’

‘I—I—I believe so. Dear Nell, don’t take a trifle so seriously!’ And Claudia laid her false, delicate hand upon Helen’s quivering shoulder.

Helen shook it off, shuddering as if it had been a snake, and then lifted her eyes with one searching, serious, sad, wistful look to her cousin’s face—the cousin she had so fondly loved—the only sister she had ever really known.

Claudia’s own eyes sank; she began to remove the drooping rice-ears from her hair, talking rapidly.

‘I remonstrated with Mrs. Scarborough—I told her how angry and hurt you would be.’

‘Better and better!’ murmured Helen scornfully.

‘She said you had no right to be angry, because it was not a general party—only a sociable pic-nic, where one had the liberty to choose just whom they pleased—and she did n’t care if you were. Then I urged that you were so much more intimate with Maria than I; but she said that it was not a party of Maria’s intimates, but of her friends. And so I would not say any more. Could I say any more, Nell?’

‘Scarcely!’ Helen said, in a voice so broken, so husky, so fierce. ‘You could scarcely lower your mother’s niece much more, or press her claims to consideration much further upon the daughter of old Chester, the—the—— Did it not for one moment strike you—the insult to yourself?’ she asked abruptly.

‘No,’ said Claudia mildly. ‘And when you are calmer, Helen, you will see how much you wrong me, and how very unnecessarily you dwell upon this business. I see that it was only a compliment tendered to me which was not offered to you. Good-night!’ She actually was about to kiss her cousin. Helen drew back, and Claudia quietly went to bed, perfectly satisfied with herself.

Helen sat for hours at the window. The candle burned low—~~flashed~~—went out. Poor Helen! That night had done the work of years. Claudia’s love and Walter James’ friendship! Let who will picture her desolation—her first dearly-bought knowledge that ~~this~~ the world, and these are the world’s acts. ‘But what object have they? what object?’ she repeated over and over again. Mrs. Scarborough never entered her thoughts. Mrs. Scarborough’s ~~coming~~, ill-will, were nothing. But that Walter James should lend himself to such a mean little plot against her—that Claudia should join it! Her cousin and her friend!

The tired head dropped upon the window-sill, and when the first streak of dawn lighted the horizon, and its reflection upon the ~~oak~~,

slowly-beating waves struck upon her closed eye-lids, she opened them to the strange fact that she had been sleeping. Chilled and miserable, she threw off her clothes, crept into her bed, and slept again the profound sleep of exhausted nature.

It was nine o'clock when she a second time awoke; the room was empty. Claudia had dressed herself, and was gone. Helen's first consciousness was that 'something had happened;' then her mind reverted to the previous night, and she felt crushed anew by the recollection.

On descending to the dining-room, she found her plate and cup waiting for her at the end of the table; her mamma's voice called from the pantry that she should have her breakfast in a moment, and she saw Claudia slowly pacing the piazza with Mr. Latimer.

With an effort she joined them, received her papa's morning kiss, and turned abruptly from her cousin's salutation.

'Claudia has been talking to me, my little Nell,' said Mr. Latimer. 'She says that you are offended with her, because she has accepted an invitation which has not been extended to you. You are a little too exacting, daughter. I consider Mrs. Scarborough a very insignificant person, and her parties equally so. I think Claudia very right to go, because she thus shows the lady that we are perfectly indifferent to her and to her entertainments.'

'Has Claudia likewise told you,' asked Helen, in a husky voice, 'on what Mrs. Scarborough founds her dislike to me?'

'Yes.'

'And do you intend, papa, to suffer me to stay under such unworthy suspicions?'

'Gently, gently, my Helen. I do not think that you need any defence or explanation. I consider Mrs. Scarborough's opinion of no sort of consequence. Those who know you know your worth, and will easily conjecture that there is no truth in any idle tale which the gossip of this very gossiping and scandalous city circulates incessantly. Depend upon it, more harm than good is done by probing into such matters. Live down foolish stories.'

'And the — the — what occurred on the beach?' Helen said, reluctantly, blushing scarlet, and turning away her head.

'It but confirms my opinion of some people,' Mr. Latimer answered sternly. 'I do not blame you, Helen; but I have expressly desired that a certain person should never forget that you are not affianced. It may be my 'whim.' I do not approve of long engagements; I will permit none; you will marry three weeks after I give my consent to your marriage; until that time, you are not engaged. I trusted you both. I repeat before your cousin what I have told you; I do not approve of Harry Trevor as your husband. I will not thwart you, I will

not control you further than this. I mean to let you find out for yourself how unsuitable you are. You shall not be 'crossed in love'—Heaven forbid; but with your own free will and excellent judgment, you will, I am convinced, eventually come to my way of thinking. I am prejudiced against breaking a betrothal; none shall exist or be hinted at, so long as I hold the opinion of both of you that I do. Say no more, my daughter,' kissing her, 'and make friends with Claudia.'

'I am not unfriendly to Claudia,' Helen said coldly, walking away. There is no denying it, she was very, very angry; her very soul rebelled against her father. He was unjust, and in this case ruled by Claudia's plausibility. She saw only unkindness to herself in the view he took of her cousin's conduct, and his dislike of Harry.



She seated herself sullenly at the breakfast-table; she felt bitter and aggrieved, but her mother's kind face, as she kindly embraced her, and gave her a long note, came as a great consolation.

'Harry left it for you, deary; he was up very early to write it. Drink your coffee first.'

Helen shook her head and sprang up-stairs; but suddenly remembering that the good mother would wait patiently upon her, she ran down again; and holding her precious letter fast in one hand, ate two mouthfuls and swallowed her coffee.

'I love you, mamma,' she whispered, straining her to her heart, and the tears gushed from her eyes. Two minutes more and she was devouring the dear epistle.

'My own Helen,' the letter said, 'I know you will be sad this morning, so I wish to leave a few words for you, hoping that they may prove a comfort. I would stay myself gladly, as you know, but I should not be welcome to your father, who doubtless thinks a two days' visit an eternity to satisfy us. What did I tell you of C. L.? is n't she 'as false as she is fair.' I always distrusted those steely eyes of hers; but I own that Walter James' behavior surprises me. I never suspected him of caring too little for you. I write, presuming that you know of their precious party for this afternoon. J. had the impudence to tell me that Mrs. S., the patroness of the concern, invited me, adding, 'you know, my dear fellow, it is her party.' I very nearly told him to go to the —, but I did n't. I do n't insult you by supposing that it is the pleasure of the entertainment that you will regret, but the sad proof it gives you of the indifference of those for whom you have cared, and the triumph of those Scarboroughs (who wish to annoy you) in being able to carry off so easily your nearest friends. I saw the old wretch buttering up C. last night, and I knew how it would be. C. is only weak through her vanity and her jealousy of you. Do n't start; every body knows, except yourself, that she is jealous of you, although you have passed your life in trying to efface

yourself for her. And now I want to tell you something else. You do n't like Mrs. St. Clair; you are wrong. I wish you could have heard her last night — seen her face — while listening to the conversation between your cousin and Mother S. I never saw such scorn! Do try, my dear Nelly, to get over your prejudice against Mrs. St. Clair; she really likes you, and speaks so kindly, and what she would call 'appreciatively' of you. She said to me, 'A couple of harpies are tearing to pieces a little bird.' Ah! my dearest, dearest Helen, would to Heaven that I had my bird safe in my own nest, and away from all of them. It would not be a very luxurious nest, but if that law-suit terminates favorably, it may be yet. Courage we both need. I know I am cross sometimes, but my 'heart is in the right place,' and I adore, I worship you, Nell. You are the very spirit of my life; you cannot tell how your touch, your voice thrill me. Yet, I know that I often exhibit toward you a testiness, an ill-temper, which afterwards make me wretchedly ashamed. I cannot write phrases. I cannot write prettily turned sentences as you do, but I feel as much as a man can feel. And I think that nothing proves my love more than this fact — if others hurt you in word or deed, I then understand, in every fibre of my frame, how thoroughly I am yours. It is nearly time to stop now; the boat goes in fifteen minutes, and your mother summons me. Be true to me, Helen — true to our love. I press you to my heart; it beats for you, you only. When it ceases to do that, it will cease altogether. Ever, ever yours, Harry. Kiss this place  , I kiss it now, and try to fancy that it is your fresh, sweet cheek.'

'Folly, is it not?' said Mrs. Sutherland, tossing down the ms. and burying her head for half a second in her outspread hands. 'All love-letters are alike! are they not? To think that you and I may have just such effusions addressed to ourselves, Olivia, and which we may prize as if they meant something! Treasure them up; believe them; read them over and over; never see how silly they are, till some day, when they turn — these bright, golden coins, this fairy money which bought our very souls — turn to dead leaves in our despairing grasp, and crumble into nothingness!'

She sighed, frowned, and read on.

The day passed drearily enough. Helen was obstinate, and not particularly well-bred on this occasion. She called it hypocrisy to appear polite to her cousin. Mrs. Latimer took no notice of the evident cloud, and Mr. Latimer read all day, as usual, in his own corner of the piazza. Helen helped her mother in her household duties, practiced a great while at the piano, mused a good deal, and comforted herself through the whole, by personal assurance, every half-hour, that she had her letter safe.

Dinner was a dull meal ; Claudia was as calm and cool as usual ; she addressed Helen in her accustomed manner, and received very abrupt and ungracious answers, which she met with the air of one too amiable to resent the unkindness and discourtesy offered.

Five o'clock came, and 'Mrs. Scarborough's carriage for Miss Leslie.'

'I see, Helen,' Claudia said, settling her bonnet carefully, 'that my presence is disagreeable to you. I shall return to the city, therefore, to-morrow, trusting that your good sense will soon resume its sway, and your good spirits follow suit.'

Helen fixed her eyes meaningly on the serene face, which the mirror reflected, as this self-satisfied young lady concluded her toilet. Her look was her sole response. It spoke volumes, but Helen had not learned to take sorrow mildly. Anger shook her as much as grief, and contempt flashed and lightened in the gaze, which once never rested but in love and admiration upon this frosty and fair countenance.

Miss Leslie, unmoved, said : 'Good-by for the present,' and swept away.

Then the tears rushed, unwished, from the over-charged heart. She thought of all the happy days she had passed with this cherished Claudia, how she had loved her, clung to her, consulted her, relied upon her. Their pursuits, their pleasures, their sorrows, and their joys had seemed so linked and interwoven — their lives so close — it was hard to bear such a blow, but it must be borne ; and she could not seek her mother's sympathy, for Mrs. Latimer had never ceased to tell her that Claudia was not the friend she thought her ; why listen to that always tiresome and unconsoling sentence, 'I told you so,' a phrase especially detested by Helen.

She dressed and went down to the sitting-room ; she was restless ; could do nothing. Every thing that reminded her of Claudia was distasteful. She took up several books, fluttered their leaves, rejected all, then scattered her songs upon the piano, brushed out of sight her work-box and strip of embroidery, finally sat down and did the worst thing she could do — thought.

There came an approaching step — a visitor. She heard the soft *frou-frou* of a woman's skirts, and tried to escape — too late — Mrs. St. Clair entered.

Helen's reception was neither warm nor pleasant ; but she had to deal with a determined nature, and the barrier of her pride and dislike soon yielded. Who could resist Bertha St. Clair in her most genial mood ?

'You think me intrusive perhaps,' the visitor said ; 'it is early, I know, but I wished to find you at home. Is there not a name I can

use as an 'open sesame' between us? We will only hint at it. My dear Miss Latimer, when you are as old as I, you will have learned not to reject an honest expression of kindness and good-feeling; come, why should we not be pleasant associates, nay, friends? You interest me—few do that now. I have heard a great deal of you. Some people love dearly to find a patient listener, and you have been the theme for several weeks, of which I might have been jealous, had I not felt that 'magnetic affinity' which assured me that we are destined to be, not rivals, but allies.'

The gentle, playful tone won its unerring way. To an excitable temperament like Helen's, full of impulse, there was but one step from almost dislike to positive appreciation.

'You are really good,' she said, 'and I feel very much touched by your kindness.'

'Not in the least kind. Don't be grateful. You cannot think how much I gain. A really agreeable woman to add to my list! and we live in this city! You are a 'treasure trove' to me—may I prove the same to you. Now get your scarf, mantle, whatever you choose, and come to drive, with 'mamma's permission,' of course.'

Helen readily assented; it was soothing to her wounded feelings to be thus sought and flattered. Deeply hurt by her cousin's behavior, she seemed to feel as if Mrs. St. Clair were the balm with which to heal the bruises.

The sea-breeze refreshed her tear-stained cheeks, and Mrs. St. Clair's pleasant voice caressed her ear. After a while, to her own great surprise Helen found herself talking of her recent troubles. She did not know how it came about; naturally, it seemed, and yet she never doubted for an instant that the sympathy was sincere and lasting. Cautiously at first Mrs. St. Clair touched the sensitive wounds, and then, emboldened, they exchanged confidence and became friends. And however strange and improbable, that friendship, born and sprung to maturity in an hour, has never withered nor decreased. In the gay and lively woman of the world, Helen Latimer found her truest friend; the one who has never faltered, never fallen off, never hesitated before a sacrifice, never diverged from the vows which were never spoken, only expressed by a desire to soothe and comfort, a desire which implies that warm feelings of interest and affection are beneath.

The white sails of Walter James' yacht *pro tem.*, were visible in the distance; Helen's eyes singled them out.

'You were very good to give up the party for my sake,' said she.

'The future will repay me, I am sure. Accident made me hear Miss Leslie's conversation with Mrs. Scarborough.'

'Was Claudia very unkind in speaking of me?'

'Not at all; she was very *mild*. She admitted the truth of what Mrs. Scarborough said, but was sorry that you should suffer from little

absurdities. That certainly your love of amusement was stronger than your love of what was prudent ; that your temper was generous, but your impulses injudicious, and so on ; that although she dearly loved you, she could not be blind to your faults. I acknowledge'—Mrs. St. Clair half-smiled — 'I acknowledge she said no more than may be strictly true.'

'And ought that to satisfy me?' asked Helen indignantly.

'Scarcely. If a person joins in condemnation of us, adds to the list of our failings, and gives as justification of his conduct the truth of his assertions, he only proves that he is ignorant of the first requisition of an honest friend. If our friends begin 'to tell the truth about us,' I should prefer beginning to live with my enemies ; for with the latter I should be on my guard, and they could not generally start with such intimate knowledge of my short-comings. I do not like, however, to discuss your cousin with you. I have long admired you, Miss Latimer ; you have have avoided me — do n't shake your head — your honesty most attracts me. I did not seek to overhear this conversation ; I was sitting next them, they made no secret of their discourse, and its fragments reached me as I tried to listen to Mr. Burgess, who is not very engrossing. I saw pretty well what would ensue, and I said to myself: 'Now I will spread my nets for that shy and proud little bird.' Have I caught her?'

'Caught and caged,' Nelly said.

'That is right.'

'But you will perhaps repent the trouble you have wasted on me ; I feel so dull and stupid, so like a cry-baby.'

'Not like a cry-baby, but like a woman who meets her first real grief. You think perhaps that none have suffered like you. You have met with ingratitude, with a want of affection, with an absence of delicacy, that stuns you like a blow, and you fall under it ; not without a struggle, but your heart is sore and bruised. I do not blame you, I do not call you childish ; I love you the more for your honest sorrow. I cannot restore your cousin to you ; it is not in human power to obliterate such marks as these, the scars are always there. Passionate and hasty words can be forgiven — forgotten ; they are marks upon the sand, such as these tracings which our wheels are now passing over, made by those boys with their pens of Spanish bayonets ; presently comes the rising tide, the wave of oblivion rolls above them, then retires again, leaving all smooth ; but a deliberate and unprovoked attack, a calm and cool treachery, is like a cut into the very tree of life ; the bark meets over it, but the seam is there, and you can place your finger upon the spot, and feel the injury, long after the leaves are dead, the branches withered, and the glory of its existence passed away. Pardon me ! I am talking prose-poetry, and very unoriginal and prosy it is !'

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

NATIONAL SERIES OF READERS: 5 vols., adapted to all grades. By R. G. PARKER and J. M. WATSON. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND BURR. 1859.

A FINISHED set of text-books, which should never require to be changed again, has long been a dream of parents and school-committees. Passed down from one generation to another, it would be easy to gauge in them the height of scholarship, and most of the trouble and expense of providing new books would be avoided.

A finished set of any thing in this world, however, is a most rare attainment. School-books, like every thing else, are improved from year to year, and that most changes in them have been improvements, may be seen from the fact that very seldom has a once discarded text-book been restored.

Progress is especially apparent in reading-books. Beside the improvements in the actual equipments furnished to the student, there are occasional changes in the standard of literary taste which should be represented in the first-class reader. Time was when no one later than POPE was deemed to have written poetry, and when selections from BLAIR were thought the finest examples of English prose. But it is now understood that the abounding literature of our own time is a much more luscious fruit than the literature of the last century.

The 'National Series of Readers' combine all the merits which either experience or forethought have been able to suggest as desirable. Actual trial has proved the advantages of the clear type, interesting reading matter, and pictorial illustrations of the lower books of the series. The fifth or first-class reader contains, beside its treatise on elocution and its admirable selections from favorite contemporary as well as the old authors, frequent biographical and critical notes, which give to it something of the character of a history of literature. The scholar who reads it through at school time after time would not fail to have a general intelligence concerning the principal authors and best books of England and America. This is an incidental acquisition, so appropriate to the school-exercise of reading, that an apparatus of biography and criticism must hereafter be considered an essential part of every reading class-book of a high order.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. 1859.

It is surprising that about the poorest novel of the season should proceed from a writer of so high repute as Miss MULOCH. The 'Ogilvies' and 'John Halifax,' though not very powerful tales, had yet that in them which made them agreeable. The plots were cleverly managed, some of the characters were entertaining, and the moralizing was superfluous, but yet of so good quality as to be tolerable. The 'Life for a Life,' however, is an unbroken flatness. The plot is the best part of it, and that becomes unpleasant just as fast as it becomes intelligible. It would be difficult for any writer to give interest to a reproduction of the story of 'Eugene Aram,' and the attempt fails signally in the 'Life for a Life,' because all the prominent characters are failures, that of the murderer with the others.

The story opens with a young lady who hates soldiers, regards the 'Times' as fearful, makes fun of her sisters who attend balls, and has a general scorn of conventionalities. This Miss DORA is the destined wife of Dr. URQUHART, who finally proves to be the murderer of her brother; and she is intended to be a very *outré* and romantic personage. But it is the most abortive of intentions. Though she is endeavoring from the first page to the last to say odd things, and prove that she has odd taste, we have yet to discover that she ever uttered a good thing, or ever became for a moment an interesting person. It is certain that her simple-minded sisters, who are described as no wiser than other people, never thought so much about frivolous subjects, or talked so foolishly about serious subjects as she did herself. An attempt at eccentricity that results only in hyperboles of the commonplace is a melancholy exhibition.

The aged curate, the father of Miss DORA, who stands for Hebrew and Puritanical severity, is simply a monster. The authoress succeeds in making him serve only by making him unchristian, and exalts his justice by degrading his love. It is difficult to criticise a person who is in an impossible position, and nowhere before, either in Christendom or heathendom, was a father ever called upon to sanction the marriage of his daughter with the slayer of his son. Such an event in human affairs is wholly inconceivable; it gives the lie to that instinct of flight which from the time of CAIN has been the first prompting of the murderer, and it stamps a character of unnaturalness and falsity upon every page of 'A Life for a Life,' which would be thoroughly hideous if it were not so feebly written.

A runnary on every thing that happens is one of the features of the book. The characters often imagine that they have been 'speaking strongly,' and impose subjects from war to temperance, are raised for consideration. Yet if the volume contain an acute reflection, a novel, learned allusion or any evidence of original thinking or even of diligent compilation, we have been unable to discover it. The plot, such as it is, moves onward through a wilderness of talk, inferior in force, from and dignity to the ordinary conversation extemporized in drawing-rooms. The plot is a very cheap article, and is as much a tangle of actors in novels

as it is in real life. The difference between the two corresponds to that between twaddle and genuine sense, which is also strikingly illustrated in this work. The favorite character attends church, 'because it is the simplest way of showing I am not ashamed of my MASTER before men.' If going to church now-a-days was a step towards martyrdom, the reason assigned might be a good one. She also says of a concert that she attended: 'Grave persons might possibly eschew it or condemn it: but no! a large, liberal spirit judges all things liberally, and would never see evil in any thing but sin'—a sentence which would hardly retain a brilliant meaning after analysis.

How the novel got into its present shape is a question that would be the marvel and despair of anybody that trusted to internal evidence. First one character writes accidentally in a journal which he protests he is going to destroy, and then another does likewise, and time after time the work seems about to stop for want of somebody to write accidentally the next chapter. How the journals were preserved, and got shuffled together so contrary to the writer's purposes, is not revealed.

There are a few such phrases as '*those sort of people*,' which, we presume, should be credited to the printer.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS: with Copious Notes and Appendices. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., assisted by Col. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, K. C. B., and Sir I. G. WILKINSON, F. R. S. Vol. I. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

A NEW English version of HERODOTUS forms the smaller and less important half of this work. The father of history is here illustrated by the recently-discovered histories older than his own, namely, the cuneiform and hieroglyphical inscriptions. The elaborate appendices exhibit the chief and latest results of modern learning and research in the field of ethnography and ancient history, conveying information that is yet new even to savants. The essays on the history, geography, and religion of Babylonia and Assyria, and the comprehensive disquisition on the ethnic affinities of the nations of Western Asia, are instances of discussions which could not have been written until now, since they are founded on discoveries made during the progress of the work. Its value is enhanced from the fact that the authors are original and eminent authorities on the subjects which they treat. The work will be completed in four volumes, three of which have already appeared in England.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER SEVEN. — We closed the last short and incomprehensive chapter of this desultory narrative with a reference to JOHN SANDERSON, author of the 'American in Paris,' and with an implied promise to advert briefly thereafter to the characteristics of that gentleman's literary manner, as indicated in his numerous and various communications to the KNICKERBOCKER. We proceed to fulfill that promise, by presenting one or two brief extracts from his *Familiar Letters from London*, a series of epistles addressed to the EDITOR hereof. And what we wish to call especial attention to, is the 'full mind' from which he writes: the scholarly richness, yet man-of-the-world ease, which distinguish his lucubrations. We quote almost entirely at random: for 'Selections from SANDERSON,' as 'samples,' would be a hopeless task. Our three short 'specimens' shall represent our correspondent at a *Theatrical Rehearsal*, at an *Ancient London Church*, and *vis-à-vis* with a *French Baron*, at a *London Eating-House*:

'AFTER breakfasting with KNOWLES, where I passed an hour agreeably in looking over the departed heroes of the stage who tapestry the walls of several of its large rooms and entries: the next hour we spent alone, in a box of the Covent Garden Theatre, overlooking a rehearsal. It was the first time I had seen the two muses in their *dishabille*. A sham exhibition of the passions is close on the ridiculous, at best; and when the mummery is exposed in this manner without the *prestige* of costume and decoration, it is ridiculous, outright. Imagine only a number of men and women rushing from behind a scene, making arms, and throwing themselves into comic or tragic attitudes. 'Oh, that's horrid!' says the manager; 'Good God!' And then he casts himself into a situation, by way of model. They go out and rush in again, upon the same sentiment; and then he jumps three feet in the air with joy, at the excellence of the imitation. I would rather see any comedy than this. I strolled, afterward, in

the immense space filled with the apparatus of the scene. How interesting to see here the human passions reduced to their elements, in pots of rouge, in dishes of tallow, and burnt cork! Groves are here leaning sentimentally against the wall, and others, erect upon the area, are breathing with Arcadian freshness. I walked through the forest of Arden, and made 'the babbling gossip of the air cry out OLIVIA.' I saw the thunder quietly reposing at the side of a snow-storm, and CUPID's wings fast asleep with PSYCHE's petticoat. I studied, too, the customs and manners of the artists, who have here their social observances; exacting, rigorously, a respect corresponding with their rank in public favor. The *prima* has a large room, and several distinctive articles of furniture, and takes especial care not to admit you, a second-rate, to the dignity of her acquaintance. If, by the necessities of the play, she does embrace you tenderly before the world, this is no reason why she should own you in private. Queen CATHARINE is crying here at her mirror; RICHARD attitudinizes: ANNE being a bonnet, with a petticoat on a bed-post. 'Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman!' You have seen HOGARTH's 'Theatricals;' this is the original. . . . The tragedy in rehearsal was ION, which had its first representation here, a few nights ago. ION, MACREADY; LANTHE, Miss TREE. It was received with great favor, by a full house. I had the advantage of seeing the author, who was called out by the audience. He stood up in his box, amidst rapturous applause, and made an infinity of bows, and expressed as much gratitude as was possible for a man of his size. There was a lady of a middle age, who also stood up at their bidding, to receive her share of the plaudits; she who told us of RIENZI, and the FOSCARI, before BULWER or BYRON, and makes us hang over the scenes of 'Our Village' as CLAUDE over the sunny landscape. A neighbor, in mercy to American inquisitiveness, told me it was Miss MITFORD. I read her RIENZI, for the first time, on the brow of a rock overlooking the tiny Schuylkill, how little supposing I should one day see the accomplished authoress upon the banks of the Thames!

Now we know of writers, whom we 'have heard others praise, and that highly, too,' who would have taken three leaves of this Magazine to describe what is here so graphically depicted in less than *half* a page. But let us change the scene:

'JUST over London Bridge, there is a venerable antiquity, called SAINT MARY OVERIES. It is so old that it is haunted. Any fine moonlight evening, you can see here the ghost of MARY AUDERY, an ancient maiden lady, who, with the profits of a ferry she kept before the existence of the bridge, founded a house of sisters, now the uppermost end of the church. A college of priests it became afterward, and was in good Catholic odor up to the Reformation. It then mouldered away in neglect, and the foul bird of night rooked in its spire. A part of it, the Chapel of the Virgin, or as they called it, the 'Lady Chapel,' was leased by the corporation for a bake-house, and another part, (the Presbyterian, I presume,) was let out for making starch. But in time, it was 'white-washed,' so says the history, at the expense of the parish, and with modern additions, nearly devouring the ancient structure, it is now one of the largest of the London churches; three hundred feet long, with a reasonable width. There are remaining many curious decorations, a mixture of monkish and episcopal art, and numerous monuments. The first I noticed was of GOWER, the friend of CHAUCER; and FLETCHER and MASSINGER lie here, in the same grave! It was immediately by the door of this church, and down the Kent Road, that CHAUCER's Pilgrims, telling those immortal stories, which you have read, to lighten their journey, bent their way to the shrine of Saint THOMAS

of Canterbury; the swaggering sailor, the sergeant 'busier than he was,' the thin cook, and thinner scholar, upon a lean horse; and on this very road, too, it was, that Madam BLAZE was so run after by the king, and so bitten, poor woman! by a mad dog. I have visited this spot thrice; and one evening sat here while the wan cold moon fell upon the marble, until I could fancy the light-footed ghosts skipping about the tombstones, till the hair bristled, and the blood ran chilly in my veins. *Rhe* is the Saxon for river; so you see the etymology of this church: it is also called Saint SAVIOUR.

'I spent an agreeable hour, lately, in and about an old church called STEPNEY, at the east extremity of London; and enjoyed, in some sort, the company of Mr. ADDISON, in reading over the same grave-stones. This one is given in the *Spectator*, as an example of the simple, and if I recollect rightly, of the pathetic. It is of THOMAS SAMPSON:

'Ah why,
Born in New-England, did in London die.'

'No pleasant matter, after the dignity of being born a Yankee! This for the 'simply;' and now for for the 'pathetic.' He was:

'THIRD son, of right begot upon
His mother MARTHA, by his father JOHN.'

With the following exposition of the miseries of an *English Eating-House*, in the eyes of a French *gourmet*, we take leave of our most amusing correspondent: with the added remark, that we have presented this little 'taste of his quality' not only briefly to illustrate the 'characteristics' of which we have spoken, but to give a new zest to certain rich and quaint passages of epistolary correspondence, with which we hope to enliven our familiar 'Gossipry' by-and-by:

'I WAS faithful to my engagement with my French Baron, to meet him at his lodgings in the Quadrant at twelve; and we passed the *dejeuné*, which was badly served by a cross-grained and ill-looking maid, in abusing English coffee, English omelettes, English books, in a word, every thing English; and we agreed it was *apropos* to quote the old line of JUVENAL, which must have been made in a spirit of prophecy:

'Miserum est aliena vivere Quadra.'

'The truth is, that the entertainment of ordinary boarding-houses and eating-houses, which first offer themselves in London to strangers wishing to practice the inexpensive virtues, is mean in comparison with the French. Mutton and beef are excellent, but the sore evil is the want of variety in the preparation, and neatness in the service. The children of Israel were tired of *manna*, though it fell from the heavens, and longed for 'the leeks, the onions, and the garlies.' Always manna! always mutton! If condemned to eat alone, which is one of the traveller's miseries, in a French *café*, you have a lively, well-furnished room, and the spectacle of an animated company about you. A London eating-house is darkened and deformed by stalls, and you are set in your niche, and the curtain is drawn, and you wait there unseen, until a grave personage in sables, and having the air of an undertaker, brings you your mutton chops. '*L'Angleterre a produit de grandes hommes dans les sciences! mais hélas!*' 'MAYN, I entreat you,' said the Baron — 'you are a pretty girl — bear this steak, with my compliments, to the cook, and bid him submit it once more to the process of roasting.'

'Why, we do n't never roast it no more, Sir; the juices ——'

'MARY, we had a cook once in France, who, for having served a dish underdone, ran himself through the body. His name was VATEL; he was unwilling to outlive the disgrace. Do have his picture hung up in your kitchen, and never mind the juices.'

'Here MARY took the dish, with much surliness, muttering something about 'done.'

'Well dressed! — done! *Sacré menteuse!* You have nothing done or well dressed upon your island. The pork squeals when you put your fork into it, and the mutton cries 'bah!''

'This last monosyllable, pronounced in its native Scotch accent, sent MARY into the kitchen, to return no more.'

While it would be proper for us to introduce in this connection, and to comment upon here, the writings of such popular contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER as Rev. F. W. SHELTON, our Long-Island and 'Up-River' correspondent; Rev. WALTER COLTON, author of 'Ship and Shore'; Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, the 'myriad-minded' 'Georgia Lawyer'; the author of 'HARRY FRANCO,' that most humorous and original American work, whose 'Haunted Merchant,' 'Gimcrackeries,' and other contributions to our Magazine were always looked for with eagerness, and devoured with avidity; while, we say, it would be proper for us to introduce these and other equally attractive correspondents, in this place, we yet reserve the consideration of them for another number, (and we hope not to fail to render them the honor which they deserve,) and pass to the *one* great writer, of world-wide renown — a 'beloved author,' in the full sense of the word — who was more cordially welcomed to our pages than any other man who ever put pen to paper, to enhance the literary enjoyment of our readers.

From earliest boyhood — from the time that we had listened to the humor of KNICKERBOCKER's immortal history from the lips of an appreciative father, 'dead and gone,' we had longed, of all things else, to look upon the lineaments, and once to take the hand, of WASHINGTON IRVING. The subsequent perusal (how many times repeated!) of 'The Sketch-Book,' 'Bracebridge-Hall,' 'Tales of a Traveller,' only served to intensify the desire to 'behold the face' of this master of quiet humor, the truest pathos, the most adroit satire, and the *utmost* charm of style, since the days of GOLDSMITH, of ADDISON, and of STEELE. Imagine then our pleasure, when one morning, after an almost sleepless night of excitement, we accompanied our partner, Mr. Edson, at the appointment of a near relative of 'Mr. G. CRAYON, Gent.,' to complete stipulations, by which he was to become a contributor to each and every number of the KNICKERBOCKER! The interview was not a prolonged one: the preliminaries, easy of adjustment, were soon settled: and we left, for *once* impressed with the fact, that an author's gentleness, kindness, and cordial sympathy, *may* be truly represented in his works.

We awaited the 'copy' of the first of '*The Crayon Papers*' with an anxious interest, which was almost painful. It was not long, however, before it came: and when it *did* arrive, it was so characteristic, so especially applicable to the Magazine, *itself*, for which it was to serve as an *avant-courier* of succeeding papers, that it literally 'filled us with rejoicing.' If we read it once, we must have read it through twenty times, before it passed into the hands of the printer. This was a long time ago — over twenty years: and as the 'Epistle to the Editor,' be-

ing merely introductory, was scarcely considered as one of the subsequent 'Crayon Sketches,' since collected into volumes, an extract or two, we are confident, will please our old, as we are sure it will delight our present readers. 'Sir,' said GEOFFREY CRAYON, addressing the EDITOR:

'I HAVE observed that as a man advances in life, he is subject to a kind of plethora of the mind, doubtless occasioned by the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience upon the brain. Hence he is apt to become narrative and admonitory, that is to say, fond of telling long stories, and of doling out advice, to the small profit and great annoyance of his friends. As I have a great horror of becoming the oracle, or, more technically speaking, the 'borg,' of the domestic circle, and would much rather bestow my wisdom and tediousness upon the world at large, I have always sought to ease off this surcharge of the intellect by means of my pen, and hence have inflicted divers gossiping volumes upon the patience of the public. I am tired, however, of writing volumes: they do not afford exactly the relief I require; there is too much preparation, arrangement, and parade, in this set form of coming before the public. I am growing too indolent and unambitious for any thing that requires labor or display. I have thought, therefore, of securing to myself a snug corner in some periodical work, where I might, as it were, loll at my ease in my elbow-chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, on any chance subject that might pop into my brain.

'In looking around, for this purpose, upon the various excellent periodicals with which our country abounds, my eye was struck by the title of your work — 'THE KNICKERBOCKER.' My heart leaped at the sight!

'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, Sir, was one of my earliest and most valued friends; and the recollection of him is associated with some of the pleasantest scenes of my youthful days. To explain, this, and to show how I came into possession of sundry of his posthumous works, which I have from time to time given to the world, permit me to relate a few particulars of our early intercourse. I give them with the more confidence, as I know the interest you take in that departed worthy, whose name and effigy are stamped upon your title-page, and as they will be found important to the better understanding and relishing divers communications I may have to make to you.

'My first acquaintance with that great and good man, for such I may venture to call him, now that the lapse of some thirty years has shrouded his name with venerable antiquity, and the popular voice has elevated him to the rank of the classic historians of yore, my first acquaintance with him was formed on the banks of the Hudson, not far from the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow. He had come there in the course of his researches among the Dutch neighborhoods for materials for his immortal history. For this purpose, he was ransacking the archives of one of the most ancient and historical mansions in the country. It was a lowly edifice, built in the time of the Dutch dynasty, and stood on a green bank, overshadowed by trees, from which it peeped forth upon the great Tappan-Zee, so famous among early Dutch navigators. A bright pure spring welled up at the foot of the green bank; a wild brook came babbling down a neighboring ravine, and threw itself into a little woody cove, in front of the mansion.'

In a straight line from our sanctum, 'as our office,' across the Tappan-Zee, we see this 'bettered' man, a, also, covered by its vari-colored and overabounding foliage, and which runs thereby, spanned by a little culvert in the road, are it

throws itself into the 'River of Delight.' Passing, however, as well-known and familiar, a scene and *locale* of which not a few delighted visitors have written faithful descriptions, it may suffice to say, that *here* it was that Mr. CRAYON first met the venerable historian, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER: 'I sat with him by the spring, at the foot of the green bank, and listened to his heroic tales about the worthies of the olden time, the Paladins of New-Amsterdam. I accompanied him in his legendary researches about Tarrytown, and Sing-Sing, and explored with him the spell-bound recesses of Sleepy Hollow. I was present at many of his conferences with the good old Dutch burghers and their wives, from whom he derived many of those marvellous facts not laid down in books or records, and which give such superior value and authenticity to his history, over all others that have been written concerning the New-Netherlands.' Omitting all the rest of this admirable Letter to the Editor, we cannot choose but present this short passage, so replete with truth and exquisite beauty of thought and language, which occurs towards its conclusion:

'**HERE** then, have I set up my rest, surrounded by the recollections of earlier days, and the mementoes of the historian of the Manhattoes, with that glorious river before me, which flows with such majesty through his works, and which has ever been to me a river of delight.

'I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature: a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it; we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point, to call us home again after all our wanderings. 'The things which we have learned in our childhood,' says an old writer, 'grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it.' So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days: they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings: and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound, to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow: ever straight forward. Once indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straight-forward march, 'Behold,' thought I, 'an emblem of a good man's course through life: ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary: he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.'

'Excuse this rhapsody, into which I have been betrayed by a revival of early feelings. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love: and after all my wanderings, and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy land among the distant mountains; nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees: but though the illusions of youth have faded

from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.'

This letter appeared in the number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* for March, 1832, more than a score of years ago: yet we remember as if it were but yesterday the pleasure with which we first read the proof-sheet which contained it, while a warm spring rain was pattering lulling against the blinds of our pleasant town-sanctum: for here was a world-renowned correspondent, whose writings were ever 'fullest of matter with least verbosity,' which came to your heart like a neighbor or familiar: a writer, in short, whom (in common with thousands of his countrymen) we had literally 'loved from boyhood.'

From one IRVING to another is an easy transition: and it will be as well, perhaps, in this connection, to mention the name of JOHN T. IRVING, Esq., who was for many months a voluminous correspondent of this Magazine. Few of our readers will ever forget '*The Quod Correspondence*,' which embodied, in separate works, '*The Attorney*' and '*Harry Harson*.' We can certainly say of this first production, that beyond any thing which ever appeared in our pages, it was entitled to the appellation of 'THRILLING.' No matter where we might be, or however so much engaged, when the oblong pages of 'Quod' came in manuscript, we sat down and read them at once. And it was so with every compositor in the office. When the 'copy' was handed out, the boys would swap their 'takes,' and read every line of the number, before they set up a type of it. DICKENS himself does not better understand, than does the author of '*The Quod Correspondence*,' the art of stimulating without satisfying curiosity, until the whole of his story is before his readers. The wiles of his head-devil, the infernal '*Attorney*,' and the retribution at last visited upon him, are, in the way of graphic description, and stirring incident, wholly unsurpassed by any kindred work with which we are acquainted. '*The Attorney*' was subsequently issued in a handsome volume, and four large editions of it were called for in less than eight months: and a fifth edition, even now, would 'go off like hot cakes.' '*Harry Harson*,' also an excellent story, was re-published, and had a very large sale: but it did n't 'bite' like '*The Attorney*.' To show the smoothness and dry humor of Mr. JOHN T. IRVING's style, we make the subjoined extract from his opening chapter of '*The Quod Correspondence*:'

'OPPOSITE me is a famous fire-engine, which is in an eternal state of preparation, to the great mystification of myself, and of several small boys, who daily collect on the side-walks, and look with profound curiosity into the dim recesses of the engine-room. Never had engine such devoted attendants. Long and profound consultations are held respecting the health of the 'machine,' by young men in pea-jackets: the wheels are greased three times a day, and about as often the object of their solicitude is gently conducted around the block, by way of exercise, while other young men, of the same company, in straight hats, with ringlets in front of their ears, solicitous for the welfare of the insurance companies, walk to the corners to see if they can discover a smoke in any direction. If none is to be seen, they walk moodily back, and form a knot in front of the engine-house. The last fire is then talked over, and the merits of each 'machine' is discussed. I am sorely afraid, from what I over-

our city is but

scurvily provided with the means of extinguishing fires, as it seems by their conversation that every 'machine' in the city, except their own, is utterly useless, and not a fire has taken place whose extinguishment is not owing to their superior merits of their engine, and the superior energy of its followers.

'I have no influence in high quarters, or I would certainly recommend this particular company to the peculiar notice of the corporation; for I really think that something ought to be done for these public benefactors; and I am somewhat surprised, after all the good they have done to the city, that nobody should make honorable mention of it except themselves.

'The evil repute of my dwelling is a sure protection against all intrusion; and from having lived here so long without injury, the neighbors begin to look at me askance, and seem to think that one who can remain unscathed amidst the terrors of the haunted house, is himself no better than he should be.

'For this reason, I have formed but two acquaintances. The first is with a small dog of the neighborhood, who seems to belong to nobody, and who, as a great favor, manages to drop in about meal times. I suspect him of being a mongrel, for he is a long-bodied fellow, with a broad chest, remarkably short fore-legs, set wide apart, and slightly bowed outward; and as he sits in front of me, he is not unlike one of those old-fashioned andirons which we sometimes meet with in country kitchens. He has a remarkably long and solid tail, which he generally carries like a flag-staff, at right-angles to his body. He is a grave, solemn dog, with a melancholy cast of countenance; but notwithstanding, I strongly suspect that he is an arrant knave; and from my window I have frequently observed him engaged in acts of larceny, which give me but a poor opinion of his morals. However, a lonely old man like myself can pardon many things in one who seems to take pleasure in his society; though it sometimes *does* seem suspicious that he should invariably drop in just as I am taking my meals. I am rather inclined to think that he has no better opinion of me than the rest of the neighbors; and being a dissolute fellow himself, has set me down for one of the same kidney.

'In making his visits, he always pauses at the door of the room, and throwing his head on one side, with one eye partly closed, seems engaged in calculating my height in feet and inches, after which he stalks solemnly across the room, and seats himself directly in front of me, waiting to be noticed.

'The other acquaintance of whom I spoke is a bright-faced little boy, about ten years of age, who, in spite of the terrors of the dwelling, breaks in upon my solitude, and during the short time that he remains here, the whole place assumes an air of cheerfulness. He is a glad-eyed little fellow, with a merry laugh that seems to gush out from the very bottom of his heart: he is full of curiosity, asking a thousand questions, and will sit by the hour listening to stories of my past life. The formation of this new acquaintance seemed at first to give great offence to the dog, who for the first few days after it, was particularly assiduous in his attentions; but finding that the boy did not drop in at the hour of meals, he has become reconciled to his company, and even permits him to pat him on the head; though notwithstanding all his deference, I doubt whether even I could venture to meddle with that tall upright mast which he calls his tail.'

We doubt whether it will be difficult to discover the true 'IRVING' stamp in this specimen: which was especially remarked even by that meanest of all mean journals, the querulous *London 'Asineum'*.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—'Some there be,' saith old Snylock, 'who like not when they see a gaping pig:' and when we see a pig, on a hot, 'sticky,' August noon-tide, come lazily yawning out of a mud-puddle, we 'like not *that*,' either: but the old Jew goes on to say, that other some there be, who 'cannot abide a harmless, necessary cat:' but *that* class of prejudiced persons we are by no means disposed to agree with: on the contrary, we like a cat: we think the cat an abused animal: we know him to be susceptible of affection: we have been welcomed, after long absence, by a good graceful gray Grimalkin, in a manner which would put to shame half the fashionable 'reception'-givers of this our good metropolis of Gotham: moreover, we have a 'wee lassie' that this cat *loves*: putting his soft velvet paws around her neck, caressing her, and taking food only at her hands. And it is because of this regard for the race, that we welcome this elegiac little 'bit' from a new correspondent, entitled '*The Lament of a Bachelor on the Loss of his Cat.*'

'Poor 'STUFFLE' is dead! Cruel dogs did him slay the other night, leaving me catless and desolate. STUFFLE had recently attained that period in cat life, when nocturnal adventures were preferable to the quiet and security of my room. He was, therefore, constantly watching his opportunity to escape out of doors; and had succeeded, prior to the fatal night, in eluding my vigilance, and in thus passing two nights absent from me. Early in the morning after the first nocturnal adventure, he mounted the sill of my window from the piazza, and solicited admittance, which I readily granted. He entered, overflowing with excitement, having evidently 'seen sights' and heard noises both interesting and terrific. His caudal appendage was immense, and the hairy covering along the spine was particularly erect. It was a long time before his coat assumed the sleekness appropriate to the quiet of a bachelor's apartment.

'Two nights thereafter he again escaped, but only into the hall and basement. There was no way to get out of doors. Not returning to me the next morning, I instituted a search, which for some hours proved unavailing. At about mid-day, I was led to look into an obscure closet in the basement, and there lay STUFFLE, very sleepy: but he was safe, and my solicitude at once ceased.

'My narrative has now reached to that last disastrous night, when STUFFLE's curiosity and love of adventure cost him his life. Opening the door of my room, which leads directly out upon the piazza, for a glass of water, kept there in a jug for coolness, STUFFLE slipped out, and would not be persuaded to return. I was anxious for his safety during the night, and got up twice, opened the door and whistled, but unavailingly, for his return. In the morning, STUFFLE not appearing, I became exceedingly apprehensive that some dire misfortune had befallen him. Not heeding the bell for breakfast, I sallied forth to learn the worst. Very soon I discovered STUFFLE in the area of a basement window, stretched out stiff and cold in death. There was no external wound, but a subsequent post-mortem examination revealed it to have been the work of a dog. Some miserable, indiscriminate, but zealous terrier, had seized him instantly stifled the life out of my poor cat. He had been suddenly, and by violence, wrought in my domestic arrangements. Since that time the room has been empty of the room;

always meeting me on entering, at the threshold, and mounting in great enthusiasm to my shoulders, and thrusting his head under my whiskers, purring all the while sonorously; and in many other interesting and winning ways manifesting a degree of affection for me that made him very dear to my heart; STUFFLE is no more! He had also another habit which was very gratifying to me. It was to make me an early morning call. Jumping on my bed, he would advance cautiously to my pillow, and in the most gentle manner nestle himself closely to my head, not unfrequently placing the side of his face on my cheek: and then such purring! Now, alas! how great the change! I enter my room without any friendly greeting or recognition. I awake in the morning to silence and desolation.

'It is fitting that I should, in conclusion, make the usual obituary Latin quotation:

'Rest-cat in pace.'

'P.'

Washington Heights, June, 1859.

Our correspondent was 'faulty.' He should not have permitted his cherished friend to leave him after night-fall. The faithful cat which sits at our feet on the cover of this Magazine has never left our side for a single moment during the last twenty years. He is unique. - - - ONE of the most unnatural mothers we ever heard of, is the *mère* 'Hip-um-pip-pip-um-o-pot-imus,' in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. Twice has she killed an infant son: nursing it with care, and lavishing upon it the 'most graceful tendernesses,' until it was about six months old, then gouging a piece out of its little body, and 'leaving it all alone for to die.' In the last case we are told:

'THE mother gave nourishment to the young one, and allowed it to lie on her back and neck, according to the habit of these amphibious animals. She also remained constantly in the water, instead of, as usual, frequently leaving it. At one time, for a space of about forty-three hours, the two animals never quitted the water. The little one had begun to walk in and out of the basin. It fed well, and was visibly growing. During the night, however, the mother was seized with a sudden fit of rage, and attacked it. The mother must have seized the young one by the stomach in her formidable jaws, as five deep marks of her teeth were visible, and she must also have attacked it with her tusk, which pierced the left breast into the lungs.'

This unnatural mother is again in a 'state of maternal solicitude;' and in fourteen months, we are informed, the 'redacteur-en-chef' of the 'Journal de Jardin des Plantes' will announce the result to the world. As it is now rendered certain that the mother cannot be depended upon to nourish her offspring, 'care,' it is stated, 'must be taken immediately to remove the infant, and bring it up by artificial means.' But we have apprised, thus early, the PRESIDENT of the Jardin des Plantes, that artificial means will *not* 'agree' with the infant Hippopotamus: and in this connection we have offered 'for a consideration,' to that learned *savant*, services which, if accepted, will make us as famous in Europe as 'RAREY, the Horse-Tamer' himself. We have laid before the 'bureau' or 'secretary' of that great institution, proposals to *Milk the Hippopotamus* daily, and to feed its infant, until such time as it can be weaned from us: which, if our pay is good, we shall not cause to be done at so early a period as to endanger the 'child's present health or future prospects.' In our letter to the PRESIDENT, as affording a fair test of our

ability to perform what we stipulated to accomplish, we mentioned the fact of our milking, in presence of 'quite a concourse' of people, two *Shaker Cows*, at Lebanon, in this State. We did not explain to the learned *savant*, nor was it at all necessary, that our first experiment was unsuccessful, owing to our being clad in the garb of 'the world's people;' but when we had donned the shiny, shimmery, yellowish blue-green linsey-woolsey long-coat, and broad-brimmed hat, of one of 'the brethren,' and spoke the 'plain language' to the animals, there was no farther trouble. This, as we have said, we did not state in our letter: we preferred to have the PRESIDENT *infer* what a terrible animal a 'SHAKER-COW' was! — so hard to be 'come at' by the hand of Man! We await the PRESIDENT's reply, without a doubt as to the result: for we assured him, that from much experience in our early boyhood, and occasional 'exercise' in after life, we felt equal to the task of milking any thing which possessed that lacteal appendage which in the American language, as contradistinguished from the English dialect, is universally known as a '*Tit*.' - - - PERHAPS the reader may recall this short passage in an extract which we gave not long since from one of the articles of TIMOTHY FLINT, upon '*The Horrors of War*,' which appeared in an early number of the KNICKERBOCKER:

'In the midst of the smoke, darkness, and infernal din of all that is astounding in the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair, the combatants feel a strange unconcern and indifference to life; a madness like that which arrack and opium give to the desperate Malay; which they feel in no other position; an indifference which renders them careless to consequences; and causes them with an unblenching eye to note the streaming carnage, and to hear without feeling the wild wail of death-groans around them!'

Now, as a confirmation of the truth contained in these condensed but eloquent sentences, connect with them this brief extract of a letter from a young French officer, who was for the first time 'under fire' at the terrible battle of Solferino:

'Ah! if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you! It is like a whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of gunpowder mounts to your brain. The eye becomes bloodshot, and the look is fixed upon the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.

'Every body who has tried it testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is produced by being in a battle. There is an infatuating influence about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of a bullet, and the sight of human blood, that instantly transforms men from cowards to heroes — from women sometimes to monsters. None can tell of the nature or mystery of that influence but those who have been in the fray themselves.'

This transformation of the natures of men into those of brute beasts, is almost more horrible to contemplate than the sad spectacle of the wounded and the dying stretched in their awful agony upon the wide-extended, gory battle-field, of which we have had of late so many descriptions. - - - It was a good old UNCLE, up in the Onondaga region, what time we (there were two of us then) were little twin-boys. When the maples reddened in the spring-time: when 'the cloud-clearing geese to the lakes were a-steering;' when the 'sap-buckets' were full, and the lazy

blue smokes arose from many an adjacent 'sugar-bush;' then we 'experienced what manner of man good old 'Uncle BEN' was of. He loved children — especially *boys*, we always thought, because he was so very kind to *us*: but then the little girls, our juvenile playmates, *they* said the same, too. To one so invariably obliging — so assiduous to anticipate all that we little people desiderated — toward *such* an uncle, was it possible that we could project a wrong? Even so: children are thoughtless — and we *did*. 'Water,' 'mush,' and other 'millions,' were 'in: we layéd a plan, while eating sweet apples under the straw-thatched roof of a hay-barrack, during a passing autumnal shower, to partake in the ensuing evening of a portion of a water-melon patch, which grew thereby, belonging to 'Uncle BEN.' We were overheard: UNCLE heard us, being below. He was grieved: because he knew how well *we* knew, that there was nothing which we could ask of him, and which it was in his power to bestow, that he would not have given us. 'Steal my water-melons, eh?' quo' 'Uncle BEN: 'we'll *see* about that!' Expect he *did* 'see about it:' because we committed the trespass: had our fill of water-melons, not a few of which had been 'plugged' — to see whether they were ripe, may-be. Well: we went home — and to bed: but there was 'no sleep for the wicked' that night. Qualms of conscience and of the stomach visited us 'simultaneously;' and spiritually and physically we were very ill. Plugging melons with tartar-emetic is objectionable in many points of view. But let us not enlarge: the subject is sickening — disgusting! All this has been brought to mind to-night by the following note:

'MY DEAR KNICK: The worse a thing is, the better it is, provided only that it be not *too* bad. This may be predicated of a joke and a witticism: the following I hope you will consider to be a practical illustration of its truth:

'ONE night when WILL and I were boys,
Our hearts being full of fun and frolic,
We stole into a melon-patch —
The next day we were melon-cholic.'

This seems almost a sort of '*Merriam prophecy*.' - - - '*The Influence of Education on Bowstringing, from an Oriental 'Stand-Point' of Actual Fact,*' is very neatly and effectively 'put,' as our legal friends term it, in the annexed brief communication. Read it: 'laugh and grow fat,' and also wise:

'It has been said that every person is born possessed of perfect independence; and that the feelings of dependence and inferiority, which men exhibit toward each other, are the result of after-education, and of that natural bias toward imitation which human beings possess in common with the monkey-tribe. The behavior of children proves this: for did any body ever see one baby give up a stick of candy to another baby, because that other baby's father kept a carriage? No; 'all men are born free and equal,' literally. Babydom is a Republic, and so is Boyhood. Young OLIVER CROMWELL did n't hesitate to draw Prince CHARLIE's claret because it was 'royal blood' which he was bringing from his tiny proboscis.

'The following story, together with the speculation thereupon, may serve to illustrate the wide difference which education and early association will make between two persons who were equally independent when babies. The truthfulness of the story is its principal merit: much more wonderful tales are to be found in the Thousand-and-One-Nights: but *they* are fancy — *this* is fact.

'Some years ago, an American gentleman residing at a seaport-town in a Turkish province (which town we have not named, because that is not its name) formed an acquaintance with the governor of Belgrade. He was a rather favorable specimen of a Turk, being a respectable, sleepy old gentleman, fond of coffee and pilau, and too indolent to be ill-natured. It is true that he sometimes had fits of eccentric anger, in which he would order an enormous number of strokes to be administered to the soles of an offending servant who had upset a cup of coffee upon his authoritative slippers, or committed some such glaring offence against the dignity of the Commander of the Faithful at Belgrade; but on the main he was a very even-tempered individual for a Turk.

'Now HAMMOND BEY, or whatever his name might be, and the American gentleman aforesaid, whom we will call Mr. BLANK, were used to exchange calls of ceremonious familiarity, which were conducted in something like the following manner:

'Due notice having been given in the morning to Mr. BLANK, about three o'clock HIS AUTHORITY would arrive, accompanied by a guard of soldiers. As soon as the formalities of reception were finished, and HIS AUTHORITY was comfortably seated cross-legged on a cushion, pipes and coffee were introduced, and the following conversation took place: First, however:

'Uninterrupted smoking for fifteen minutes; then HIS AUTHORITY speaks:

'A fine day, O Excellency!

'Uninterrupted smoking for ten minutes, during which HIS EXCELLENCY deliberates, so as not to commit himself unawares: then he speaks:

'A fine day truly it is, O Commander of Men's Lives!

'Uninterrupted smoking for fifteen minutes: when HIS AUTHORITY rises with the oriental mode of expressing the wish that the house and its inmates may be blessed.

'May happiness cover YOUR EXCELLENCY's door-mat!—and he departs as ceremoniously as he enters.

'When Mr. BLANK returned the visit, the same form was gone through with, he acting the part of guest in turn.

'Now this was not a very social mode of calling; but society was scarce then at Belgrade, and Mr. BLANK formed quite a friendship for the old man, who treated him so civilly, not so say ceremoniously.

'Well, one day he went up to the fortress to return a visit, and was smoking a third pipe, when a messenger from the SULTAN was announced. He gave a letter to the commander, who pressed it to his forehead, bowed to it, and performed the necessary tomfooleries before opening it.

'Its contents seemed to trouble him a little, and Mr. BLANK immediately began to think that the message might concern him, and was made uneasy thereby; for a message from the SULTAN concerning him could bode no good in those days, 'when fanatical Turks used foreigners for spittoons.' So he inwardly resolved to cut his visit as short as possible.

'When the letter was finished, and the messenger was dismissed, the old Turk re-seated himself. The usual number of pipes were smoked; the usual number of cups of coffee were offered; not a jot nor a tittle of the usual forms of leave-taking was omitted by the commander when he took his departure.

'He had to take a circuitous route in order to reach the gate of the fortress; and as haste was of no avail, he walked very leisurely along.

'Just as he reached the gate, he was met by a horseback, carry-

ing a basket on his arm ; and the officer of the guard, who was a dry joker, and an acquaintance of Mr. BLANK's, pointing after the rider, said :

' *There goes our old friend's head !* '

' It was even so. As soon as his guest was gone, the old Turk, taking leave of the world with the composure of a true believer, had submitted his neck to the bowstring, in obedience to the fatal command of the SULTAN.

' This was the result of education.

' HAMMOND BEY had been taught to believe the SULTAN absolute and infallible ; to believe that from his power there was no escape ; that it was Destiny ; and so the SULTAN, wishing his head, *had* it.

' Now suppose that the commander of the fortress at Belgrade was, instead of a good-natured old Turk, an active specimen of the universal Yankee nation.

' He was appointed by the SULTAN because he is capable of commanding any thing. Is it likely that, like HAMMOND BEY, he would exclaim, ' There is but one God, and MOHAMMED is his prophet ! ' and then submit himself to be noosed ? Does not probability favor the conclusion that, after reading the message, and looking at the messenger with a countenance filled with wonder at the idea of any one wanting his head except himself, he would give that officious gentleman ' one ' on the nose, which would send him down like a shot ?

' And that then, taking the bowstring from the basket, which was to contain his cranium, he would so compress Mustapha ALI HASSAN OMAR's jugular, that that unfortunate individual's soul would incontinently leave his body and seek shelter in the realms of Paradise, where opium is to be had for the asking, and the houris weigh two hundred pounds apiece.

' And that then, putting *his* head into the basket intended for his own, he would send it to his Serene Highness ; after which he would collect all the loose valuables about the fortress, and disguising himself would depart for the nearest foreign vessel, which he would bribe by the offer of filthy lucre to go to sea instant, thus making good his escape, while his messenger was engaged in reaching the spot where his High Mightiness was waiting for his cranium ?

' Probability favors this conclusion certainly ; and yet both these individuals were equally independent when babies.

' ALF A. SIGMA.'

' ALF ' is evidently one of the ' Wise Men of the East : ' and he must let us hear from him again, ' when time and inclination shall serve. ' We dare say he has ' *a way* of doing things ' generally. - - - The editor of the Nyack (Rockland County) ' *Town and Country* ' weekly journal, in a column of pleasant *niaiserie*s, speaks thus of the ' *Ollapodiana Papers*, ' by the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK : ' What memories an accidental extract from these papers awakened ! We were a mere boy when ' *Ollapodiana* ' first attracted our attention, lying on the table in father's office : from that moment, that book had a place in our ' heart of hearts : ' we read it through, then and there ; and on hundreds of occasions afterward it was open before us, cheering a lonely hour. What a *power* to cheer, too, there was in the book ! How familiar became its red-and-white ' marbled paper ' cover ! We can see it now : may we see it fifty years hence as plainly, and love it as well ! Where can we get a copy of ' *Ollapodiana* ? ' We never see it in the book-stores. Is it out of print ? Why do n't some of our enterprising New-York houses have

the good sense to get out a fresh, handsome edition?' To this latter inquiry, which has been 'speered' at us not less than fifty times within the last ten months, from different and distant parts of the country, we are glad to be enabled to make answer, as follows: MESSRS. W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, Number 46, Walker-street, have just issued, in a very handsome volume, the Fourth Edition of '*The Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark: including the Ollapodiana Papers, 'The Spirit of Life,' with his Various Prose and Poetical Writings: edited by L. Gaylord Clark.*' Somehow or other, the demand for this various collection seems to increase rather than diminish, with the lapse of time. This is the best edition yet published. - - - As you take up the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER, reader, on board a rail-car, while multitudinous objects are flitting past you, with the rush of the resounding train, peruse you the subjoined, and advise us whether or no it does not 'tell the whole story.' We must say that to us, in grouping and in detail, it seems exceedingly graphic and picturesque: almost as much so as 'Governor' SAXE's '*Riding on a Rail*,' which was copied, we verily believe, from this Magazine, sooner or later, into every journal in the United States, and into those of Britain, 'not a few:'

'Through the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river and through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with screech and roar:

Splashing, flashing,
Crashing, dashing
Over ridges,
Gulleys, bridges;
By the bubbling rill,
And mill,
Highways,
Byways,
Hollow hill:
Jumping, bumping,
Rocking, roaring,

Like forty thousand giants snoring!

'O'er the aqueduct and bog
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new,
Every moment lost to view;
Now a tavern, now a steeple,

Now a crowd of gaping people;
Now a hollow, now a ridge,
Now a cross-way, now a bridge.

'Grumble, stumble,
Rumble, tumble;
Fretting — getting in a stew:
Church and steeple, gaping people,
Quick as thought are lost to view.
Every thing that eye can survey
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy.
Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,
Glimpse of foundry and of forge,
Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge —

Dash along!
Slash along!
Crash along!
Flash along!
On — on with a jump,
And a bump,
And a roll,

Hies the FIRE-FRIEND to its destined goal!

We hear him now 'off,' below the cedars! - - - 'ONCE there was a man,' and his name, 'for short,' was 'SAM FRANCIS.' He was well known in all the Onondaga and Cayuga regions: also, he was a man of great originality, and as full of fun as he could hold. Just before he departed for California, six or seven years ago, he gave us an 'Evening,' with some brother 'Onondaga's and 'Cayuga's, in our beautiful long-occupied, well-remembered, and never-to-be-forgotten, TOWN-SANCTUM. All of us who heard him narrate that night, in his own peculiar way, his odd and quaint experiences, for three weeks laughed him on his voyage through the Carribean-Sea, along the long Pacific coast, even unto the harbor where he would be, shut in by the Golden Gate of El Dorado. One of his 'experiences' was this: He had 'done a hard day's work 'bowing rat-fur' for his 'boss,' who was a hatter, which was *his* 'trade and occupation.' Going home late in the

evening, he stopped in at the village tavern: and presently, in the 'long-room' overhead he 'heard music and dancing.' 'What's going on?' asked 'SAM' of the portly landlord. 'A ball, SAM, a *tip-top* ball: why do n't you go up and j'ine in?' 'Ha n't had no invitation,' answered 'SAM.' 'What o' *that*?' responded the landlord: 'you *know*, SAM, (for he *was* very popular,) that you would be as welcome as flowers in May. If they'd ha' know'd you'd been here, they'd ha' aask't ye — you *know* they would.' 'P'raps — like as not,' said SAM: 'but I haint got no clean shirt: and it's too late for me to walk home, a mile and a half, to *get* one.' 'Never mind,' said the good-natured BONIFACE: 'come down in the kitchen: it's ironing-day, and there's *cords* of shirts on the 'horse,' a-dryin': come: I'll lend you 'one o' *mine*!' 'SAM' accepted the proposition: but the landlord's shirt, which was big enough for four of him, and which was starched as stiff as sheet-iron, would n't *touch* him any where: 'I could n't get to feel the *inside* of it,' said he, 'any more than if I was standing in the middle of a hog'shead.' 'Help me out of this,' said SAM, and give us something else, if you've got it to spare.' 'Well,' responded BONIFACE, 'here's JEROTHNAIL CLEM's shirt, the stage-driver: he's changed to the 'Telegraph' to-night, and wont *be* here: put *this* on.' 'SAM' did so, and it fitted him to a nicety. He 'rigged himself up,' and was shown by the landlord into the ball-room, where he was cordially received, being a general favorite with all, from his ever-ready willingness, and ever-present power, to entertain or amuse his friends. He was dancing his fifth dance, with a lovely and lively partner, and was in the act of cutting a 'pigeon-wing,' which Saint Virtus himself could not have surpassed, when the supposed absent stage-driver, irate, and with glowing visage, broke into the animated set, and in the tone with which he brought his off-leader 'up to his work,' said: 'Mr. FRANCIS, when you have done with *my shirt*, I want it: and I want it pretty *quick*, too, for I'm engaged for the next three dances!' Fancy the poor fellow's 'emotions!' Now what was it which brought all this to mind? Nothing but the subjoined paragraph in one of the morning journals of this goodly August day:

'A YOUNG maiden, with rosy cheeks and nice fat dimpled shoulders, giving her name as CATHARINE KINKEL, applied to Justice PURDY yesterday, for legal proceedings against MARY SADLER, a companion and friend of her youth, who in an evil moment had yielded to temptation too strong for female resistance, and appropriated the only nooped skirt the fair CATHARINE possessed. The two girls lived in the same house, and one night last week were invited to a dance. When CATHARINE went up-stairs to don her best clothes, she found herself minus hoops. Indignant and disappointed, she followed her friend to the dance, and there, in the midst of an admiring crowd of gallants and an envious company of ladies, she found the faithless MARY sporting such voluminous airs that her breath was fairly taken away by the sight. She got out a process for the recovery of the article, which was brought into court on the shoulders of a small boy, whose innate mischief induced him to place his head and neck where the waist of the wearer should be, and bolt into the presence of the assembled court in an excessively laughter-provoking attitude. The delighted maiden blushed at the cool exposure of her patent extension to the public gaze, but received it into her rightful possession with intense satisfaction.'

The *locale* of this incident, in our close clipping, we have failed to preserve; and the paper is either lost or mislaid. - - - HERE we have a couple of 'Eagles;' one by TENNYSON, and another by an American bard, less known, at present, to fame. Thus the 'LAUREATE, D.C.L.,' et cetera:

'He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands,
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.'

'G. WHILLIKINS,' who writes the ensuing lines, must n't try to ridicule the foregoing. That glimmering, crepuscular simile of the '*crawling sea*,' looked down upon from a great height, is fine. But hear, G. WHILLIKINS:'

'With hooked claws he claspeth ye fence,
Close by ye hen-roost; gazing thence
He spies a mice, what's that no sense:
Ye mice beneath can't well see him;
He watcheth from his lofty limb,
Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him.'

'The difference, though only faint,
'Twixt that and this, I now will paint:
His eagle's wild—my eagle aint.'

Ah! 'that indeed:' this admission takes the American's 'abortive effusion' out of the category of plagiarisms. By-the-by: speaking of 'pomes:' Mr. KASPAR NATHAN PEPPER cannot reconsider his fixed determination: he 'has been wrote' to, he says, 'and irged and irged: no use't:' 'Mizzery,' his great 'drammy,' is his last werc: 'his 'last appearance,' his 'mews hezent eny more mellowdy into her than the yowl ov a large thos.-Kat.' - - - THE correspondent who sends us the annexed laughable '*Incident at Morley's Hotel in London*,' (and whom we are glad to recall as a pleasant visitor with a mutually-esteemed friend one evening at the sanctum,) will accept our thanks, as he will win those of our readers, for his favor. The writer says: 'My little sketch possesses one merit, if no other: the incident actually took place, precisely as I have described it:

'One foggy November night, in the fall of 1855, there were seated around a table in the coffee-room of MORLEY'S Hotel, London, five gentlemen, representing as many different nationalities: a well-fed, jolly, choleric Londoner; a cautious, canny Scotchman, from Inverness; an intelligent and well-bred Irishman, from Dublin; a lively, enthusiastic devotee of '*le grande NAPOLEON*,' from Paris; and the subscriber, a New-Yorker. A desultory conversation was carried on for some time, on the ordinary topics of the day, when it took a new channel, and gradually turned upon America. The writer of this happened to be the only one in the company who had visited all the countries there represented, and as neither of the others had ever been in the United States, was expatiating upon the different habits and customs he had observed in his travels.

'A diversity of opinion led to a discussion upon the relative merits of the various nations; and soon, as if by tacit consent, there appeared to be a combination between the four first-named, to run down the 'Yankees,' as they termed them. This was done very good-naturedly, and received in the like spirit; and as we were all thoroughly imbued with strong national feelings, there was no lack of patriotism exhibited. I had rather the advantage of the rest, in one respect, and 'drew' a pretty long bow

about things in general in 'the States,' which, as no one could refute the statements from personal knowledge, were obliged to be taken literally. The Englishman, after ridiculing the idea, that there could be any thing in this country, comparing in excellence with those in England, asked me, among other questions, 'What great men America had ever produced, really worthy of the name?' I replied that General WASHINGTON was generally conceded to be such, and mentioned FRANKLIN, WEBSTER, CLAY, and others.

'Oh! Mr. WASHINGTON was a very decent sort of person, no doubt, but then, nothing remarkably *brilliant*, ye kno'; and as for the others you mention, they would be thought very common-place *here*.'

'To hear the 'PATER PATRIÆ' commented on in this style was not particularly agreeable to me; and I thought it about time to change the subject for fear of a rather heated argument, which I was desirous of avoiding.

'I determined, however, to get at least two of them 'by the ears,' and pay them off in their own coin. I watched my opportunity, and finally managed to 'lug in,' accidentally, something about Waterloo. In an instant, as I anticipated, JOHNNY CRAPEAU and Mr. BULL were at loggerheads. The Frenchman lauded the First Consul to the skies, while the Iron Duke had an equally ardent admirer and defender in the Englishman. In the mean time, I quietly took up the *Times* and was apparently intently engaged in reading, though in fact I was listening, and was highly amused at the eagerness which they both showed, to convince each other of their errors. The debate became warm, when it was at length agreed to leave it to me, as the most disinterested of the party, to decide which was the greatest man, NAPOLEON or WELLINGTON.

'The Frenchman undoubtedly relied upon my favorable decision, in remembrance of LA FAYETTE, and the valuable assistance rendered us by the French during the Revolution; while Mr. BULL was no doubt equally sanguine that my Anglo-Saxon origin and the more intimate relations of our two nations, would prejudice me in his favor.

'I pretended to be still engrossed in reading, and was twice appealed to before I looked up from the paper.

'The disputed question was then explained, and I was again requested to give my opinion as referee, which I considered to be the greatest man of the two, NAPOLEON or WELLINGTON.

'Upon my word, gentlemen,' said I, 'you must excuse me, for really *I never heard of either of them*.'

'A roar of laughter, and a very audible order for several bottles of 'Johannisberger' finished the conversation. c.'

SOMEHOW or other, this reminds us forcibly, just at this moment, of an anecdote of an astronomical professor in one of our eastern colleges, whose habit it was, in his lectures, never to assume, or permit to be assumed by his class, any 'fixed fact' whatever. His motto was to '*prove* all things' always; by reason of which propensity, he was esteemed by the students to be one of the most eminent *bores* in the infinite region of boredom. He met with his match *one* night, however. At the head of his class was a waggish fellow, who determined to 'catch him,' as he termed it. The lecture was upon *The Moon*: the studies of the class had been directed to the subject: and the Professor, who was a 'simple soul,' (as most bores are, by the way,) thus 'opened' upon the class-leader: 'You have seen the Moon,

of course?' To his utter amazement, the student replied: 'No, Sir; I have never seen the Moon!' The very 'premises' of the lecturer seemed to have been suddenly taken from him, until the roar of the class convinced him that he had only been 'sold:' and he became dumb. - - - THE late JOHN KEESE was a man of infinite wit and most excellent fancy. He had a way of saying what he might have to say, for the instruction or transient, trivial delectation of a company of congenial friends, in the simplest possible manner. Thus it was, that at Saugerties, above us, on the Hudson, in an alcove made by the folding of the hills; where are many profane improvements in the shape of d—ms of the clear crystal streams which, along the mountain side, pour themselves into our 'River of Delight;' and many a stygian forge, in which are 'tried out' the iron ore, to be resolved into shapes of vessels not a few, for the benefit and the behoof of man; thus, we say, it was, that Mr. KEESE, at a meeting of the President and Directors of a preëminent furnace or forge, in the village of Saugerties aforesaid, gave the annexed toast or sentiment, in relation to the continued progress and prosperity of the sequestered but industrious and enterprising hamlet:

'THE VILLAGE OF SAUGERTIES: May its Furnaces be Blasted, and its Streams be Dammed!'

Until appreciated, this was deemed insulting: and our excellent friend ZADOCK PRATT, who was present, inquired who that thin, weazen-faced, black-eyed chap was, and who aās't him to come, to insult Saugerties? How'sever, JOHN he explained the joke, and after examination it was passed: only one director, in a brown thatch, protesting: he said that he 'did n't think that there was much *use* in a joke of that kind—that is, if it *is* a joke;' he added: but I an't much of a judge of jokes myself—I an't.' Well: it was this same lively, clever JOHN KEESE who was present one evening at mobile BURTON's, whose 'power of face' has seldom been equalled except by 'old' JEFFERSON, 'old' MATHEWS, and that vulgarest and funniest of clever beasts, JACK REEVE. (Good Gwacious!—*was* there ever *any* thing on the stage *so* funny as his stalwart form, swaying to and fro, lithe and light as the down of the thistle, in the top of that almighty big sunflower, on the right wing of the blessed 'old' PARK stage?) It was the 'Mulberry Feast,' in honor of SHAKSPEARE: and we *had* mulberries. Mr. BALMANO, of South-Brooklyn, venerable in respect of years, and from long acquaintance with literary and dramatic persons of reputation, abroad, much desiderated by young men of his years—a mere chicken, of some seventy decades or so: Mr. BALMANO unwrapped from many foldings of tissue-paper a piece of bark, taken by himself, so he said, from HERNE's oak, in Windsor forest, rendered so renowned by SHAKSPEARE himself. 'You took this from the trunk of the old oak *yourself*,' did you, Mr. BALMANO?' asked KEESE. 'I did,' was the response. 'Ah:' said KEESE: 'umph: but is n't it barely possible, Mr. BALMANO, that you may have been *barking up the wrong tree*?' Mr. BALMANO raised his neck out of his high black stock, gave one look of infinite contempt at KEESE, and the next moment disappeared through a knot-hole in the wainscoting of the banquet-room. We have not 'set eyes on him since.' Seriously, however, he took the 'hit' good-naturedly. - - - WE acknowledge the service which we know our correspondent 'E. T. P.' designed to do us: but 'A Scene in a

South-Western Court of Justice 'repugs' us, (as a word-making friend of ours would say — *did* say, in fact, as a 'better word' than 'irks us,' which we had used,) and would not, we think, be to the taste of our readers. And how it was possible for such language as is here recorded to be used in open court by a culprit to a sitting magistrate, without sadly compromising the dignity, not to say manhood, of the latter, we must say we are wholly unable to conceive. We remember no similar scene, if we except the 'ballyragging' which MADGE WILDFIRE's old beldame of a mother gave the sitting magistrate of the 'Justiciary Court' at Edinburgh, when it was discussing the PORTEOUS mob-case, as described in 'The Heart of Midlothian.' The following brief scene will explain the resemblance of which we have spoken. The old hag has rushed into 'the presence,' and has literally 'compelled a hearing':

'WHAT does she want here?' said the impatient magistrate: 'can't she tell her business, or go away?'

'It's my bairn: it's MAG MURDOCKSON I'm wantin',' answered the beldame, screaming at the highest pitch of her cracked and mistuned voice: 'have n't I been *tellin'* you sae, this half hour? And if ye are deaf, what need you sit cockit up there, and keep folk screechin' t' ye this gae?'

'She wants her daughter, sir,' explained an officer, 'who was taken up last night: MADGE WILDFIRE, as they call her.'

'MADGE HELLFIRE, as they ca' her!' echoed the shrew: 'and what business has a blackguard like you to call an honest woman's bairn out o' her right name?'

'An *honest* woman's bairn, MAGGIE,' answered the peace-officer, smiling and shaking his head, with ironical emphasis, and a calmness calculated to provoke to madness the furious old shrew.

'If I am not honest *now*, I was honest *once*,' she replied, 'and that's mair than *you* can say, you born and bred thief, that never knew other folk's gear from your own, since the day you was hatched. 'Honest,' say ye? Ye pykit your mither's pouch o' twal pennies Scots when you were five years auld, just as she was taking leave o' your father at the foot of the gallows!'

We were not aware that such a pleasant grouping of charges against dignified court-officials had ever been made in open court in *this* country, until we read our correspondent C. T. P.'s rather *too* 'lively' communication! With our 'consideration,' he must please to accept our 'reservation.' - - - HERE is one of the gossippy passages which are so common in the well and carefully-preserved (thank FORTUNE!) letters of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, addressed to his twin-brother, the writer and EDITOR hereof. It embodies another anecdote of the celebrated Dr. CHAPMAN, which is quite as characteristic of him as any thing which we remember to have heard from his lips:

'CONSIDERING that I'm not over-strong, I've been about in society a good deal for me: TYSON's, RANDOLPH's, N. BIDDLE's, JACKSON's, GOV. COLE's, Mr. SNEIDER's; and last, Gen. PATTERSON's: I wish never to be absent from the WISTAR and Wednesday clubs, if I can help it. At General PATTERSON's, we passed from his immense parlors into groves of fragrant trees, fruits, and flowers, under a high canopy of glass, in the deep cold of mid-winter as warm as the climate of June — with japonicas, fire-flowers,

and even Summer violets, all about you. Very pleasant, I assure you. By the way, I heard here — and that is the first of the remainder of this note — a capital thrust of Dr. CHAPMAN's. He was dining at CRAIG's, or rather *waiting* to dine, on a very cold day, and happened to be there first in. He sat down on the sofa, and was glancing at a paper, when JOHN NORTON, the trumpet-blower, the rival of your GAMBATI, in a brazen or 'brass' tournament, at NIBLO's, in your village, who was to make one of the party, for the sake of his eminent musical powers after dinner, came in. He knew CHAPMAN, and they talked about various matters. At last NORTON, as his English habit was, began to 'criticise.' The dining-room being beyond the parlors, JOHN, being heated with walking, and having his coat buttoned to the chin, observed that the place was 'too hot,' and that 'the wines would be spoiled.' There was a good fire in the grate — nothing more; and every thing around was as neat as a pin. Presently NORTON repeated his remark about the fire, and asked Dr. CHAPMAN if he 'did not agree with him?' 'I do,' answered CHAPMAN: and ringing the bell for the servant said, the moment he entered:

'PETER, do n't you see somen'thing that you ought to remove?'

'No, Doctor, I do n't.'

'Well, I'n do: *take away the Blower!*'

'There was no blower in the room but NORTON; the other one had been taken away; and he took the pun directly. They had no more of his criticisms that evening.'

Perfectly characteristic of 'The Doctor.' - - - Our metropolitan afternoon journal of to-day, which we have just read under a cherry-tree on the lawn in front of our little cottage, damp from the press, and within two hours after it was passed from the type-cylinders by 'the boys' down in the press-room; (thanks to the trains of our 'Northern New-Jersey Rail-Road,') has this short paragraph among its items:

'At the present time, we learn that ADAMS' Express employs *three thousand seven hundred and eighty-two men*; that it has *nine hundred and seventy-two agencies*, and that its messengers travel daily *forty thousand one hundred and fifty-two miles on rail-roads and steamers*; a distance equal to once round the globe and two thirds around it a second time.'

When this firm, then 'ADAMS AND COMPANY,' first started its Express, close by Broadway, in Wall-street, north side, we had occasion almost daily to employ it for little parcels of 'proof,' or 'copy,' to be sent to Boston, or other sister cities. When they took their first little office, (so Mr. GILPIN, of the Merchants' News Room, told us, what time we were going round in the COLLINS' steamer 'BALTIMORE' to Washington,) the owner came to inquire of him if it would be 'safe' to let them have it at \$500 a year! Look at their establishment *now*: look at the above! 'Cur'ous, is n't it?' W. B. D.? - - - THERE lives the Rev. Mr. ———, (so we are 'credibly informed,') in a small town hard by that 'Godverzaken' thoroughfare, the P. and C. Rail-road in New-Hampshire. He's 'granitic' in his structure; a round-head in his faith; and CROMWELLIAN in his discourses. Hear him at a funeral lately: 'Brethering and friends: I have been begged, and entreated, and implored to preach this funeral sermon. I do n't v

The man was

a bad man, and every body knows it. He kept horses, and he run 'em : he kept cocks, and he fit 'em ; but they *deu* say he was *occasionally* a first-rate hand at a fire. The bearers may carry out the corpse. The choir will sing the hymn on the one hundred and fifth page, commencing with the words following, viz : namely :

' BELIEVING, we rejoice
To see the curse removed ! '

Pleasant funeral discourse, and flattering elegiac compliment, these ! That ' de-funct ' should have been ' saved from his friends. ' - - - THE subjoined remarks were made by an eloquent clergyman, at the recent dinner tendered to the young, modest, and gifted MORPHE, by the principal ' solid men of Boston. ' Are they not, in a moral and religious point of view, somewhat ' steep ? ' They seem open to that objection :

' THE reverend gentleman responded to this sentiment :

' THE PULPIT AND THE PLATFORM : The friends of education, always interested in physical, mental, and moral gymnastics. '

' HE said that the toast made him feel like the brother of the temperance lecturer, who went round as an awful example. He was the ' awful example ' of the need of physical exercise. He continued in a humorous and eloquent strain to speak of the age and nobility of chess. A great deal has been said lately about the need of amusements among our people. That this is true none can deny. The game of chess, it has been said, is older than Christianity. He did not know but that at some time a manuscript might turn up in which it would be recorded that Noah and his family rested from *taking care of the menagerie* by playing a game of chess ; or that Shem and Ham sparred with each other over a chess-board. He alluded to the celebrated painting of Satan playing with a mortal for a human soul, and said that had the artist placed Mr. MORPHE in the place of that mortal, the result of the game would have been far different. To use the words of a friend a day or two since, ' He beats the devil. ' It might be said that as the devil was the only immortal whom the artists had placed at the chess-table, the game was debased from that fact, but he thought it was elevated thereby : for he was certain that if the fallen angel could play the game, he must have learned it above. He thought it not improbable that in the world above the celestial spirits recreated their immortal minds by indulging in that noble game. The moral lessons taught by this game were forcible. He thought that in all the sermons preached in this city on last Sunday, (and he took to himself his share of the blame,) there was not enough mind and talent to make even a tolerable game of chess. If the amount of talent and concentration of thought that was put into one of Mr. MORPHE's games, could be put into a sermon, what a tremendous addition there would be to the religious forces of the Church of New-England. If one hundred men could spend as much strength of mind, and fire and power of thought as Mr. MORPHE had shown in one of his *blindfold* games, they would revolutionize New-England. '

Is this in *entire* good taste ? - - - A PLAYFUL allusion was made in our last, in a record of a remark made by a state-prisoner, recently released from Sing-Sing, touching the ' *Great India Rubber Question*, ' as a standing item of news in the daily journals. But whose fault is all this ? MR. HORACE H. DAY has for years been laboring in the courts to protect his honestly-acquired rights : he has grown gray in this service : tribunal after tribunal, up to the highest in the country, has decided in his favor : until the last phase of his case is thus succinctly stated by the ' *Independent* ' weekly journal : ' The United States Circuit Court at Baltimore has lately decided that vulcanized India rubber goods, such as suspenders, webs, tapes, etc., are the monopoly of Mr. DAY, of this city. Importers and dealers must therefore obtain license-stamps of the owner of the monopoly, to enable them safely to put their goods in the market. It seems to us, that besides the title on which the Court based its decision, which dates back to 1846, and carries the right to Mr. DAY to date his claim for damages back to that date, there is another and

later title, being the contract of 1858, which covers the whole question; and about this we do not see how there can be any difference of opinion.' And we believe this to be the general verdict of the public. - - - We are struck with the following remarks in a manuscript page of a friend, written some time since, and just 'turned up': 'What would JOHN BUNTAN think, could he see some of the many splendid illustrations of his glorious dreams? It is not reasonable to suppose that with all the low associations of the 'inspired tinker,' and his want of education in form, his conceptions were actually, while he was writing, any thing like what the artists represent. His MERCY and CHRISTIANA could have resembled very little those of Mr. HUNTINGTON: they might have been as expressive and beautiful to him, and doubtless he saw them as vividly 'in his mind's eye' as a painter could see them; but the congregations of his conventicles could hardly have furnished him with models which his fancy might elaborate into what an artist would consider forms and movements of gracefulness. So also with his castles, giants, mountains and valleys, the Palace Beautiful, the Land of Beulah — they would probably make but a poor figure on canvas. But he has so well told what they were to him, that it is a great thing for an artist to give us actual scenes as elevated as our unsatisfied imaginings require.' - - - 'C. A. O., of Sherman, Chataugue County, (N. Y.,) has our sincere thanks for the subjoined 'good words': 'Pardon this intrusion, if such it be, but never have I read, cried, and laughed over your department, or rather the good things and beautiful contained therein, without feeling a strong desire to tell you how much I thanked you for them. Many times, after the duties of the school-room were over, have we, sister HATTIE and I, with tired and nearly home-sick hearts, sat down, side by side, at the 'Editor's Table,' and have felt greatly cheered, as by a long, cheery letter from some one or other of our brothers or sisters, scarcely one of whom still lingered by the 'Ingle side,' save when vacations gave us a chance to mingle our voices once more in our old songs and hymns. Nearly two years ago, just on the eve of another vacation's close and our consequent separation, the 'Dear Home,' which I venture to send you, was written. You will, I hope, not be unforgiving if after reading it you deem the lines of no account save to those 'at home,' for whom they were written.' The lines are graceful, and replete with true feeling; and would appear, but for our overcrowded pages. - - - 'HERE,' says our old friend 'R. S. M.,' now of Philadelphia, 'is a child's anecdote. My daughter, VIOLET MAY, aged seven, who has wanted a little playmate, asked our Doctor if he did not sell babies? He said 'Yes: one dollar for girls and two for boys.' She went up stairs and brought one dollar and fifty cents out of her money-box. 'There,' said she, 'I want a very good she-baby.' The extra fifty cents were to secure a warranted one. 'Why not take a boy?' asked the Doctor. 'Well,' said little MAY, 'I am told that boys very often turn out badly when they grow up: staying out late at night, and wanting latch-keys, or people to sit up and let them in. I shall do no such thing, I can tell you, and must have a she-baby that will stay at home with me and mamma.' - - - We think that those who have argued, from recent events in Italy, that the breed of 'bulls,' heretofore kept in the 'Vacuum' at Rome, and 'let out' whenever wanted, was about to die out, will find

themselves mistaken. Two Catholic sovereigns, at war with each other, on reposing upon their laurels or rue, after victory or defeat, will always keep their 'Spiritual Head' at least intact, how much soever they may be willing to expose their own, upon the bloody battle-field. And aside from the 'Apostolic Embodiment' in the Pope, his kindly personal nature insures him countless friends: so at least we hear, from authentic sources. - - - We know not who is the author of the annexed brief sentences; but to our conception, they are exceedingly fine: 'The Sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small: the rich and the poor: but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all, the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead.' Who is the author of the above? - - - HERE is an account of a rather unique and quite an ancient dinner; for which we are indebted to a London journal: Lord B —, 'well known for his love of every thing out of the way, lately gave a dinner at the Baths of Lucca, of the following singular character: 'The meat, the fish, the vegetables, were all at least of two years' standing, preserved according to the plan of Mr. APPERT. The table was supplied with sea-water, made fit to drink by the process recently discovered; the claret had been rescued by the assistance of a diving-bell, from a merchant vessel sunk in the Thames more than a century ago, (!) and the bread was made from wheat some centuries old, which the noble lord had himself brought from one of the pyramids of Egypt, and had sown in England! The dinner gave great satisfaction.' - - - THEY must have nice guests at the *Lower Mineral Springs, Sawarrar County, Florida*. This is one of the printed regulations: 'Boarders and others are requested not to spit upon the floors and walls, or to *lie upon the beds with their boots or shoes on*, and *no swearing* will be allowed at table, more *particularly, when there are ladies present*. All breakages and extra services will be charged for.' - - - It was, we think, the late lamented HORACE MANN, who wrote as follows, in a recent letter to a friend: 'I value that gentleman you introduced to me. I value him for his mind, but more for his heart. I think he is one of those men with whom I could feel, and I have learned to value men more for their feelings than their thoughts.' - - - WHAT an ado they have been making about the precious and multitudinous water of our CROTON! What strange vicissitudes in its '*new taste*' have not been discovered! We heard one gentleman pronounce the flavor to be that of 'burnt live-geese feathers, picked from off an old dead hen: ' another person said, that to *his* palate, it seemed 'a palpable impregnation of tan-yard: ' while a third remarked — and *he* may be right, for, not being chemically-nomenclatured, we do n't pretend to *know* — that 'it seemed to *him* to resemble a *Philo-protoxide of Puddle!*' And after all, what *was* it? A simple taste of the green sedge on the borders of the far-away parent-river; pronounced by the eminent chemical testers, to be not only innocuous, but itself, even in unmixed decoction, not unpleasant. What shall be the *next* metropolitan panic?

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LIV.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

No. 5.

RURAL LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE.

OUR ideas of the ancient Greeks are mostly connected with their systems of government, their arts and literature. We do not often turn our attention to their rustic pursuits and amusements, their agriculture, their gardening, their care of animals, their rural architecture, and those manners and customs which were developed in their villages and hamlets.

This is partly owing to the few allusions to rustic life to be met with in the Hellenic authors whose works have been preserved. They relate generally to history and philosophy, to politics, social economy, and war. We must except that small but rich collection of poetry, which describes, however, rather the passions and feelings, than the rural habits and pursuits of the nation.

It requires, however, no positive testimony to establish the fact, that very large classes among the Greeks must always have applied themselves diligently to the various processes of rural life. What we regret is, the loss of those works which described the peculiar habits and manners by which the rustic populations were characterized. The Greeks were not, by any means, a listless, dreamy, fantastic people, aiming at finical elegance, and intent exclusively on multiplying monuments of their taste, for the gratification of an admiring posterity.

Though in geographical extent Greece is a small country, it contains within itself a greater variety of tribes and classes than any other region inhabited by one people and subject to one political system. In some provinces men were found who were civilized to the highest extent known to antiquity; while on the other hand, there existed large tribes who, down to the latest period, remained in a state of rudeness scarcely conceivable to those who confine themselves within the ordinary range of classical studies. The care of herds and flocks, horses and mules, their breeding and sale, constituted the entire pursuit of certain communities. Others engaged in traffic, conducted in

a very simple and primitive manner, disposing of their goods at the nearest market, where they were eagerly bought up by foreigners, in exchange for the productions of the East.

The growing taste for the fine arts gave rise to new occupations for the rustic populations. Quarrymen pierced the bowels of the mountains in search of that beautiful material which afterward glittered on the Acropolis and in the marble statues of the gods. The production of groups in bronze gave employment to the miner, to the smelter of metals, to the charcoal-burner, and various other plebeian occupations.

All the mountains, hills, and eminences were richly clothed with wood, and gave birth to innumerable brooks, fountains, and streams, by which the whole country was beautified and fertilized. The happy rustic, astonished by the beauties and delighted by the fertility of nature, joined hand in hand with her in improving the country. His comfortable circumstances enabled him to build a neat, pretty homestead; and in the gratitude of his heart, he erected in the groves, near every beautiful spring, elegant chapels to the nymphs and water-gods, the mystic inhabitants of that element, which so much conduced to his prosperity. Rustic altars and basins were also erected, filled with pure water, where the wayfarer, fainting with thirst, might recruit his exhausted energies, and refreshed, proceed rejoicing on his journey. Between the fields ran green lanes, thickly studded, as in England, with beautiful hedges and trees, producing alike neatness and enjoyment. The fields in summer resounded day and night with the songs of the birds, making the very air one immense choir, tempting the amazed and delighted traveller to think himself in Elysium.

In the heroic ages, the rural life in Greece was of a very simple character. But as the arts and sciences progressed, the occupations of the husbandman were multiplied and refined; new breeds of animals were introduced; the economy of the farm-yard became more complicated; new fruits were introduced in rapid succession; gardens were laid out, partly for profit, partly for that love of every thing which is beautiful in nature which so distinguished the Greeks of that simple age. Numerous birds were imported from the East, the peacock from India, the cock from Media, while other birds came flocking in from all parts of the world. The astonished and delighted inhabitants, who were ignorant that there were such splendid creatures in existence, received them with transports of delight.

The horse and cow were known from the earliest period in Greece, and it is supposed by many that the former was brought from Arabia or the northern shores of Africa.

Greece clothed in the magnificent costume of poetry all the achievements of civilization, and often so completely disguised the truth with gorgeous imagery, that our

which was at first perhaps meant to gratify it. The fruitful country produced all those vegetable productions which confer a poetical beauty on the face of nature — the rose and the violet ; the lily of all colors, white, blue, and orange ; the lotus and the myrtle ; and an infinite variety of odoriferous shrubs at once pleasing to the eye and grateful to the sense.

Olive-groves and vineyards, with orchards and kitchen-gardens, were found in Greece from very remote antiquity. Oil was one of the principal exports of the country ; and the art of cultivating the olive was in some of the states brought to the utmost perfection. Vines of all varieties covered the slopes of the hills ; and wines were made which were reckoned among the most valuable productions of the country.

Until very recently, it was impossible, without the toil and investigation of years, to form any adequate idea of rural life among the inhabitants of Hellas. But in Mr. St. John's 'History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece,' we now find collected all that can be possibly known on the subject, and to that excellent work, with some extracts from Herodotus and other ancient writers, we are indebted for our knowledge of the rural life of the ancient Greeks.

It was customary in Greece to build their farm-houses in the midst of plantations of silver fir, which in winter defended them from cold, and in summer attracted the refreshing breeze. The house was built in the middle of the grove, with sometimes a flat, sometimes a pointed roof, with a porch surrounded with a rustic colonnade. The larger houses had generally large pots, in which citron-trees were planted, placed on either side of the doors facing the south.

The Attic farmer cared little for the comfort of a home ; there was none of the thriftiness and neatness which is so characteristic of the New-England farm-house. The entrance of his dwelling was crowded with bags of corn, heaps of new cheese, hurdles of dried figs, and packages of raisins. The racks groaned with sweet hams and fat bacon. Even the bed-chamber was often made use of for the reception of fruit — melons hung in long festoons suspended from the rafters.

Close to the house was the sanctum of those — to the Greek — important birds, the geese ; it was styled the *Chenobascion*. Here the birds were kept and fed with all the care that a farmer of the present day would bestow upon a favorite horse. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, introduced into that island the Malassian and Spartan dogs, the Syrian and Naxian goats, and sheep from Miletos and Attica.

Horses were not common, and were seldom employed for agricultural purposes, but were kept principally for military and religious pomp and processions.

The mule and the ass were, however, much used: the former for carts and ploughs; the latter by the wood-cutters to carry fagots to the city.

The raising of bees was a favorite and important employment of the rustic populations of Greece. Owing to the climate, they thrive better and produce more honey there than in any other part of the world, amongst which the fragrant gold-colored honey of Hymettus stood foremost. It was raised by Pelasgians, the land having been granted them by the Athenians, in payment for a wall they had built around the Acropolis. In course of time, however, the Athenians, true to their character, jealous of the way the Pelasgians had cultivated the heretofore barren land, drove them out of Attica, under the pretence that they had made thieving incursions into the neighboring country.

In the Homeric age, the bees had not been provided with hives, for whenever we find mention of them in the poet, it is either when they are streaming forth from a hollow rock, or settling in golden clusters on the spring blossoms. Virgil, also, who rather imitated what he read than pictured what he saw, speaks of bees that

‘HUNT the golden dew
In summer heat, on tops of lilies feed,
Or creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed.’

Hesiod, when comparing women with drones, has an expression, however, that proves that hives were in use in his time:

‘As when within their well-roofed hives the bees
Maintain the mischief-working drones at ease,
Their task pursuing till the golden sun
Down to the western wave his course has run;
Filling their shining combs, while snug within
Their fragrant cells the drones with idle din,
As princes revel o’er their unpaid bowls,
On others’ labor cheer their worthless souls.’

Small runnels of water, not exceeding two or three inches in depth, paved with pebbles and shells rising above the surface, were constructed in those places where the bees most congregated, so that they might drink at ease and with perfect safety.

When the spring was near a large stream or river, other contrivances were resorted to, to give the bees plenty of water to drink.

‘THEN o’er the stream or standing lake,
A passage for thy w people make.
With osier-floats the ; water strow,
Of r stones make s if it flow,
That o is i, bees may lie,
And resu re, r n ing pinions dry.
V , laden h
By r g winds vr a up c

The making of charcoal was another very prominent feature all over Greece. Coal was found in the Morea, and used by smiths in their forges; but it was never brought into general use. The method of preparing charcoal was very simple. Digging a round pit, the burner paved it with stones, and piled up straight billets of wood as close as possible, covering the whole over with turf, so as to form a circular barrow. Fire was then applied to the whole pile, and the covering pierced with holes for the escape of the smoke. When it had burned for a sufficient time, the wood was taken out and laid by for use. Oak and walnut were the woods principally used.

Unfortunately no Greek writer has left us a complete picture of a garden. Allusions are found in the poets, and occasional hints are given by many prose writers; from these fragments, however, it is impossible to give any thing like an approach to a faithful picture of them, and we must, therefore, let the subject alone. Some modern writers, from some inexplicable reason, have endeavored to give currency to the opinion, that one of the most beautiful of modern flowers, the rose, was unknown to the ancient Greeks. But this opinion is altogether erroneous. Homer, speaking of the rosy-fingered morn, does not, as has been supposed, mean the flower of the wild pomegranate tree, which was of a different color. Herodotus speaks of the garden belonging to Midas, son of Gordias, in which wild roses grew, each one having sixty leaves, and surpassing all others in fragrance. Elsewhere, too, he compares the flower of the red Niliac lotus to the rose. And Stesichoros, an older poet than Anacreon — who has alluded to the rose in his poems — distinctly mentions chaplets composed of the rose :

‘MANY a yellow quince was there
Piled upon the regal chair;
Many a verdant myrtle bough,
Many a *rose-crown* fealy wreathed
With twisted violets that grow
Where the breath of spring has breathed.’

Showing also that that pretty little flower, the violet, was known and valued in those days. Indeed, it shared with the rose the admiration of the Athenian people, who had extensive plantations of both flowers. Growing along the dark borders of streams or fountains, purple, white, and gold,

‘THE violet dim,
But sweeter than the lids of JUNO’s eyes,
Or CYTHERA’s breath.’

The geranium, the spike-lavender, the rosemary, the basil, the hyssop, the cythus, the rose-campaor or columbine, the yellow amaryllis, and the celandine.

The cultivation of the vine was a very important branch of Greek industry. The vine was a favorite subject of the poets for fables and traditions.

In its cultivation the Greek rustics displayed great skill and intelligence, and have left us a very fine body of rules to be used in the selection of a piece of ground for a vineyard. The ground was inclosed with a thick and strong hedge, to keep out the foxes and other animals which loved to prey upon the vine. The process is thus described by the poet:

‘Roor up wild olives from thy labored lands,
For sparkling fire, from hinds’ unwary hands
Is often scattered o’er their unctuous rinds,
And often spread abroad by raging winds;
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives,
Ascending thence it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires
But most when driven by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long piles destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes, then, the unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise,
Nor will the withered stock be green again,
But the wild olive shoots and shades the ungrateful plain.’

Disastrous indeed were the consequences if the farmer neglected to grub up the oleaster or wild olive, for if by any chance one caught fire, the vineyard was hopelessly lost; as the olive, by its oily nature, communicated the flames so quickly to the vine that it was next to impossible to quench the flames.

A manure composed of pounded acorns was occasionally dug in; the ground being then left in that state a whole year, was again in a proper condition, as to warmth and fertility, for the growth of the vine.

In rich lands the vines were allowed to attain the height of six feet, but on the slopes of hills, and where the soil was lighter, they were usually reduced to three feet.

As soon as the magistrate had announced that the season of vintage had come, (for it was determined by law,) the vintagers hurried forth to the vine-clad hills, youths and maidens, with crowns of ivy on their heads, moving forward with shout, dance, and song, to where

‘THE showering grapes
In Bacchical confusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing.’

they at once commenced their joyous task, separating the clusters from the vine with pruning-hooks.

THE WHITE QUEEN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

It was the mystical St. John's Eve. The moonlight, bright almost as noon-day, fell through old-fashioned, small-paned windows, into a quaint room in an out-of-the-way country village. It was evident at a glance that it was the sanctum of a virtuoso. Fashion and display were plainly set at naught. The carpet was of an almost obsolete pattern, of faded colors. The furniture old and rich, but unpretending. On the walls rare old pictures of almost fabulous value, in tarnished frames; on the mantle a wondrous clock, in company with statuettes, some of charming grace, some of grotesque design, some hideous even in their perfection, but all of curious and surprising art. Antique vases, yellow old books and musty parchments, all seeming to pay honor to the *past*, the grand old hoary past, rather than to point to the future, or to keep in mind the present, in accordance with the conceited complacency of the nineteenth century.

On an inlaid table, the top of which was a chess-board, were the pieces of a set of chess, any one of which was a gem of art, each being exquisitely carved to represent, with a poetic grace of invention, the character of the piece.

Suddenly as the clock rung out, in a sweet, low tone, the hour of twelve, a rustling, like the coming of a summer breeze, filled the room. Then all the objects bearing a look of life seemed suddenly animated. The cunning hands that had called them into their semblances long ago, lay mouldered into dust. The eyes that had lingered fondly over them as each finishing touch had been added, were closed in the last, long sleep. Yet these creatures of those once busy brains and hands, for the time, 'moved, and spoke, and had a being.' The lover who had knelt so long in that exceedingly uncomfortable attitude, before his coy mistress, at last seized and kissed her outright. The dog that had formed the handle of the pitcher, jumped in; perhaps he found something to reward him. The Magdalen in the picture put down the cross she had clasped, to return the caress of the handsome pagan who had so long gazed at her from an opposite frame. While a St. Cecilia quarrelled spiritedly with a vestal.

But we have more to do with those busy chess-men, who have shared so often the hopes and fears of mortals, obeying them, and fighting for them, and suffering and triumphing with them so repeatedly.

By the table sat a tall figure wrapped in a long, gray mantle, show-

ing only a calm, pale face, with deep, impenetrable eyes. It was not there before that rustling breeze filled the room. It was there now gazing on the chess-pieces. The white queen was speaking.

'I will dare the venture. Year after year I have heeded your caution, but always the return of this night finds me with the same panting eagerness to be free, to live as mortals live, to share even their troubles, so long as I can share their triumphs also, in verity, not in mockery, as now. A queen! only in name am I such! Let me go forth!'

'It were far better not; be content,' spoke the figure, in a sad, warning voice.

'I cannot be content. Whatever fate befalls me, the recollection of this irksome thralldom will give me courage under any trial.'

'Recollection!' and the calm face seemed to bear, for an instant, something like a look of human derision. 'That will be only a source of torment to you if you have it at all.'

'Still, grant my desire!'

'Be it so, then,' and laying a hand upon the white queen, the figure turned to another petitioner, the black king. He, too, was equally importunate, equally reckless with the white queen, who now lay shivered so as to be useless for any further obedience to the will of mortal chess-player, only a beautiful relic of the skill of him who had designed and carved the graceful image. The black king shared her fate, before the mantle clock rung forth 'one.' Then the rustling breeze filled the room again. The mysterious figure with the pale face and long mantle was gone!

The Magdalen resumed her cross, and upward look of devotion; the pagan his fixed gaze. St. Cecilia and the Roman vestal each attended to her own business again. The lover twisted himself into the same contortion as of yore, and his mistress looked quite guiltless of kissing. All was the same as it had been, except the fragments of the broken chess-pieces lying in the still moonlight, waiting for the morning sun to reveal them to the astonished gaze of the old virtuoso.

CHAPTER SECOND.

'M OR M?'

In a luxurious bed-chamber, with the light shaded by costly damask and lace, and the footfalls on the rich carpet hushed still more by the subdued feeling that the presence of illness gives, lay a sick lady, with an infant a few hours old by her side. Yesterday the roses were on her cheeks. To-day she lay like a pale, prostrate lily after a fierce storm. Nestled among the dainty lace and embroidery, the fine flannel and linen, lay the little girl whose advent had brought this change. By the bed-side sat the father and husband.

'About the name?' said the lady, 'oh! it must be a pretty name, an odd name, but not a 'Rosa Matilda' name. It must be fitting, agreeing with her surname of Reginald, neither must it show a straining for effect.'

'Many requirements for one name,' said the gentleman gravely, 'for *I* stipulate that there shall be but *one*.'

'Certainly but *one*; a double name is incongruous, to say nothing of being ugly. I hold a theory that the name affects the character of the individual, and therefore the inconsistencies and contradictions we see in so many people may be accounted for by their double names.'

Mr. Reginald smiled at his wife's quaint conceit. 'But,' said he, 'what is the *fitting one*? Is it possible to tell so soon what is fitting for this little thing?

'Not altogether, of course, but I have an impression that Blanche is the right one. It meets many of the requirements.'

The gentleman smiled roguishly as he answered, glancing at the little candidate for a cognomen: 'I should think *Rosa* more fitting than *that*!'

'Rosa! oh! horrid!'

'Violetta, then.'

'Pshaw!'

'I mean for the present,' he hastened to explain; 'it is to be hoped that Blanche will be more suitable by-and-by.'

So Blanche was the chosen name, and she was duly christened, and in course of time, to the question, 'Who gave you this name?' answered, 'My sponsors in baptism,' although in reality her mother had bestowed it upon her quite irrespective of her sponsors.

CHAPTER THIRD.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BLANCHE REGINALD'S mother died before she reached her third year, and the little girl grew up in the companionship of her father, and educated under his own supervision. He was a quiet scholar, fond of scientific pursuits, and, above all, of the game of chess. To him this was not merely an amusement, a recreation, but a passion and study. To meet a skilful antagonist, was less of a pleasure than to study the science of chess as it can be studied only by its devotees. To solve problems, to make new ones, to dive deep into the lore and literature of the noble game, made his greatest delight. That, and the love for his child, seemed the sole pleasures of his life. He hoped his daughter would also love his favorite game; but he kept the hope in check, fearing disappointment. Her mother had never taken the least interest in it, except indeed to be jealous of the time and at-

tention it absorbed, having spent many lonely hours robbed of her husband's society by the fascination that held him; and the daughter might prove like her mother. 'Indeed,' he said to himself, 'she probably would; few women could understand and love so abstruse a game. The game of love and marriage, rank, wealth, and display pleased them better. Therefore the great delight the child took in playing with the ivory pieces, leaving always her dolls and toys for them, seemed to him only natural; the bright scarlet and white, and odd shapes being likely to attract her fancy.

Yet of other toys she tired, as all mere toys weary, but of these never. Even the plain paper-set for travelling use, and the dull pictures in the chess periodicals, seemed to possess some charm for her beyond any thing else.

So the father told her the names of all the pieces, and felt quite proud when she knew them all, long before she had learned her alphabet. It was her wont, whenever allowed, to sit watching every game between her father and his friends; and it soon came to be noticed, that besides the eagerness she displayed in every feature, her sympathies, either from caprice or some deeper source, were invariably on the white side.

'It is quite curious, this unchanging devotion to the white men,' said Mr. Reginald one day, after he and his friend had noted her look of grief at the defeat of the white, which her father had just performed.

'It is consistent with her pretty name, however,' the gentleman rejoined. 'I suppose she knows the meaning of it?'

'I think not. I have never told her. She is too young to be likely to know.'

'Perhaps you have played oftenest with the whites, and so she has learned to like them best?'

'Not so, either. I think I have not played oftener with them than with the black. It is not that — some childish whim.'

'Let us ask herself. Blanche, why do you love these white men best — better than these pretty red ones?'

'Because they are my own,' the little girl said simply.

'Your own! How your own any more than these?'

'Oh! don't *you* know? I can't tell. These don't love me,' she replied, pointing to the red pieces, 'but *these* do.'

The gentlemen looked at each other and smiled.

'More mystified than ever. Well, her sex are enigmas. Their preferences and antipathies are generally unaccountable.'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Reginald thoughtfully.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

DEVELOPMENT.

BLANCHE grew up to be a very beautiful girl. She was a perfect blonde, as if to be in keeping with the name her dead mother had chosen as most 'fitting.' Not alone in looks, but in character, did this name suit her well. She was pure in all her thoughts and ways; the very type of innocence. But a certain imperiousness that would have been haughty and supercilious, had she not possessed so many sweet womanly traits, was always discernible in her character. She had yielded to her a general homage, which she accepted as if it were her right, not with vanity. There was a quiet dignity and courtesy in her manner, and a regal bearing that forbade familiarity, while it charmed every one. No bevy of beaux ever hovered about her. Inferior belles kept them in attendance, while they gazed afar off on this 'bright, particular star,' admiring yet fearing her. She had no sympathy with their common-places, and they knew and felt the difference. So while all admitted her to be matchless in beauty, she seemed alone in her superiority, but because of this very superiority she felt no sorrow for this state of things. Lovers she never wished; flatterers she despised. Her father's companion only, she was content to remain; and to him she had proved a most acceptable one. Her childish love for his beloved chess had developed into what seemed to him an absolute genius. All the intricacies of the game she seemed to penetrate; all its scope she had comprehended with wonderful ease.

One day her father said to her: 'Blanche, I am very much annoyed because I cannot solve this problem. The editor of the *'Chess Chronicle'* says it can be done, yet I cannot find the solution. I wonder if you can do what I cannot.'

Blanche took the problem and looked at it. A wild look of perplexity stole over her fair face, but it was not such perplexity as her father had shown. She solved the problem instantly, and then stood buried in the deepest abstraction, a painful expression knitting her brow.

Mr. Reginald was astonished beyond measure. 'Blanche! do you know the editor? No, you cannot. How did you do it?'

'Why, father, I cannot tell; it is not new. Have you not shown me this before? You surely have,' she said, with painful eagerness.

'Impossible,' he replied. 'That has never been published before, to my knowledge, which certainly extends over a longer time than yours. But my daughter, you surpass me in skill,' he added, in a tone half-pride, half-pique.

'No! no! it is not skill. I think I have done that before, or seen it done. Oh! *where!* when?' and she clasped her hands on her forehead, and paced the room in agitation. It was not the first time she had done so; often after a game, or in the midst of one, she would have long fits of abstraction; and they never seemed pleasant ones. But this time she was so agitated that her pale face turned paler, and the trembling of the small, white hands betokened that some mysterious shock had been given to her.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

'GIUOCO, PIANO.'

ABOUT this time the companionship of the father and daughter was interrupted by an orphan nephew of Mr. Reginald's coming to them. He was the son of Mr. Reginald's widowed sister. She died and left him to the care of her brother, with scanty means to finish his studies for the law. He was young, and of that easy, careless, generous turn which wins friends readily, and seldom makes enemies. Not without talents, but of too little energy to cultivate them much. He had loved his mother devotedly, and came to his uncle almost heart-broken at his bereavement. Blanche, with womanly tenderness, strove in every way to comfort him, and supply the void in his life. And it was no wonder if she succeeded well. Her cousin Philip regarded her as an angel of beauty, grace, and goodness. Ah! which was the saddest position? Lonely, and his heart filled with sorrow for his gentle mother? or comforted, and his heart filled with the dazzling image of his queenly cousin? Could her fate ever blend with his?

CHAPTER SIXTH.

CHECK.

BLANCHE was sitting with her cousin, who, on a low cushion at her feet, was looking up to her as though she were his queen.

Mr. Reginald entered.

'My daughter, I have brought a chess-friend home with me; a young East-Indian, who always beats me, confound him, but who is a splendid scholar. I was acquainted with his mother years ago in England; she was a daughter of my old friend and chess-opponent, Sir Rufus, whom you have so often heard me mention. She married a noble French refugee, who became an officer in the East-India service. Her son has inherited his grand-father's genius, besides being well versed in the oriental intricacies of the game. He has often played with the celebrated Ghulam Kassim. Come and see him. Come, Philip.'

‘Mr. Rufus Lenoir, my daughter, Miss Reginald.’ The two mechanically exchanged the conventional civility of the introduction, and then stood for a moment gazing at each other with a look of bewilderment.

The contrast between them was very striking. Each was a perfect type of opposite kinds of beauty. Blanche was dressed in a simple summer dress of white, so strictly white throughout that it might have been a bridal costume; yet it was wholly unstudied, even to the white camelia in her golden hair. The only jewels she wore were pearls.

Rufus Lenoir was a tall gentleman, of remarkably dignified mien; with that courtly bearing which foreigners possess over Americans, in a nameless kind of way, independent apparently of mere politeness. He was very dark, with jet black hair and moustache, and deep-set, imperious black eyes. He was unquestionably very handsome, yet a haughty curl on his lip, a certain hard, unyielding look in his eyes, detracted from his manly beauty. Philip Blank was much more pleasing with his frank, smiling face, although his features were not near so fine. His pleasant blue eyes and brown curling locks seemed refreshing after a long look in the face of the East-Indian.

It was but a moment that the two gazed so curiously at each other, but it seemed difficult for them to converse freely. Mr. Reginald and Philip wondered what change had come over Blanche. On her lip was a haughty, defiant smile; in her dark blue eyes a flashing scorn. Yet all their words were courteous, and their manners ceremonious in their extreme politeness.

Soon Mr. Reginald engaged them in a game of chess. Never did two opponents seem more eager. Both were influenced by some strange excitement. Once, as their hands moved over the board, that of Lenoir, upon which flashed a large ruby, touched hers. She drew it quickly back, and a slight shudder passed over her.

The game was long and closely contested. Mr. Reginald and Philip watched it eagerly. At last it assumed a certain position, and Blanche cried triumphantly: ‘I shall check-mate you in three moves!’

Lenoir seemed more annoyed than chess-players usually are at being beaten, and she seemed more elated than usual. Her father was delighted.

‘You are not used to it, Mr. Lenoir, but I am glad my daughter has given you some payment for all I owe you,’ said he.

‘Oh! I must not allow her to do so many times. My gallantry fails me when I am enlisted in this field, even with so fair an opponent,’ and he bowed with ill-concealed chagrin.

This was the first of many defeats that Blanche gave Rufus Lenoir.

Strange to say, he never once check-mated her. He came again and again to the house, influenced by pique, as well as admiration for its fair mistress. She appeared always glad to meet him, but only to oppose him. There seemed some unconquerable antagonism between them. They never held the same opinion on any topic upon which they conversed. In argument as well as in chess, each was eager to defeat the other. Blanche sought his society so much, that poor Philip grew very jealous; yet he need not have been, for Blanche never liked any human being less than she did Rufus Lenoir. Still he was jealous, for his cousin seemed never to think of him now. Her thoughts were filled with this man, and he was thrust out by her antipathy just as effectually as he would have been by her love for another.

That antipathy appeared to absorb her. Instead of repelling, it attracted her toward him. She was restless when he was away, and unnaturally excited when he was present. And Lenoir on his part, had much the same feeling, except that so far he was the conquered one. He thought her very beautiful. She seemed to him, in his overweening pride, the only woman he had ever met who was worthy to be his wife — his *consort* expressed better his feelings about it, for the tender, loving feeling a man has for the one he wishes to be his wife, he knew not. To subdue this proud beauty, to show her to the world as his, was all that filled his heart for her.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

CHECK-MATE.

ONE day Mr. Reginald said to his daughter, with an air of constraint very unusual in his intercourse with her: 'Blanche, I have something to say to you.'

'Well, my father, I am listening.'

He looked down thoughtfully, as if studying how best to express what he wished. At last, as if some sudden resolution moved him, he spoke:

'I will waste no words on tedious preparation; it is as well spoken at once. Blanche, Mr. Lenoir has proposed to me for my consent to win you as his wife! what say you, my child?'

'That he may spare himself any further trouble in the matter. I would rather die than marry him,' she replied, so vehemently, so haughtily, that Mr. Reginald was startled.

'And why, my daughter? Is he not a gentleman? Is he not handsome enough for the most fastidious? and polite enough? He has a princely fortune, too, Blanche.'

'Is *that* any reason for me, my father?'

‘Yes, Blanche, it is, for I have been very unfortunate of late. I am involved more than you dream.’

‘I am sorry, but we need not repair our misfortune in this way, father.’

‘Why not, my child? Do not be perverse; it is like your sex, but not like you.’

‘My father, I am womanly, I hope, in virtues, if not in faults. A true woman cannot wed where she loathes. I loathe this man!’

Mr. Reginald buried his face in his hands and sighed deeply. Blanche had never seen her father so agitated. She went up to him, and putting her arm around his neck, besought him to tell her why her refusal to marry Mr. Lenoir need affect him so.

Then in low words he told her how he was in the power of the young East-Indian. Blanche could scarcely comprehend how it all came about, but the fact that it was so stood before her in sad earnest.

She was like one standing on a narrow foot-hold, on each side a wild tempestuous sea of despair. On the one hand her father’s disgrace and ruin, or, if she saved him from that, her own doom rose up before her — conquered by the man she most abhorred!

Before she had time to answer, she was summoned to meet Mr. Lenoir, who had been waiting in the drawing-room. Never had she gone more reluctantly to meet him. Her thoughts were in a whirl, her brain giddy. It was a great relief to her that her cousin was present. When Mr. Lenoir, as usual, proposed a game of chess, Philip rose to leave, but she looked at him so imploringly, that he re-seated himself by a window with a book.

Blanche played desperately, as if somehow her fate depended on this game; a vague impression that her father’s honor, even her own life, hung on her victory, clung to her confused thoughts. Rufus Lenoir gazed upon her flushed face admiringly and triumphantly. He thought that unusual glow in her cheeks very becoming, and took it as an omen of success.

He played calmly. He detected a blunder which gave him a winning position. Blanche’s face looked wild with excitement.

‘Check-mate, at last!’ said he, but the next moment started up in dismay. Philip, with a scream of horror, rushed from the window in time to receive his cousin in his arms as she fell from her chair. Over her white dress poured a dark red stream. Her golden hair fell over Philip’s breast. He who loved her so truly held her to his heart at last, but how? The white queen dyed with scarlet! Blanche Reginald was dead!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

RETROSPECT.

RUFUS LENOIR went back to his home in the East-Indies, releasing entirely the heart-broken old man from his power. Before a year had passed, Mr. Reginald slept his long sleep beside his wife and daughter. At Blanche's death his game of life seemed to be played out. Philip Blank went his lonely way with a sorrowing heart. A class-mate taking pity on his sad fate, insisted upon his going with him to a country village, where he had some property to attend to.

'Some rubbish to be taken care of,' said he, 'that I have neglected too long. It was left me by an odd old uncle of mine, who was fond of collecting things nobody valued but himself. I wish I had all the money the trash cost. It is a tumble-down old house, but a very pretty village, and fine fishing, old fellow; so let's take a play-spell,' and he slapped Philip on the shoulder.

Philip went with him more because he was too listless to refuse, than that he promised himself much enjoyment.

It was as his friend said, 'a tumble-down old house.' The woman who had the charge of it said it was time the things of any value in it were removed to a safer place. The neighbors said it was haunted; on St. John's Eve particularly, they heard strange sounds issue from the lonely rooms.

Philip followed his companion from room to room, looking at the quaint furniture, the dusty pictures and works of art, with a sadder feeling than usual. He stopped before a small inlaid table, where his friend stood gathering some chess-men into a box.

'There, now! no knowing how much money the old man gave for these, or whence they came, or what royal hands may have moved them. I suppose of course they had a fine history, as most of his traps had. I wish I had the money they cost.' He had not noticed Philip's agitation, as he gazed at a broken piece. It was the white queen.

'Fred,' said he, composing himself by a great effort, and brushing his hand over his eyes, 'let me have this set; I will give you whatever it is worth; you know my uncle was very fond of chess. How much this rare set would have pleased him.'

'Take it, and welcome, Phil—it is nothing to me.' And with trembling hands Philip gathered up the pieces. He dared not look again then at that broken queen, but many, many times after, he gazed upon it with eyes dim with tears, and his bosom stirred by old memories. For the sweet, sad face carved on the chess-king, long ago, seemed to him the copy of his dead cousin, Reginald.

THE EXOTIC TREE.

From thine Eden of the sea,
Hapless tree!
Where eternal summer smiles
On the green Caribbean isles,
Borne to this congenial clime
In the scowling autumn-time,
Poor forlorn one, be of cheer,
Hope is here!

Thou shalt find a friend in me,
Outcast tree!
Who will bear thee from the storm
To a shelter snug and warm —
An asylum winter-proof
When the snow is on the roof,
Or the sleet comes down amain
On the pane.

Few delights in sooth to boast,
At the most,
Has our little plain retreat
In its unpretending street,
Save a bird or two, or lute,
Pleasant books and nooks to suit,
And three pictures on the wall —
These are all.

Yet while sadness rules the year,
Far and near,
Thou shalt sit beside my hearth,
And its music and its mirth
From thy memory shall beguile
E'en the charms of that dear isle,
Whose enchantment far off gleams
On thy dreams.

And the nook assigned to thee,
It shall be
Just the soothest, sunniest spot
On the noon-side of our cot,
Where, throughout the winter day,
Little prattling ones shall play
'Mid the leafy shades so sweet,
At thy feet.

So then, prithee, come with me,
Hapless tree!
And beneath our lowly roof
Let thy greeting be a proof
That the peasant's humble door
To the wretched, evermore,
With as wide a welcome swings
As a king's!

FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.

THERE is a large number of sensible men in England, who to this day, in spite of railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers, have not managed entirely to rid themselves of the notion that French rule invariably brings with it Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes; that every Frenchman is a bigoted, persecuting papist; that his wife is invariably unfaithful to her marriage vows; that he wears sabots on all ordinary occasions; that his ordinary diet consists of frogs and thin soup; that his ordinary weight is seven stone, or ninety-eight pounds or thereabouts, and his ordinary height about five feet four inches; that one middle-sized Englishman is competent to thrash three such persons without any extraordinary exertion; that the mere sight of a red-coat is always sufficient to put a company of French soldiers to flight; that the French tongue is gibberish which no sensible man ought to be expected to understand; and that the French coinage is of a debased description, mainly brass.

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile this notion of France and Frenchmen with the chronic terror of French invasion from which England suffers so much, just as difficult as it is to reconcile the theories of most of our friends with their practice of every day; but it is nevertheless possible. Popular errors and absurdities, let them be ever so erroneous and absurd, have generally a foundation of some sort. The vagaries of individuals may now and then be ascribed to disease, but the idea of a whole nation going stark staring mad, and remaining mad year after year, is preposterous. So that when John Bull keeps hurling defiance at France, and increasing his armaments, and yet proclaiming loudly in the same breath that he is able to vanquish any number of Frenchmen the moment they make their appearance, in common courtesy we are bound to search for some means of explaining the old gentleman's inconsistency, before suing out a commission of lunacy. One reason for this panic fear of a French invasion, *malgré* the avowed contempt for French prowess, is to be found in the settled conviction prevalent in every class of the community in England, that if a French army landed, the force in which it would land would be so great as to render the issue of the first action extremely doubtful. In the next place there is an equally well-settled conviction that a French army in an enemy's country is the most plundering, stealing, ravaging army in the world; that neither men nor officers are at all particular as to what they take, or from whom they take it, and that ever if they were allowed to find a lodgment on the British shores for they would

consume an enormous quantity of provisions and forage, smash a great deal of furniture, and damage an immense mass of female nerves. All of which is doubtless true. At all events, there is abundant excuse in the history of French campaigning for believing every word of it.

Now we are about to do for Mr. John Bull a piece of kindness which probably has rarely, if ever, been done for him before. We are about to claim more prowess for him, greater powers of resistance, greater ability to meet and repel aggression, than he now claims for himself.

All that we know about the prowess of any European power consists in inferences derived from the past exploits of its armies. That this is a much better indication of what may reasonably be expected from it than can be furnished by any improvements or supposed efficiency of its present organization, has been proved over and over by actual experience on the field. Organization or discipline are on ordinary occasions, in every-day warfare, if we may use the phrase, powerful aids; but in extraordinary cases, the morale, temperament, and physical qualities of the raw levies are of far more importance than the training they have to undergo to become finished soldiers. France herself furnished a very remarkable instance of the truth of this in 1793. No troops ever took the field worse equipped, worse fed, drilled, and officered, than those which marched against the Duke of Brunswick under Dumouriez, or than those which served against the Archduke Charles under Napoleon. The same may be said of the Hungarian revolutionary army of 1849. It wanted every thing which a military man considers necessary to make an army really efficient, and yet it ran a career of victory against troops for which training had done all that training can do, and only succumbed to overwhelming superiority of force. The Duke of Wellington has over and over declared in his dispatches that during the Peninsular war, the newly-arrived drafts from England invariably displayed greater ardor and impetuosity than the old hands, and were to be relied on for a desperate service with more confidence. We are aware that this is somewhat opposed to the ordinary notion of the comparative qualities of veterans and recruits, but it is nevertheless a point on which most military men are agreed. The value of veterans lies not so much in their headlong courage as in their powers of endurance in protracted hardships. In these, military habits operate with wonderful effect.

So that it may be fairly said, that to judge of what a force can effect in a great crisis when a great deal is at stake, it is of far more importance to know the habits, temperament, and general character of the people from which it is drawn, than the amount of training which it has received. In estimating the value of a '*levée des boucliers*,' it makes all

the difference in the world whether the '*boucliers*' are borne by Frenchmen or by Bulgarians, by Americans or by Mexicans. Whether a rising is formidable or contemptible when opposed to regular troops, depends mainly upon the spirit of those who rise. Moreover, the difference between regular troops and raw levies has been very much diminished by the recent change in the art of warfare. The improvements in small arms and artillery, the enormous range given to projectiles of all sorts, has rendered the close formations of the old drill not only less useful, but positively disadvantageous. Drill is now resolving itself into aiming well, and affording as little mark as possible to the enemy. Skirmishing, 'long bowls' with the artillery, and a final charge of bayonets, will ere long form the programme of all battles. It is apparent that in this sort of warfare, the personal 'pluck,' intelligence, and activity of the individual soldiers will be of much more importance than their steadiness in line, or accuracy in manœuvring. Now personal courage, activity, and self-reliance are things which are born with a man, and which his mode of life, the customs of the society in which he lives, and the nature of the institutions by which he is governed cultivate, but which no drill-sergeant can ever create.

We cannot remember having ever seen a line of comment upon the much agitated question of a French invasion of England, in which these circumstances were taken fairly into account. The usual mode of calculation adopted, even by English writers on the subject, is to take the number of French regular troops which can be thrown ashore at one *coup*, and the number of English troops which can be assembled on the southern coast at a day's warning, and then upon this, rush at once to the inference which is ordinarily formed as to the probable result of a collision between two bodies numerically very unequal. They make it, in short, wholly a question of mathematics or arithmetic, when in reality it is a mixed question, into the solution of which history, politics, social economy, commercial statistics, morals, metaphysics, and even physical geography must enter. We admit that an English minister finding the country threatened with an invasion, is bound to consider the regular army and regular fortifications as almost the only means of defence. He is, *ex officio*, bound to be guided by actual facts, and not by probabilities. But, on the other hand, an invader has to take into account, not simply the troops which can be concentrated across his path, but the probable action of the whole nation towards him, its morale, its pluck, its capabilities or resolution under the influence of a strong excitement. The two great military errors committed by the elder Napoleon — the invasion of Russia, and the invasion of Spain — were due to his having taken no count of the popular feeling, in calculating the amount of resistance he would

meet with. He was prepared to meet and vanquish the army, and he did so, but he was not prepared to fight the nation, and he fell under its blows.

Now in this power of unorganized, undrilled resistance, if we may so term it, we think John Bull is as well off as any nation in the world, except, perhaps, our own. Of all the great battles in which Englishmen have been engaged, those in which they have been least officered are those in which their military qualities have shone most conspicuous. The battle of Inkermann was fought without an attempt at manœuvring, and almost without an attempt at command. It was essentially a 'soldier's battle,' fought by companies and small groups, every man relying mainly on his own efforts for victory, and yet there has been no action in British military annals which displayed greater determination on the part of a vastly inferior force, and in which numerical odds were so largely counterbalanced by the bravery and self-reliance of the men. The leadership of the English army has on the whole been inferior to that of most continental powers, but the rank and file has always been the subject of unqualified eulogium; so that the want of a large, drilled and officered force, would be less felt in resisting an invasion in England, than in many of the continental states. The raw material is evidently better, and the better the raw material the less training is necessary.

Another thing seems taken for granted in all discussions we have seen upon the subject of a French invasion of England, by English writers themselves as well as by foreigners, and that is, that whenever the French and English land forces come in collision, the English would get the worst of it. But if, as we have attempted to show, the actual or apparent efficiency in discipline, drill, and organization of an army does not by any means furnish safe data for judging of what it can accomplish on the field, as a great deal depends on the nature of the quarrel, the habits of the people from amongst whom the army is recruited, and nature of the institutions under which they live, this presumption is altogether worthless in calculating the chances of a Napoleonic irruption into the British Islands. That a far better idea can be formed of an army's capabilities, as we have already said, by a knowledge of its past history than by any insight whatever into the state or details of its present organization, has been demonstrated in a most remarkable manner within the present year by the fate of the Austrian forces in Italy. It may be safely said that ever since 1848, nothing that skill and science could suggest had been left undone to secure its efficiency. Twelve months ago it was confidently spoken of as the best army in Europe. Any one who disputed the fact, could have been overwhelmed in five minutes by a military statistician with facts and figures showing the perfection of all its details, and the ex-

traordinary care taken to make it a machine of unequalled destroying power. But no amount of argument derived from the books of the quarter-master-general's department, would countervail the evidence on the other side, supplied by a recital of its doings during the last sixty years. The innumerable reverses with which its annals, during that period, are crowded, received at the hand of antagonists of all sorts, from Napoleon's Old Guard down to the raw Hungarian levies of 1849, prove that no drill or organization can compensate for the absence of homogeneity and spirit in the raw material. The Austrian army has never since the French revolution achieved any success against a united and decently armed and equipped force. For these reasons, no matter what changes may hereafter be made in its organization or arms, it is by no means unfair to conclude that it will never be a match for a national army such as that of France, or Russia, or such as we hope that of Italy will be ere long.

Now, if we judge the British forces by this standard, we shall find that during the twenty years' war which followed the French revolution, if we except the Duke of York's absurd expedition to Walcheren, and Sir John Moore's masterly retreat before an overwhelming force, ending in the victory of Corunna, the British troops all but invariably had the advantage in every case of collision in the field with the French. It is not necessary, within the limits of an article like the present, to enumerate in detail the battles of the Peninsular war. That war furnishes illustrations of every variety of tactics, battles, sieges, skirmishes, advances, retreats, and in them all the upper hand rested with the British. Many of the Duke of Wellington's victories were amongst the most complete of modern times. That of Vittoria in particular was as decisive and as terribly destructive to the enemy as Austerlitz itself, and they were all won over large and imposing masses of French troops, commanded by the best generals of the empire. At the close, Soult himself was driven back into France through the Pyrenées, and the last battle of the campaign was fought, though without decisive result, on French soil. The campaign of Waterloo is fresh in every body's recollection. It was, as the Duke of Wellington said, 'a regular pounding match, each side trying which could pound the hardest.' The English troops, moreover, were not the veterans of the Peninsular war. These had been sent off direct from Bayonne to meet their fate at the hands of Jackson's irregulars in the swamps of New-Orleans. The army which bore the brunt of Napoleon's onslaughts was made up mainly of fresh recruits, sent over hastily from England, at the first news of the French advance into Belgium, and of beardless youths, fresh from the universities. This is now an old story, but it continues to furnish excellent material for the notion that

a French army landing on the southern coast of England could dispose of a reasonably large British force assembled to meet them — though the latter might be in great part fresh levies — without any difficulty, is unwarrantable in the extreme. The conclusions arrived at on this subject by a recent writer in the *Quarterly Review*, are all falsified by the English military history of the last half-century, and rebutting testimony could not well come from a better source.

To suppose that Louis Napoleon has not considered all these things, is to suppose him a much greater dolt than any thing he has yet either done or left undone warrants us in believing him to be. His course in Italy last summer proves that he is keenly alive to the fact that for a war to be thoroughly satisfactory to the French people, it must be short and brilliant. They are enthusiastic, excitable, and greedy of glory, but like all men of their race, they enjoy it most when the effort it requires and the sacrifices it entails are not too protracted. Nothing can make a long war palatable to them but a succession of victories such as those with which the elder Napoleon studded his career, but there has only been one such leader as he in a thousand years. The campaign of Lombardy was their ideal of a campaign. It had four great triumphs crowded into six weeks, and it was near enough to home to bring every detail visibly before the eye. A campaign in England would possess no such attractions. It would not end until every spark of resistance was crushed out, until the fleet was utterly destroyed, and every man in the country disarmed, and not only disarmed but reduced to despair. When we remember the trouble it has taken to reduce even such countries as Poland, and Hungary, and Italy, countries so much less populous, less warlike than England, so vastly inferior in all the elements both of moral and material resistance to any such state of subjection as that indicated above, it can be easily imagined that no man of Napoleon's discrimination would readily undertake a similar task. It would cost him not one, but two or three such armies as that which he led into Italy, to accomplish it, and having conquered the country, it would need a garrison of three hundred thousand men to keep it. Unlike most continental countries, England has no great plains on which a large army can manœuvre with ease, and on which a mob of irregulars can be dispersed without difficulty. It is covered with fences, towns, and buildings to a degree unequalled, perhaps, in any country in the world, and they all offer corresponding facilities for the attack of partisans upon a regular force. A great battle won at Hastings would still render it necessary to clear every hedge, as far north as Aberdeen, of its skirmishers, or assassins, or whatever we please to call them, and he would be a bold officer, who, in the heart of such a country, would venture to ride far from head-quarters with a dispatch or an order. One

hundred and twenty years of occupation by an enormous military force have not sufficed to make the Austrian position in Italy any thing but precarious, and of late apparently untenable. The Russian domination in Poland had prevailed for fifty years, when it was thrown off in 1820 by a bloody insurrection. And yet the vast majority of the Polish people were serfs, steeped in ignorance and degradation, for whom liberty and country are words without meaning, and the majority of the Italians are a soft and pliant race, broken to a foreign yoke by two centuries of conquest and invasion. It would be a strange mistake to suppose that such people are more tenacious of their independence, more wrought on by traditions of past greatness and glory than the English, more easily induced to sit down quietly under the dominion of a hated enemy, and satisfy their pride with the memory of what they once were.

These facts, nobody, we imagine, has more clearly before him than Louis Napoleon himself. So that an invasion of England, with a view of retaining it as a conquered province, is, we may feel pretty sure, a thing which he does not contemplate; consequently, if we believe that he contemplates it at all, it must be with the view simply of making a raid, destroying English commerce and manufactures, disorganizing the government, spreading terror and confusion through the country, throwing hundreds of thousands of artisans out of employment, and killing and wounding some thousands of men, plundering London, and then having 'avenged Waterloo,' returning to France. We must say that this theory of the objects of the invasion is in our eyes, though more feasible, very much more improbable than the former one. It is based on the supposition that Louis Napoleon is animated in his public policy by very much the same motives as a Comanche or Malay chieftain, and that the morality and humanity of the French people is very much on a par with those of pirates. We know that men in high places are often capable of great wickedness, but nevertheless there is a limit beyond which the depravity even of military monarchs will not carry them. It is more than two centuries since any European sovereign perpetrated an invasion merely for invasion's sake, and entered a friendly country avowedly to harry and lay waste. We know of nothing in Louis Napoleon's antecedents, bad as some of them are, to warrant us in believing that he is capable of conceiving, or at least of carrying out any such enterprise. He is certainly not half so devoid of scruples as his uncle was, and has tenfold more respect for the public opinion of the world, and his uncle never invaded a country avowedly and expressly to ravage and humiliate it. All his great wars were undertaken, ostensibly at least, in the name of liberty, or to exact reparation for real or alleged injuries. He did a great deal of damage in his progress, but more than war,

as he conducted it, rendered necessary, and as soon as it was discovered that he really was animated in his inroads by a blind and insatiable lust of mere glory, the civilized world rose on him and crushed him. The present Emperor has given a thousand proofs already that he has profited by his uncle's example, and he is not likely to make an outrageous exception to the rule he has apparently laid down for himself, even to gratify an old spite against England.

Besides all this, if he attempted such an enterprise, he would need to be supported in it at least by the public opinion of France, and to suppose that the French people would concur in a scheme for the destruction of the commerce, and plundering of the cities of a neighboring nation, and one of its best customers to boot, is to strongly ignore its position in the civilized world. No nation has done more for the promotion of liberal ideas, of a frank and fair recognition of the inherent rights of man, of the dignity of human nature, of the arts, sciences, and literature, of every thing, in short, which is opposed to spoliation, and outrage, and violation. These native tendencies were, it is true, overborne in the time of the first empire by the weight of the Emperor's genius and of his despotism, but no one who is at all familiar with the history of France during the last forty years can fail to recognize their existence and their force. No popular demonstrations in France on questions of foreign policy have ever been so hearty and so enthusiastic, as those which asked for the intervention of French armies in foreign quarrels, not to lay waste and to subjugate, but to liberate and to save. The cause of Poland and of Italy command a respect and sympathy amongst the masses of the French people which they meet with no where else. A demonstration on behalf of the former was one of the first and noblest 'excesses' of the revolution of 1848. To suppose that such a people will joyfully clap its hands over a piratical expedition against the liberty and property of a great and free people on its borders, is to insult human nature itself, and to suppose that Louis Napoleon would undertake it without the hearty sympathy of his subjects, is to accuse him of greater rashness and less discrimination than he has ever yet displayed.

TOM'S WEDDING DAY.

KEEPING Tom's wedding-day, his friends
Boozed till their brains were addled;
They drank his *bridal day*! Tom sighed and said:
That same day I was *saddled*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE wit of Douglas Jerrold was like a gleam of sun-shine amid April showers, like a flash of lightning amid the leaden clouds of a summer storm; ay, and not unlike to the loud clap of the succeeding thunder was the peal of hearty laughter that would burst forth around after the great wit had emitted the electric shock from his well-charged mental battery. Like to sun-shine and to lightning many a scintillation of wit passed away from the memory immediately it had shone forth, or the recollection of its brilliancy was lost, its place in the memory, being usurped by a brighter gleam or a mere vivid flash, followed by a still louder peal of laughter, in which none joined more heartily than did Jerrold himself; for upon no ears did the words seem to strike more unwittingly than upon his, it seeming as if his power of speech outstripped his power of thought; the reasoning faculties only coming into play after the productive. It is said that he used to look upon his repartees 'as tricks — as a mere habit of mind — which he could teach any dull fellow in two lessons.'

Jerrold's son and biographer in the recently published collection of his wit, acknowledges such collection to be very incomplete. 'It cannot,' says he, 'include one twentieth part of the brilliant repartees, the sparks of wisdom, the flashes of burning fire, which fell from the eloquent tongue that is now mute forever.' If some attentive Boswell had been, note-book in hand, constantly at Jerrold's elbow, and had jotted down on the spot the thousands of 'good things' that in the daily intercourse of life fell from the lips of one of the 'kindest amongst men,' a whole library of volumes would have been required to contain them. 'A complete collection of Douglas Jerrold's wit,' continues his biographer, 'is now impossible. From far and near, however; from old friends long separated, from club associates and fire-side companions, I have gleaned the few ears of golden grain which time had left within the reach of their memory. Not one friend who has afforded me a single grain has failed to assure me of his sorrow over the treachery of his memory. The ghost of a hundred good things appeared to him, but he could not reach them.'

The writer of these lines has, night after night, in the smoking-room of the Museum Club, spent many pleasant hours in Douglas Jerrold's company, and though his memory fails him in a retention of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the brilliant sayings he has heard, yet the hundredths still linger in his recollections; and as these are not chronicled in the published volume alluded to, it may not be thought out of place, nor does he think that it can be considered presumptuous, if he herein gives them to the world.

Seated by the fire-side, for there Jerrold

variably sat, he

more than vied with the burning coal in imparting warmth and cheerfulness to the assembled members, for at times the fire would die out unobserved, yielding to its neighbor's superior brilliancy. The sparkle of Jerrold's conversation invariably occupied the entire attention of those around him, and was evidently more congenial to them than the flame of the blazing fire. But our wit would have little to say if, along with the score or more of regular *habitues* of the room, there should be one stranger present — the strange presence seemed almost to hermetically seal his lips; but let the intrusion be removed, and with an exclamation of, 'Now we are alone; let's have some fun,' the game would begin, and bright sun-shine disperse the gloom that had previously reigned around.

Jerrold was seated in his accustomed corner one night, about the time when the far-famed author-amateurs commenced their theatrical career, when the conversation turned upon taking a rural Thespian tour. One of these author-amateurs was discoursing upon the delights to be derived from a brief vagabondizing life; and concluded with: 'Suppose a lot of us go and play in the neat country barns, and billet ourselves at the nice country inns!' When, 'Ay, and coo it, too!' was Jerrold's pert reply.

Another night, a member dropping in, stated that he had just come from that legal vicinage, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He remarked that the ground was quite wet there, while in the neighborhood of the Club it was perfectly dry, and wondered what could be the cause of the difference. 'Perhaps the lawyers have something to do with it,' chimed in a second member; when quickly exclaimed Jerrold: 'Very likely, owing to the heavy dues.'

One evening a journalist of the ponderous editorial kind, whose spirits were at the time raised by alcoholic power, bragged of the number of years he had been a member of a literary coterie, and stated that at last he had been elected to the office of president thereof. 'That reminds me,' said Jerrold, 'of a story I once heard of an old soldier who in battle got shot in the calf of the leg, and the bullet got so embedded that the doctors could not extract it. Well, at first the fellow did not feel comfortable with his heavy companion, and had to grin and bear it; but in illustration of the principle that use is second nature, in course of time he began to like the lead.'

When Leigh Hunt received a pension from the Queen, in testimony of his literary abilities, a friendly dinner was given to him by the members of the Museum Club. The Rev. Francis Mahoney, the celebrated 'Father Prout,' was asked during dinner to which dish he would be served. 'Oh! I'll thank you for a slice of that leg of mutton,' replied he. 'Just like you, Mahoney,' said Jerrold, 'always trying to catch the Pope's eye.'

Jerrold once took the chair at the annual dinner of the *Eclectic Club*, a discussion society, whose members were principally composed of students in law and letters. After the cloth was drawn, the chairman, about to give the first toast, requested that the glasses should be charged; afterward rising to fulfil the duty imposed upon him, casting his eyes first down one of the side-tables and then down the other, he exclaimed: 'I believe, gentlemen, that you are all charged — for the Queen, Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family.'

Jerrold could not bear any degree of forwardness or impertinence on the part of servants. Dining one rainy day at the Club, seated alone at a side-table, an attendant, who was remarkably free in addressing members, said to him: 'It's a very wet day, Sir, to-day, Sir, is n't it, Sir?' The diner gave a sharp look, and exclaimed: 'Waiter, salt!' This demand was duly supplied with: 'Salt, Sir; yes, Sir, salt!' Fancying, doubtless, that he had not been heard, the attendant a second time made an attack with an assertion as to his knowledge of the humidity of the day, and an inquiry as to whether the diner did not agree in the accuracy thereof. 'Pepper, I say, pepper?' was all the reply received. After which, 'Pepper, Sir; yes, Sir, pepper,' followed from the waiter, with the supply executed in accordance with the demand. But the knight of the napkin was not to be abashed by this second rebuff, and a third time returned to the charge with, 'It's a very wet day, Sir, to-day, Sir; is n't it, Sir?' but with no better success. 'Mustard, Sir, confound it, Mustard!' was Jerrold's sharp response; upon which John, nettled at this third rebuke, uttered: 'Perhaps, Sir, you do n't think so, Sir.' An instantaneous look from Jerrold then drove the poor fellow, chop-fallen, out of the room, and his tormentor found relief in a hearty fit of laughter.

During the existence of the *Museum Club*, a dozen of its members established themselves into a lesser club, called the *Zodiac*. This coterie was formed for the purpose of dining together monthly, and each member was named after a Zodiacal sign. Great amusement was caused in the appropriation of the names. Jerrold chose for himself 'Scorpio;' an Hibernian member was christened 'Taurus, or the Irish Bull;' a Caledonian, 'Sagittarius, or the Scottish Archer;' and a native of the dominions of St. David, 'Capricornus, or the Welsh Goat.' An eminent physician, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and celebrated for his treatment of cutaneous diseases, was put down for 'Cancer.' A blushing journalist was cast for the part of 'Virgo;' and the remaining characters were appropriately personated. When the Club was in solemn gastronomical and conversational conclave, it was imperative upon each member, under a penalty of one penny for every omission, to address his company by their Zodiacal names. The representative of

that sign wherein the sun was at the time to be found, took the chair, and it is unnecessary to state that at these monthly meetings wit and humor flew fast and furious.

Like to most other authors, Jerrold considered publishers fair game. He says of them, that they 'look upon authors simply as a butcher looks upon Southdown mutton, with merely an eye to the number of pounds to be got out of them.' At a time when there was raging in the literary world of London a fierce war on the subject of free trade in books, in which battle the publishers fought under the banners of Conservatism, Jerrold came up to a publisher whose boots at the moment were receiving a polish from a juvenile street shoe-black. The former, laying his hand upon the latter's shoulder, said: 'I'm glad to find a publisher attempting to possess clean feet, for I can't say much for his hands.'

Upon the same subject the writer will give an anecdote which he has heard, but for the authenticity of which he cannot vouch; at any rate, it is too good to be omitted. Jerrold's publishers, whom we will call Smith and Jones, presented him one day with a pair of infant porkers wherewith to stock his suburban pig-stye. Some time afterward these gentlemen being on a visit at Jerrold's residence, expressed a desire to see their porcine gifts. 'With all my heart,' replied the host; 'come this way;' and he then led the way to the out-houses. The day was sunny, and the pigs were under cover. 'Call them out,' said one of the guests. 'Very well,' replied Jerrold, and turning toward the pigs, he cried: 'Come, come — pig, pig, pig — Smith, Smith — Jones, Jones, Jones,' and then addressing his visitors, he continued, 'You see, gentlemen, in naming them, I have not been forgetful of those to whose generosity I am indebted for them.'

A conundrum of Jerrold's was current coin among the literary small change of London at the time of the publication there of Mrs. Stowe's popular story. As it is but little, if any, known upon this side of the Atlantic, it is here given. The conundrum is as follows:

'Why is it evident that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' can not be the production of a man's hand? Because it bears the impress of Harriet Beecher's toe!'

The reader of Jerrold's works can not fail to notice how his writings are imbued with the spirit of Shakspeare. That master-mind was in fact his great exemplar. The writer hereof once heard him state, after his return from a two or three weeks' sojourn in that beautiful sea-girt garden, the Isle of Wight, that he had taken with him thither, as his only literary companion, a copy of Shakspeare, and had, whilst there, again read through every play. He speaks of his model as 'the great magician, who has left immortal company for the spirit of man in its weary journey through this briary world — has bequeathed

scenes of immortal loveliness for the human fancy to delight in, founts of eternal truth for the lips of man to drink, and drink, and for aye to be renovated with every draught.'

Mrs. Cowden Clarke some years ago published a small volume of Shakspeare's proverbs, which she dedicated to Jerrold. Their dedication was dictated with such good taste, and clothed in such appropriate language, that it can not be inappropriate here to quote it. It reads as follows:

'To Douglas Jerrold, the first wit of the present age, these Proverbs of Shakspeare, the first wit of any age, are inscribed by Mary Cowden Clarke, of a certain age and no wit at all.'

During the latter years of Jerrold's life, when he edited *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, a journal of which it has been said that 'he found it, as it were, in the street, and annexed it to literature,' it was most gratifying to notice not only the great success of his teachings, but the interest he used to take, and the pride with which he used to refer to the rapid rise he was producing in the circulation of the paper. If he met a friend, almost the first words upon his lips would be to inform him of the number of thousands the last issue had surpassed that of the previous week. Jerrold was a thorough enemy to humbug and hypocrisy, and used to be ever fond of running a tilt against the overpaid dignitaries of the Church. In the pages of a comic periodical, published about ten years ago, it was facetiously said of him that 'such was his enmity to the bench of bishops that he refused to take a chop at the Mitre,' that being the name of a celebrated London chop-house. In the next publication the journalist continued the joke by stating that he had discovered that his previous statement was not founded on fact, as he had since learned that 'instead of Jerrold refusing to take a chop at the Mitre, it was understood that he had chopped it to pieces.'

Alluding to the brilliancy of Jerrold's wit, a writer in the *London Athenæum* justly states that it 'was all steel points, and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution;' and further, 'that it was nimble, crackling and original; no man could resist its spontaneity and sparkle, and it wrote its daily story in London life as a thing apart and institutional.'

Jerrold has been called a cynic and a sarcast; those who could apply to him the first attribute could know nothing of his character, and could never have been in his company; and as to the second, it can be truly said that he never wielded the pen of the satirist but the cause therefor would justify it to the end. It is true that Jerrold was noted for the sharpness of his remarks, and none experienced the pungency of his wit more than his nearest and oldest friends; but these sharp sayings, says I, were uttered in purest frolic.

The best evidence of this is, that although Jerrold often said bitter things, even of his friends, this bitterness never lost him a friend ; for to all men who knew him personally, he was valued as a kind and hearty man.'

Mr. Leigh Hunt said of Douglas Jerrold, that 'if he had the sting of the bee, he also had his honey;' and Mr. Charles Dickens thus affectionately writes of a friend, the memory of whom he must ever cherish, 'that marvellous brightness and quickness of perception which has distinguished him far and wide as the sayer of some of the wittiest, and often some of the wisest things also, in the English language, expressed itself almost with the suddenness of lightning. This absence of all appearance of artifice or preparation, this flash and readiness which made the great charm of his wit, rendered him at the same time quite incapable of suppressing a good thing from prudential considerations. It sparkled off his tongue before he was aware of it. It was always a bright surprise to himself, and it never occurred to him that it could be any thing but a bright surprise to others. All his so-called better things were said with a burst of hearty school-boy laughter, which showed how far he was himself from attaching a serious importance to them. Strangers apparently failed to draw this inference, plain as it was, and often mistook him accordingly.'

No portrait of Jerrold was ever published that did him justice. The keenness of his eye or the intensity of his expression was ever wanting. Happily, shortly before his death, a celebrated London photographer was successful in obtaining of him a life-like sun-picture. It represents the great wit with one eye slightly contracted, as he used to appear when watching the effect caused by the utterance of some brilliant remark, or the discharge of some pungent repartee ; whilst the long light brown hair flows back, mane-like, from his fine-formed head, as it were refusing to hide a particle of his intellectually marked brow.

THE MERRY MOURNER.

CRIES Tom to his neighbors, as onward they prest,
Conveying his wife to the place of long rest,
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why would you make a toil of a *pleasure* ?

P O E S Y .

I.

On seaward crags the bittarn has its nest :
I know the place ; I love its solitude ;
Nor less I love the swallow's place of rest
Beneath the eaves ; nor less his little brood.

II.

Hast heard of Arcady ? Of fairy-land ?
Life's elixir ? Founts of perpetual youth ?
I know the place : O happy, happy band
That follow me ! They find the vision truth.

III.

I know old Ocean : every sight and sound :
The storm, the calm, familiar are to me ;
The joyous barks, off-shore, when homeward-bound ;
The lonesome wrecks that drift far out at sea.

IV.

I know the meaning of the doubts and fears
That darken earth : I know why cheeks are wan ;
Why smiles are few ; why there are many tears :
I know that mystery, the heart of man.

V.

I know his lot ; the sorrow he must bear
Till death release him from JEHOVAH'S frown ;
I know the burden of that great despair —
The load of sin that weighs the ages down.

VI.

How many woes make up a human life !
How hard it is for man his soul to save !
How long the road, how full of toil and strife,
That separates the cradle from the grave !

VII.

I know it all : how often have mine ears
Given audience to a host of souls in pain !
Oh ! what a weary thing this life appears,
To one whose prayers have been, or seemed, in vain.

VIII.

And am I blind, a leader of the blind ?
Ah ! no, I see : these eyes are full of light :
Yet not mine own : within me is
The light, the glory of the IS.

TO —

As, in lone fairy-lands, up some rich shelf
Of golden sand the wild wave moaningly
Heaps its unvalued sea-wealth, weed and gem,
Then creeps back slow into the salt sad sea :
So from my life's new-searchéd deeps to thee,
Beloved, I cast these weed-flowers. Smile on them.
More than they mean I know not to express.
So I shrink back into my old sad self,
Far from all words where love lies fathomless.

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

October 3d.

It seems really as if a malignant power was tasked to invent the strangest and most cruel trials, to propose them in turns to my conscience and my heart.

M. Laubépin not having arrived this morning, Mme. Laroque sent to ask me for some particulars which she wanted for the arrangement of the preliminaries of the marriage settlement, which, as I said, is to be signed to-morrow. As I am condemned to keep my room for a few days yet, I begged Mme. Laroque to send me the title-deeds and private documents which are in her father-in-law's possession, that I might settle the difficulties that were stated to me. They immediately sent up to me two or three drawers full of papers, which had been secretly carried away from M. Laroque's study; advantage being taken of a time when the old man was asleep, for he has always shown himself very jealous of his private archives. In the first paper which I opened, my family-name, several times repeated, caught my eye suddenly, and excited my curiosity irresistibly. Here is the literal text of the document:

TO MY CHILDREN.

'The name which I bequeath to you, and to which I have done honor, is not my own. My father's name was Savage. He was an overseer on a plantation of some size in the island of St. Lucia (then a French island) which belonged to a rich and noble Dauphiné family called Champcey d'Hauterive. In 1793 my father died, and I inherited, though still young, the confidence which the Champceys had reposed in him. Toward the close of that fatal year, the French Antilles were taken by the English, or were given up to them by the insurgent colonists. The Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, (Jacques Auguste,) not yet overtaken by the orders of the Convention, then commanded the frigate *Thétis*, which had cruised in those waters for three years. A pretty large number of French colonists, throughout

the Antilles, had contrived to turn their property into money, as it was threatened daily. They had arranged with Commandant de Champcey to organize a flotilla of light transports, in which they had embarked their possessions, and which was to undertake the voyage back to France, under the protection of the guns of the *Thétis*. I had long ago, in anticipation of impending disasters, received orders myself to sell, at any price, the plantation which I managed after my father's time. On the night of the fourteenth of December, 1793, I embarked alone in a boat at Point Morne au Sable, and secretly quitted St. Lucia, which was already occupied by the enemy. I carried away in English notes and guineas the price I had contrived to get for the plantation. M. de Champcey, thanks to the minute knowledge he had acquired of those coasts, had succeeded in eluding the English cruiser, and taken refuge in the difficult and unknown channel of Gros Ilet. He had ordered me to meet him there that very night, and only waited for my arrival on board before leaving the channel in company with the flotilla which he was to convoy, and steering for France. In crossing to him I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. These masters in treachery gave me the choice of being shot on the spot, or to sell them, for the million of which I was the bearer, and which they would leave me, the secret of the channel where the flotilla lay sheltered. I was young, the temptation was too strong; and in half an hour the *Thétis* was sunk, the flotilla taken, and M. de Champcey severely wounded. A year went by, a year that brought me no peace. I was going mad. I resolved to make the accursed Englishmen pay for the remorse by which I was torn. I crossed to Guadaloupe, changed my name, and devoted the greater part of the price of my crime to the purchase of an armed brig, and fell upon the English. For fifteen years I washed with their blood and my own the stain I had inflicted, in an hour of weakness, on my country's flag. Although my present fortune has, more than three fourths of it, been won in glorious combats, the origin of it was none other than I have said.

'Returned to France in my old age, I inquired into the position of the Champcey d'Hauterive family: it was a happy and wealthy position. I continued to hold my peace. May my children forgive me! I have not been able to find courage, during my life, to blush before them; but my death must deliver my secret to them, and they will use it according to the dictates of their consciences. For myself, I have but one entreaty to address to them: sooner or later there will be a final war between France and her neighbor across the way; we hate each other too much; whatever may be done, we shall have to eat them, or they to eat us! Should this war break out in the life-time of my children or grand-children, I desire that they should present to

the state a corvette, armed and manned, on the sole condition that she be called the *Savage*, and be commanded by a Breton. At every broadside she discharges against the Carthaginian shore, my bones will tremble with joy in their grave!

‘RICHARD SAVAGE, called LAROUX.’

The recollections suddenly awakened in my mind by reading this terrible confession, confirmed its correctness. I had heard my father a score of times tell, with mingled pride and bitterness, the episode in my grand-father's life here alluded to. Only it was believed in my family that Richard Savage, whose name was perfectly present to my mind, was the victim, and not the furtherer, of the treachery or chance which gave up the commander of the *Thétis*.

I could now account for the singularities that had often struck me in the old sailor's character, and particularly his pensive and timid bearing before me. My father always told me that I was the living portrait of my grand-father, the Marquis Jacques, and doubtless some glimpse of the likeness from time to time pierced through the old man's clouded brain, even to his uneasy conscience.

No sooner possessed of this revelation, I fell into terrible perplexity. I could not, as far as I was concerned, feel more than a feeble malice against this unfortunate man, the defect in whose moral sense had been atoned for by a long life's repentance, and by a passionate despair and hatred, which were not lacking in grandeur. I could not even breathe without a sort of admiration the fierce breath which still animated the lines, traced by that culpable but heroic hand. Still, what was I to do with this terrible secret! The first thing that struck me was, that it destroyed any obstacle between Marguerite and me, that henceforth this fortune which had kept us apart would be almost a bond of obligation between us, since I alone, of all the world, could give her a legal title to it, by sharing it with her. In reality, this secret was not mine, and though the most innocent chance had revealed it to me, strict integrity perhaps required that I should let it await its time in the hands of those for whom it was intended; but what! meanwhile, that which was irreparable would be accomplished! An indissoluble knot would be tied! The tomb would close forever over my love, my hopes, my inconsolable heart! And should I allow this, when I could stay it by a single word? And these poor women themselves, when the fatal truth should one day put them to blush, would they share my regrets and my despair? They would be the first to say to me: ‘If you knew it, why did you not speak?’

Well! no! not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ever, as far as I am concerned, shall those two noble foreheads blush with shame, and I will not purchase happiness at the price of their humiliation. This secret

which belongs only to me, which the old man himself, now mute forever, can no longer betray; this secret has ceased to exist; the flames have devoured it.

I thought it over well. I knew what I ventured to do. It was a testament, a deed, and I destroyed it. Besides, it would not have advantaged me only. My sister, intrusted to my care, might have found a fortune in it; and without consulting her, I have with my own hand plunged her back into poverty. I know all that; but two pure, lofty, and proud souls will not be crushed and withered under the burden of a crime that was unknown to them. A principle of equity was involved, which seemed to me superior to the mere letter of justice. If I have committed a crime in my turn, I will answer for it! But this struggle has ground me to powder; I can no more!

October 4th.

M. LAUBÉPIN at length arrived yesterday evening. He came to shake hands with me. He was abstracted, abrupt, dissatisfied. He spoke briefly of the marriage which was afoot. 'Very successful operation,' he said; 'very laudable combination on all accounts; nature and society both receive the securities they have a right to demand on such an occasion. Whereupon, young man, I wish you a good night, and I shall set about clearing the delicate ground of the preliminaries, so that the car of these interesting hymeneals may reach its journey's end without jolting.'

There was a gathering in the drawing-room at one o'clock this afternoon, amid the customary preparations and company, to proceed to signing the settlements. I could not be present at this ceremony, and blessed my wound that spared me that torture. I was writing to my little Helen, to whom I strive more than ever to devote my whole soul, when, toward three o'clock, M. Laubépin and Mlle. de Porhoët walked into my room. M. Laubépin, in his frequent visits to Laroque, could not fail to appreciate the virtues of my venerable friend; and there has long existed between these two old people, a platonic and respectful attachment, the character of which Doctor Demarçay in vain strives to misrepresent. After an exchange of ceremonious, endless bowing and courtesying, they took the seats which I brought them, and both began to contemplate me with an air of serious hilarity. 'Well,' said I, 'is it over?'

'It is over!' they replied in unison.

'Did it go off well?'

'Very well,' said Mlle. de Porhoët.

'Excellently well,' M. Laubépin added. Then, after a pause: 'The Bévallan is gone to the devil!'

‘And the young Héloûin on the same road,’ continued Mlle. de Porhoët.

I uttered a cry of surprise. ‘Good heavens! what does that mean?’

‘My friend,’ said M. Laubépin, ‘the projected union offered all the advantages that could be desired, and would no doubt have secured the joint happiness of the parties to it, were marriage a purely commercial partnership; but it is not so. My duty, when my assistance was called in for this interesting circumstance, was therefore to regard the inclination of their hearts, and the suitability of their characters, no less than the proportion of their fortunes. Now, I thought I observed, from the first, that the nuptials in preparation had the awkwardness of not exactly pleasing any body; neither my excellent friend, Mme. Laroque, nor the amiable bride, nor the most enlightened friends of those ladies; in short, no one, unless, perhaps, it may please the bridegroom, about whom I do but little care. It is true, (and I am indebted for this remark to Mlle. de Porhoët,) it is true, I say, that the bridegroom is a gentleman.’

‘Ought to be! if you please!’ was the severe interruption of Mlle. de Porhoët.

‘Ought to be a gentleman,’ M. Laubépin resumed, ‘but he is a kind of ‘ought to be,’ gentleman that does not suit me.’

‘Nor me either,’ said Mlle. de Porhoët. ‘It was fellows of that stamp, unmannerly grooms like this man, whom we saw in the last century, under the lead of the Duke of Chartres coming out of the English to pave the way for the revolution.’

‘Oh! if they had only paved the way for the revolution,’ said M. Laubépin sententiously, ‘one could forgive them.’

‘A million excuses, my dear Sir; but pray speak for yourself! However, that is not the question. Be so good as to go on.’

‘Well then,’ continued M. Laubépin, ‘seeing that every one was going to this wedding as if to a funeral, I sought for some means, at once honorable and legal, if not to return to M. de Bévallan his promise, at least to induce him to take it back. The step was all the more allowable, as, in my absence, M. de Bévallan had taken advantage of the inexperience of my excellent friend, Mme. Laroque, and of the pliability of my colleague in the adjoining town, to secure himself exorbitant advantages. Without departing from the letter of the stipulations I succeeded in sensibly modifying the spirit of them. Still, honor and the promise given imposed limits upon me, which I could not overstep. The settlements, after all, remained still quite advantageous enough for a man of some loftiness of soul, and animated with true tenderness, to accept them with confidence. Would M. de Bévallan be the man? We had to run the risk of it. I confess it

was not without emotion that I began this morning, before our imposing audience, to read the irrevocable deed.'

'As for me,' Mlle. de Porhoët broke in, 'I had not a drop of blood in my veins. The first part of the deed was so advantageous to the enemy, that I thought all was lost.'

'No doubt, Mademoiselle; but as we augurs say, the poison is in the tail, 'in caudâ venenum.' It was amusing, my friend, to see M. de Bévallan's face, and the face of my colleague of Rennes, who was present, when I suddenly unmasked my batteries. At first they looked at each other in silence, then whispered in each other's ears, and at last rose, and coming to the table before which I was seated, asked me in a low tone for explanations.

'Speak up, if you please, gentlemen,' said I; 'we must have no mystery here. What do you want?'

'The public was beginning to listen. M. de Bévallan, without raising his voice, insinuated to me that the deed was a work of mistrust.

'A work of mistrust, Sir!' I replied, in the highest tone of my organ. 'What do you mean by that? Is it at Mme. Laroque, at me, or at my colleague here, that you aim this strange imputation?'

'Hush! silence! no noise!' said the notary of Rennes, in his driest tone; 'let us see; it was agreed on at first that the lady's property should not be settled on herself'

'Not settled on herself, Sir? And where do you see any mention of its being settled on herself?'

'Come, my colleague, you know very well you are bringing it about by a subterfuge.'

'A subterfuge, my colleague? Allow me, as your senior, to persuade you to erase that word from your vocabulary.'

'But,' M. de Bévallan muttered, 'my hands are tied on every side; I am treated like a little boy.'

'What, Sir? What are we at this moment doing, according to you? Is this a marriage-settlement or a will? You forget that Mme. Laroque is living, that her father is living, that you are marrying, Sir, and not inheriting—not yet, Sir; a little patience, what the devil!'

'At these words Mlle. Marguerite rose. 'Enough of this, M. Laubépin,' she said; 'throw that deed into the fire. Mother, have Monsieur's presents returned to him.' And she left the room with the step of an insulted queen. Mme. Laroque followed her. At the same time I hurled the deed into the fire-place.

'Sir,' said M. de Bévallan, in a threatening tone, 'that is a manoeuvre of which I well know the secret!'

'Sir, I will tell it you,' I replied. 'A young lady who respects herself with a just pride, had conceived a fear to attract your attentions

were addressed only to her fortune ; she has no longer any doubt of it. I have the honor to wish you good-day.'

'Thereupon, my friend, I went to join the two ladies, who actually threw their arms round my neck ! A quarter of an hour later M. de Bévallan left the chateau with my colleague from Rennes. His departure and disgrace had the inevitable effect of unloosing against him all the servants' tongues, and his shameless intrigue with Mlle. Héloûin soon came to light. That young lady, already for some time an object of suspicion on other accounts, tendered the resignation of her situation, and it was not refused her. It is unnecessary to add that the ladies have secured an honorable livelihood for her. Well, my boy, what have you to say to all that ? You are not in great pain, surely ? You are as pale as a corpse.'

The truth is, that this unexpected news stirred up so many emotions, both happy and painful, in my breast, that I felt on the point of losing consciousness.

M. Laubépin, who is to go away at daybreak to-morrow, came again this evening to say good-by to me. After a few embarrassed words on both sides, he said : 'Come now, my dear child, I will not question you as to what is going on here ; but if you should happen to need confidential advice, I would ask you to come first to me.'

In truth I could not unburden myself to a more friendly or more trusty heart. I gave the worthy old man a detailed account of all the circumstances since my coming to the chateau, that have marked my intercourse with Mlle. Marguérîte. I even read him some pages of this journal, to give to him a more exact idea of the character of this intercourse, and also of the state of my mind. Except only the secret that I had discovered the day before in M. Laroque's archives, I hid nothing from him.

When I had ended, M. Laubépin, whose forehead had for a moment looked very thoughtful, spoke in his turn : 'It is useless to disguise from you, my friend,' he said, 'that, in sending you here, I looked forward to a union between you and Mlle. Laroque. At first every thing succeeded as well as I could wish. Your two hearts, which, in my opinion, are worthy of each other, could not meet without understanding each other ; but that strange event, on the romantic theatre of Elven Tower, completely disconcerts me, I confess. What the deuce ! my friend, to jump down from the window, at the risk of breaking your neck, was quite sufficient proof, allow me to tell you, of your disinterestedness ; it was very superfluous to add to that honorable and delicate proceeding a solemn oath never to marry the poor child, unless under conditions that are absolutely impossible to expect. I boast myself to be a man of resources, but I acknowledge

myself entirely incapable of giving you two hundred thousand francs a year, or of taking them away from Mlle. Laroque !'

'Well, Sir, advise me. I have more confidence in you than in myself, for I feel that my reduced circumstances, always liable to breed a suspicious temper, may have irritated to an excess the sensitiveness of my honor. Speak. Do you authorize me to forget the indiscreet but still solemn oath, which is now all, I believe, that separates me from the happiness you dreamed of for your adopted son ?'

M. Laubépin rose ; his thick eyebrows contracted over his eyes, he paced the room with long strides for several minutes ; then, stopping before me and grasping my hand strongly, he said : 'Young man, it is true I love you as my own child ; but should your heart break, and mine after it, I will not tamper with my principles. It is better to go too far than to stop short in honor ; and of oaths, all that are not exacted at the point of the knife, or at the muzzle of a pistol, ought either not to be taken, or ought to be observed. That is my opinion.'

'And mine too. I will go with you to-morrow.'

'No, Maxime, stay here some time longer. I do not believe in miracles, but I believe in God, who seldom lets us perish by our virtues. Let us give PROVIDENCE some delay. I know that I am asking you for a great effort of courage, but I ask it formally of your friendship. If, in a month, you do not hear from me, well, you can then go.'

He embraced me, and left me with tranquillity in my conscience, and desolation in my soul.

October 1841.

It is two days since I became well enough to leave my retirement, and visit the chateau. I had not had a chance of seeing Mlle. Marguërite since the moment we parted at Elven Tower. She was alone in the drawing-room when I entered ; on recognizing me she made an involuntary movement, as if to rise ; then she remained motionless, and her countenance was suddenly dyed a becoming purple. It was contagious, for I felt that I too blushed up to the eyes.

'How do you do, Sir ?' she said, giving me her hand ; and she uttered these simple words in a tone so gentle and humble — so tender, alas ! — that I could have wished to throw myself on my knees before her. But I was obliged to reply to her in a tone of cold politeness. She looked at me sorrowfully, then lowered her large eyes with a resigned air, and resumed her work.

Almost at that moment her mother sent for her to go to her grandfather, whose state was becoming very alarming. For several days he had been unable to speak or to move ; paralysis had got almost entire possession of him. The last gleams of mental activity were

extinct ; sensation and pain alone remained. They could not doubt that the old man's death was at hand, but life was too strongly entrenched in that energetic heart to leave it without obstinate struggling. The doctor had predicted that the conflict would be a long one. Still at the first appearance of danger, Mme. Laroque and her daughter had lavished their attentions and watchings, with the passionate self-denial and the unreserved devotedness which are the peculiar virtue and glory of their sex. In the evening of the day before yesterday, they had succumbed to weariness and feverishness, and Doctor Desmarests and I offered to take their places beside M. Laroque during the ensuing night. They consented to take a few hours' rest. The doctor, who was himself very weary, soon told me he was going to lie down on a bed in the room adjoining. 'I am no good here,' he said ; 'the thing is over. You see he does n't even suffer any longer, poor man ! it is a condition of stupor that is quite painless. Awakening from it will be death. So we can make ourselves easy. If you notice any change, call me ; but I don't think any change will take place before the morning. Meanwhile, I am fainting with sleepiness, absolutely !' He gave a loud yawn, and went out of the room. His language, in presence of the dying man, shocked me. He is an excellent man, nevertheless ; but to pay death the respect which is its due, we must not only see the senseless matter which it destroys, but we must believe in the undying principle which it sets free.

Left alone in the chamber of death, I took a seat near the foot of the bed, from which the curtains had been turned back, and tried to read by the light of a lamp which stood on a little table near me. The book fell from my hands. I could think of nothing but the strange combination of events which, after so many years, gave to this guilty old man the grandson of his victim as the witness and guardian of his last sleep. Then, amid the profound stillness of the time and place, in spite of myself, I thought of the scenes of tumult, and violence, and blood, of which this dying existence had been so full. I sought for the distant impression of them on the countenance of this suffering aged man, on the large features which stood forth in pale relief against the shade, like a plaster-mask. I saw there nothing save the seriousness and premature repose of the grave. At intervals I approached his pillow, to assure myself that the breath of life still dilated his weakened breast.

At length, toward the middle of the night, an irresistible drowsiness took possession of me, and I fell asleep, my forehead resting on my hand. I was suddenly awakened by a kind of mournful shivering. I raised my eyes, and felt a thrill dart through the marrow of my bones. The old man had half-risen on his bed, and fixed on me an

attentive and astonished gaze, in which shone an expression of life and intelligence unknown to me before that moment. When my eye met his, the spectre trembled; he stretched out his arms on each side of him, and said to me in a tone of entreaty, whose strange unfamiliar sound stopped the beating of my heart: 'Marquia, forgive me!'

I tried to rise, to speak, but in vain. I was petrified in my chair.

After a silence, during which the dying man's gaze, still riveted on mine, continued its entreaty, he went on: 'Marquia, deign to forgive me!'

At length I summoned up strength to advance toward him. As I drew near, he drew back as if in pain, and trying to avoid a touch of terror. I raised my hand, and gently lowering it before his eyes, which were dilated beyond measure and stupified with fear, I then said: 'Be at peace! I forgive you!'

I had scarcely uttered these words, when his withered face brightened with a flash of joy and youth. At the same moment two tears started from the dried-up sockets of his eyes. He stretched out his hand toward me; then the hand suddenly shut with violence, and clenched itself in the empty air with a threatening gesture; his eyes rolled within the open eyelids, as if a bullet had struck him in the heart. 'O the Englishmen!' he murmured; and immediately fell back on the pillow a lifeless mass. He was dead.

I called out in haste; some one came running in. He was soon surrounded with pious tears and prayers. As for me, I withdrew, my soul deeply troubled by this extraordinary scene, which must remain forever a secret between the dead man and me.

This sad event in the family at once burdened me with the cares and duties of which I stood in need, to justify, in my own sight, my prolonged stay in this house. I am unable to conceive for what motives M. Laubébin advised me to put off my departure. What can he hope from this delay? I fancy he has, in this matter, yielded to a kind of vague superstition and childish weakness, that ought never to have influenced a mind of that temper, and to which I have myself done wrong to submit.

How comes it that he did not see that he was assigning me additional useless suffering, and a position of no freedom or dignity? What am I doing here now? Is not now the time when I can justly be reproached with playing with the most sacred feelings? My first interview with Mlle. Marguérite sufficed to prove to me the full rigor of the test to which I had condemned myself; when M. Laroque's death happened, and restored for a short time some degree of naturalness to my intercourse, and a kind of propriety to my stay.

October 28th. — Rennes.

ALL is said! O God! how strong was that tie! how it encompassed my whole heart! how it has torn my heart to break it!

Yesterday evening, about nine o'clock, as I was leaning out at my open window, I was surprised to see a faint light approach my room through the dark paths in the park, and in a direction which people from the chateau were not in the habit of taking. A moment after, there was a knock at my door, and Mlle. de Porhoët came in, quite out of breath. 'Cousin,' she said, 'I want to talk to you.'

I looked her in the face. 'Some bad news?'

'No, not exactly that. However, you shall judge for yourself. Sit down. My dear child, you have passed two or three evenings of this week at the chateau: have you noticed nothing new, nothing strange, about the ladies there?'

'Nothing.'

'Have you not at least noticed in the expression of their faces a sort of unusual tranquillity?'

'Perhaps so. Apart from grief at their recent loss, they have seemed to me more calm, and even more happy than formerly.'

'Doubtless. Other peculiarities would have struck you, if you had lived, as I have, in daily intimacy with them the past fortnight. For instance, I have often detected signs of a secret understanding and some mysterious arrangement passing between them. Moreover, their habits have altered noticeably. Mme. Laroque has put away her brazier, her sentry-box, all her harmless Creole inanities; she rises at fabulous hours, and sits down at the work-table with Marguérite before day-break. They are both smitten with a passionate taste for embroidery, and are learning how much money a woman can earn a day in that kind of employment. In short, there was an enigma, of which I strove to find the key. The key has just been revealed to me, and, though perhaps intruding on your private affairs sooner than suits you, I have thought it right to give it you without delay.'

After the protestations of perfect secrecy which I eagerly made to her, Mlle. de Porhoët went on to say, in her own gentle, firm language: 'Mme. Aubry came this evening to see me by stealth; she began by throwing both her ugly arms round my neck, which displeased me very much; then, in the thick of a thousand selfish lamentations which I spare you, she entreated me to stop her relations, on the brink of ruin. This is what she has learned by listening at doors, as her graceful custom is; the ladies are at this moment asking for power to make over all their property to a religious society at Rennes, so as to destroy the inequality of fortune which still separates Marguérite and you. Not being able to make you rich, they are making themselves poor. I thought I could not leave you in ignorance, cousin,

of this revolution, which is equally worthy of their generous souls and their fantastic brains. You will excuse me for adding that it is your duty to put a stop to their design at any cost. What repentance is laying up for our friends, and with what frightful responsibility it threatens you, it is unnecessary to tell you; you understand it as well as I do, at a glance. If you could now, my friend, accept Marguerite's hand, that would settle every thing in the happiest way in the world; but you are tied down in this respect by an engagement, which, blind and rash as it was, is none the less binding on your honor. There remains, therefore, but one thing for you to do: to leave Brittany without delay, and resolutely to cut the ground from under the hopes which your presence here must inevitably result in fostering. When you are no longer here, it will be easy for me to bring those two children to reason again.'

'Well! I am ready; I will go away this very night.'

'That is right,' she said. 'In giving you this advice, my friend, I myself obey a very rigorous law of honor. You cheered the last moments of my loneliness; you restored to me the illusion of the sweetest attachments of this life, attachments lost to me for many years. In sending you away, I am offering up my last sacrifice: it is an immense one.' She rose, and looked at me for a moment, without speaking. 'At my age we do not embrace young men,' she resumed, smiling sadly, 'we bless them. Farewell, dear child, and thank you! May the good God help you!' I kissed her trembling hands, and she left me precipitately.

I hastily made preparations for my departure, and then wrote a few lines to Mme. Laroque. I entreated her to renounce a determination, the full scope of which she had not been able to estimate, and to which I was firmly resolved, on my part, not to become an accomplice. I gave her my word — and she knew that it could be relied on — that I would never accept happiness at the cost of her ruin. At the close of the letter, the better to divert her from her mad plan, I spoke vaguely of a near future, in which I pretended to discern chances of fortune.

At midnight, when all were asleep, I said farewell, a cruel farewell, to my retreat, to the old tower where I had suffered so deeply, where I had loved so deeply! and stole into the chateau by a secret door, of which a key had been given me. I stealthily crossed, like a criminal, the empty and sounding galleries, finding my way as well as I could in the darkness, and at last reached the drawing-room where I had seen her for the first time. She and her mother had left it scarcely an hour ago; their recent presence was still betrayed by a sweet, warm perfume, with which I was suddenly intoxicated. I sought and touched the basket, in which her hand had, a few mo-

ments previously, replaced her newly-begun embroidery. Alas! my poor heart! I fell on my knees before the place which she usually occupies; and there, my forehead throbbing against the marble, I wept and sobbed like a child. O God! how I loved her!

I took advantage of the last hours of the night to be driven secretly into the small neighboring town, where I this morning took the coach for Rennes. To-morrow evening I shall be in Paris. Poverty, loneliness, and despair; you whom I left there, I come to find you again! Last dream of youth — dream of heaven, farewell!

Paris.

NEXT day, in the morning, as I was about to go to the railway, a post-chaise drove into the court-yard of the hotel, and I saw old Alain get down out of it. His countenance brightened when he saw me. 'Ah! Sir! what good fortune, you are not gone away yet! Here is a letter for you!' I recognized Laubépin's hand-writing. He told me in two lines that Mlle. de Porhoët was seriously ill, and was asking for me. I only took time to change horses, and then threw myself into the chaise, after persuading Alain, not without difficulty, to take the seat opposite me. I then pressed him with questions. I made him repeat the news he had told me, which seemed to me incredible. Mlle. de Porhoët had received, the previous evening, from Laubépin's hands, a ministerial document, announcing that she was put into full and entire possession of the inheritance of her friends in Spain. 'And it seems,' Alain added, 'that she owes it to you, Sir, who discovered some old papers in the tower that nobody thought of, but which have proved the old lady's good rights. I don't know what truth there is in it; but if it is so, it's a pity, I said to myself, that such a respectable lady should have got such ideas into her head about a cathedral, and won't let them go; for you must know she holds to them more than ever, Sir. At first when she received the news, she fell flat on the floor, and they thought she was dead; but in an hour she began to talk without end or break about her cathedral, choir and nave, chapter and canons, north aisle and south aisle, so much, that they had to bring her an architect and some masons, and lay all the plans of her cursed building on her bed. At last, after three hours' talking about it, she dozed a little, then woke up and asked to see Monsieur — Monsieur le Marquis,' (here Alain shut his eyes and bowed,) 'and they sent me quickly after you, Sir. It seems she wishes to consult Monsieur about the aisle.'

This strange event threw me into profound astonishment. Still, by the help of my own recollections, and the confused particulars given me by Alain, I contrived to hit on an explanation which more positive

information was soon to confirm. As I have said, the case of the succession to the Spanish branch of the Porhoëts had gone through two phases. First, there was a long law-suit between Mlle. de Porhoët and a great house of Castile, which my aged friend had finally lost in the highest court; then a new suit had arisen, in which Mlle. de Porhoët was not even concerned, about the same succession, between the Spanish heirs and the Crown, which alleged that the property had devolved to it as an escheat. Meanwhile, still prosecuting my researches among the Porhoët archives, I had, about two months before my departure from the chateau, laid my hand on a curious document, of which I here give the literal text:

‘DON PHILIP, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, Aragon, the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Murcia, Jaën, the Algarves, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the Eastern and Western Indies, and islands and continents of the Ocean; Arch-Duke of Austria; Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, and Milan; Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, the Tyrol, and Barcelona; Lord of Biscay and Molina, etc.

‘To thee, Hervé Jean Jocelyn, Sieur de Porhoët-Gaël, Count Torres Nuevas, etc., who hast followed me into my realms and served with exemplary faithfulness, I promise by special favor, that, in case of thy direct and lawful descendants becoming extinct, the possessions of thy house shall revert, even to the detriment of the rights of my crown, to the direct and lawful descendants of the French branch of the Porhoët-Gaël family, as long as any shall exist.

‘And I make this engagement for myself and my successors, on my kingly faith and word.

‘Given at the Escorial, April, 16th, 1716.

Yo, R. R.

Side by side with this document, which was only a translated copy, I had found the original text, with the Spanish arms on it. The importance of the document had not escaped me; but I had been afraid of exaggerating it. I had great doubts as to whether the validity of a title, over which so many years and events had rolled, would be admitted by the Spanish Government: I even doubted whether it would have the power to do justice to it, in case it should have the will. I therefore decided to leave Mlle. de Porhoët in ignorance of a discovery of such apparently problematic effect; and I confined myself to dispatching the deed to Laubépin. Not receiving any answer, I had soon forgotten it in the midst of the personal anxieties which then overwhelmed me. However, contrary to my unjust suspicion, the Spanish Government did not hesitate about redeeming the promise of Philip V., and immediately that a final decree gave to the Crown the

immense inheritance of the Porhoëts, the Government nobly restored it to the lawful heir.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when I got out of the chaise, before the threshold of the humble cottage, which that almost royal fortune had so tardily entered. The little servant came to the door. She was weeping. I immediately heard M. Laubépin's deep voice, at the top of the stairs, saying: 'It is he!' I hastily ascended the stairs. The old man pressed my hand warmly, and ushered me, without a word, into Mlle. de Porhoët's room. The physician and the curé from the town sat silently in the shade of a window. Mme. Laroque was kneeling on a chair near the bed; her daughter, standing near the head of the bed, was supporting the pillows on which my poor friend's head rested. When the sick woman saw me, a slight smile passed over her greatly changed features; and she with difficulty disengaged one of her arms. I took her hand, I fell on my knees, and could not restrain my tears.

'My child!' she said, 'my dear child!' Then she looked steadily at M. Laubépin. The old notary took up a sheet of paper which was on the bed, and appearing to finish reading something that had been interrupted, said:

'For these reasons, I appoint, by this will, (the whole of which is written by my own hand,) universal legatee of all my property, as well in Spain as in France, without any reserve or conditions, Maxime-Jacques-Marie Odier, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, of noble heart and noble race. Such is my will.

'JOCELYNDE JEANNE,
'Comtesse de PORHOËT-GAEL.'

In my excessive surprise, I rose with a sort of abruptness, and was about to speak, when Mlle. de Porhoët, gently guiding my hand, placed it in Marguerite's. At the sudden touch, the dear girl trembled; she bowed her young forehead over the pillow of death, and murmured, blushing, some words in the dying woman's ear. As for me, I could find no words; I fell on my knees again, and prayed to God. Some minutes had passed amid solemn silence, when Marguerite withdrew her hand from mine suddenly, and made a sign of alarm. The doctor approached hastily, and I rose. Mlle. de Porhoët's head had sunk back suddenly; her looks were fixed, radiant, and turned toward heaven; her lips parted a little, as if she had been talking in a dream, she said: 'O God! God of mercy! I see it—yonder! Yes: the choir, the golden lamps, the windows—the sun every where! Two angels kneeling before the altar—in white robes—they wave their wings. O God! they are alive!' This cry died away on her mouth, and left it smiling: she closed her eyes, as if falling asleep, and suddenly an air

of undying youth spread over her countenance, which could no longer have been recognized.

Such a death, crowning such a life, carries with it lessons with which I wished my soul to be filled to its depths. I begged to be left alone in the room with the priest. That pious vigil, I trust, will not be lost upon me. As I looked on that countenance which wore the impress of glorious peace, and over which some reflection of the supernatural seemed dimly to stray, more than one forgotten or doubted truth came before me with irresistible evidence. My noble, holy friend, I well knew that you had possessed the virtue of sacrifice: I then saw that you had received its reward.

Toward two o'clock in the morning, giving way to weariness, I felt a wish to breathe the fresh air for a moment. I descended the staircase in the dark, and walked into the garden, avoiding going through the parlor on the ground-floor, where I had observed a light. The night was profoundly gloomy. As I approached the turret at the end of the little inclosure, a slight noise sounded under the hornbeams, and an indistinct form at the same moment emerged from among the leaves. I felt a sudden dizziness, my heart palpitated, the sky looked full of stars. 'Marguérite!' I said, stretching out my arms. I heard a little cry, then my name murmured in a whisper, then nothing—and I felt her lips on mine. I thought my soul was leaving me!

I have given Helen half my fortune: Marguérite is my wife. I close these pages forever. I have nothing to confide to them now. It may be said of men, as it has been said of nations: 'The happiest are those that have no history!'

DEPARTED.

THE love-sick winds went all day long
About the gardens, to-and-fro;
In vain they listened for her voice
In some sweet strain of long ago;
And where the cypress darkest gloomed,
And rose the cold, damp sepulchre,
They entered shuddering, and saw
Death sitting crowned, but not by her.

And heedless of their sympathy,
And blind to all the shows of spring,
Stretched on a hill-side sown with flowers,
They heard a weeping poet sing
Of one more lovely than his thought,
And one more worthy than his fate;
Of one forever, ever gone,
And one remaining desolate!

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS.

THAT law which is said to have been discovered by political science in regard to human government, that it develops from the most simple to the most complex forms, and from the most complex to the simplest again, in its first part at least, if not in its last, is true of poetry. A Milton could not have sung except after a Homer, and the civilization which made Milton possible, made another Homer impossible. Only when the world was young could such a minstrel as Homer sing; only when nations are young are their best ballads written.

Nations, like men, progress from childhood to old age, and ballads are the natural product of the earlier period, as epics and dramas are of a later. To say this is to authenticate the widest variance between the one and the other, to disclose the secret of the complex and elaborately artistic forms of modern poetry, and to hit upon the secret of the power and also the weakness of these simpler and earlier ones. Of these, in most instances, the origin, like the source of the Nile, is hidden in obscurity. We only know that, sung or recited at first by wandering minstrels, the stream of oral tradition has borne them along from distant periods to our own time. Of historical and border ballads we may certainly say that they were not written prior to the occurrence of the event which they commemorate; and here and there in border and other ballads, an allusion will serve to fix reasonably definite limits of time within which they must have been written. For the most part, however, the date of early ballads is as obscure as their authorship invariably is. The strong throb of a human heart-beat is felt along their lines, but no name appears of him who first sang the Hunting of the Cheviot, or read the riddles of Captain Wedderburn's remarkable courtship.

For example, the best known of all ballads, those which relate to Robin Hood, were common in their earliest forms more than five hundred years ago, but we can say no more than this either of their origin or authors. And in old dramas and other out-of-the-way corners of literature, we find fragments of still older ballads, here a refrain, there a bacchanalian catch or a few lines from a simple ditty, of which the original has long ceased to exist, pushed aside into forgetfulness by the tide of new and fresher ones which occupied the popular thought, just as in out-of-the-way places and secluded corners of the continent of Europe we find Basques and Finns, fragments of that earlier race which once covered the land from the Caspian to the Bay of Biscay, but were afterwards superseded by the successive waves

in the great tide of Aryan races which rolled down over Europe from the central plains of Asia many hundred years ago.

During the last century, principally, the great body of English and Scottish ballads has been transferred from the memories of quasi-minstrels, reciters, and old wives, and from the pages of rare and illegible manuscripts, to the safer keeping of the printed page. Not that the first half of the eighteenth century quite failed to perform this duty. But while the collections of D'Urfey, Ramsay, Dryden, Watson, and the London collection of 1723-25 preserved in their day many that might otherwise have fallen into oblivion, it is not to be forgotten that to Bishop Percy's faithful and tireless zeal, his profound learning and benevolent genius, and the impulse which his publication of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* gave to the study of this branch of our earliest national literature, we are principally indebted for the possession of such a various mass of ballads — ballads of chivalry, of fairies, and magic, and ghosts, tragic ballads, ballads of love, of outlaws and foresters, ballads historical, satirical, and even moral — as that from which these eight volumes have been compiled. What an impulse that was, may be read in the history of English literature. Four years later Herd published his collection of Ancient and Scottish songs, and eleven years after, Pinkerton his first collection. Then in 1783 the captious Ritson began his collections and publications, not ended till 1802, the Robin Hood ballads among them; and Carr and James Johnson gathered their musical museums before the century ended. Monk Lewis and Dalzell opened the new century, the nineteenth, with their handful, or perhaps it would be better to say, mouthful of song, but they were soon put out of sight by Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, and Evans' *Old Ballads*, to say nothing of Hogg, Laing, Sharpe, Maidment, mere elephants beside those megatheriums, but together doing pretty nearly all that was done in the way of pumping venerable sybils, mutilating or deciphering bad manuscripts, or scouring scarce editions, for the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Then set to work Allan Cunningham, George R. Kinlock, William Motherwell, and Robert Chambers, four industrious men, two of them good poets themselves, and knowing a good ballad when they saw it, and four of them altogether too respectable gentlemen to be mentioned in the same paragraph with a certain individual whom for private reasons we put into a tight little sentence by himself. Peter Buchan. The last quarter of a century also has been made memorable by the formation and the labors of the various societies, the Percy Society especially, (another mark of the Bishop's influence.) In the publications of the Percy Society are included the well-known collections of J. Payne Collier, Thomas Wright, J. O. Halliwell, and J. H. Dixon,

and when to these are added those of S. C. Hall, Whitelaw, John Matthew Gutch, Rembault, Graham, Chappell, and the Howitts, there have been mentioned all the editors whose books are of the first importance, though there are fifty others who have now and then added a bucketful to the general stream.

And now if the reader wants to have in eight nut-shells the concentrated excellence, and the selected ballads from all these collections which not one in fifty of us can manage to gather or find time to read, let him betake himself to Professor Child's collection whose title is given below.* It is the best in print. We fail to find the essay which on the publication of the first volume the editor promised those who should remain faithful purchasers till the last. Professor Child has shown himself competent for the task, and the special essays of Percy, Ritson, and Hallowell, Gutch, Chambers, and Scott, together with his own brief but admirable historical or critical introductions to these ballads, have not removed the necessity which we hope he will yet feel imposed upon him of gathering up into one general view all that is now known of the minstrels, and their minstrelsy, and of discussing at large their origin, history, and characteristics, and their value as indications of national peculiarity, with more than the scope and eloquence, and less than the prejudice, personal and national, of Motherwell's essay.

Its special excellences as a compilation are the comprehensive judgment shown in its selections. It contains all the authentic ancient ballads, the best of the more modern ones, and none of the imitations, not even Percy's, Scott's, Jamieson's, Leyden's, or Cunningham's; and to say this is to give it the highest praise. With a proper sentiment, the author has declined to imitate the example of some early editors who, more anxious to trick out these ancient memorials of the race in the fleeting fashions of their time, than to preserve

* *ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS.* Selected and edited by FRANCIS JAMES CHILD. 8 vols. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN & Co.

Prof. Child has classified his selections under nine heads. 1. Romances of Chivalry, and Legends of the popular Heroes of England. 2. Ballads of Fairies, Elves, Magic and Ghosts. 3. Tragic Love Ballads. 4. Other Tragic Ballads. 5. Love Ballads not Tragic. 6. The Robin Hood Ballads. 7. Border Ballads. 8. Historical and quasi-Historical Ballads. 9. Miscellaneous Ballads, including the Humorous, Satirical, Burlesque, Moral and Scriptural. To these a copious index is subjoined, by which any ballad can be easily found, under any of its forms or titles.

It would have been quite in place, did space permit, to mention here the prose legends, romances, and tales which the industry of the same period has discovered and put in print. These, as a whole, however, have not been kept as free from officious emendations as the ballads, while their prose form has rendered them always liable to, and subjects of various and often essential modifications. They are of the next to highest value, however, in all those respects for which the ballads are valuable, and are quite as interesting to the general reader.

their priceless integrity, both mixed up different versions of the same ballad and confused others which perhaps had nothing more in common than the original story, and in all cases were successful in removing the traces of that lusty vigor and homely simplicity which are their peculiar charm. Professor Child chooses the best version for the place of honor, leaving inferior versions to follow, or collating them in foot-notes, or gathering them into appendices.

The classification which would include all ancient ballads and the only successful modern ones, and which at the same time would exclude the greatest number of modern poems, is perhaps that which names the one objective and the latter subjective. How little we know of the minstrel or his moods. He, like his hearers, is entirely absorbed in the ballad which is ringing from his harp and lips. He does not open with an invocation to the nine muses, the three graces, or attendant choirs, but briefly, vigorously, dramatically strikes at once the action of the ballad, its time and place, or the character of the principal actor. There are no episodes, nor even those allusions with which the best of modern poets love to diversify their poems. If any allusions are introduced, they are of the briefest and most simple character, finished in a line. So, too, the old balladist will never be found tracking long metaphors through the labyrinths of his own consciousness. Indeed the reader shall search scores of them through and never find a single metaphor to reward his pains; and smiles are much more infrequent than in modern verse, besides being shorter and more vivid. The language, too, has a character of its own. Its words are of the simplest, often homely, sometimes coarse, but full of vigor and of the utmost simplicity. Unlike the fine subjective verse of Tennyson, these words do not 'half reveal and half conceal the soul within.' Such are used as reveal the whole thought, as picture the event described, even the wonders of elf-land, and the magic of north country superstitions, vividly on the brain of the hearer and reader. The enthusiasm and energy of the best of them is wonderful. They are rigid with strength like an athletic arm, and the catastrophe comes like a blow from his fist. Nothing is tolerated which delays the conclusion. The secondary plots of the modern epic, the episodes of the modern drama, the episodes of the modern epic, the discursive eloquence of the modern epic, cannot trace their origin here. The hero himself, even if he be King Arthur, cannot indulge himself in verbosity, nor, as is the principal function of the modern dramatic or poetic hero, riot in declamation. He is terse and taciturn, asks few questions, and those short and simple. He gets brief answers; and yet the knights are knights of courage. He is much truer to the quick, implying more in this characteristic of old ballads than the windy declamation of the obtruded and unnatural

moralizing action of the modern stage and story, all which has its apotheosis in the infinite absurdities of the Italian opera.

Reading these old ballads, we may see what the world lost while it was gaining 'the long result of time,' and accumulating its inheritance of a complex and highly-cultivated civilization. Here gleams the old truth which we have exchanged for the glitter of the conventional lie; here stands the majesty of naked fact which the prudish world has been affecting to hide from its wicked eyes with falsehood and frippery. Here naught is concealed; hate is hate, and it is honest and open. It does not work to its result with slow revenges, but first sends the hot word, follows it with the sudden blow, and there is an end of the matter. Love is love, and it is honest. Desertion does not follow the passion of the unrecorded bridal. The lover, like the hater, has but a single motive, and it is worked into action with equal directness. Each is as single-minded as a child. If two heroes quarrel, one or both dies. If lovers love and friends are kind, they marry and go amaying all their days. If the cruel parent will not suffer their marriage, they love none the less, and it is the last gift of love. What to the prudish might seem unchaste thoughts, come from their simple-heartedness and that unconsciousness of evil which is the badge of their innate purity. Burd Ellen says to Childe Waters:

'My girdle of gold that was too large,
Is now too short for mee;
And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side;
My gowne of greene it is too straight,
Before it was too wide.'

We are told without reserve why Mary Hamilton was made to put on robes of red,

'To sheen tho' Edinbruch town.'

And so it is always, the facts of life are not covered up out of sight, nor song and speech upon them made vulgar and immodest because rare and prohibited. They take their place beside other subjects of the minstrel's song, and are to him neither more nor less than any other. This simplicity, directness, and truthfulness of thought had its fit expression in a homely plainness of style. Romantic adventure, wild superstition, or bold emprise, are alike clothed in the simple language of an unlettered people.

Ballad-makers and ballad-singers sang to rude, brave men, whose hearts were wont to beat steadily and stoutly, and were not ashamed of tears. So it comes that the pathos of their songs which when they were sung went straight from heart to heart, to us also is infinitely tender and touching. The sorrow they sang was not of the sort that

could be comforted with six months of black, three of dark grays, and then to colors again. Their grief was remediless, and its voice of such a hopelessness of tone as befitted the utter desolation of a broken heart.

What gushes of tender sympathy follow the exquisite pathos of those lines in the 'Children in the Wood':

'AND when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.
Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died
As wanting due relief;
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.'

Who can gather the tears that have fallen over the tragic story of 'Helen fair and Helen chaste,' who fell

'On fair Kirconnell Lee,'

dying before her lover, and of her story who followed her lover in dying, of whom the ballad runs:

'SHE kissed his lips and combed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
Then wi' a crack her heart did brack,
Upon the braes o' Yarrow.'

Kingsley's 'Three Fishermen,' with all its elaborate and subtle effects of language and metre and words, has less than the tragic pathos of that stanza of Sir Patrick Spens:

'OH! lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir PATRICK SPENS
Come sailing to the strand.'

There is a justness of sentiment in these ballads regarding artificial and superficial distinctions which is worth recovering. The finest manhood always has the sympathy of the balladist. Distinctions of caste now and then appear, but not to a sufficient degree to make the man less than man or the prince more. The poet is careful to tell us of Robin Hood that he came of an earl's daughter, though as to the place of his birth,

'It was na in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower,
But it was in the gude green wood
Among the lily flower.'

But always the man of nature is superior to the man of circumstances. His manhood does more for him than his rank. Robin Hood loves best among his outlaws the men who have beaten him at broad-sword play or single-stick. After he had been pitched into the stream by Little John, and his hide had been tanned by Arthur Bland, he

‘Clothes them in garments of green most gay to be seen,’

and makes them foresters of merry Sherwood, and they were his most faithful followers.

One cannot help noticing, let us remark in passing, the peculiar unction with which those ballads were recited which related the discomfiture of bishop, friar, or priest. There is a deep historic stain in the coloring of the ballad of Robin Hood and the Bishop of Heresford. Perhaps it was not unusual for a bishop to indulge slyly in wine, beer, and ale, but no one will contend for the orthodoxy of the bishop’s fibs denying the presence of money in his portmanteau, or that it can be called an act of worship when he is made to dance in his boots, and to hold the dapple-gray’s tail in his hand while praying for Robin Hood. In the chivalric ballads, even Christianity is alluded to only in a geographical sense, and the DEITY rarely invoked for any other purpose than to ‘save us from the fowle fende.’

Returning to the thought with which we set out, these ballads seem, as they indeed are, the product of a race in its youth. Their faults and their lackings are like the failings of youth, and their virtues, if never insipid, are also never acrid. Thus instead of justice we have generosity, for virtue innocence, for principle impulse, for propriety unconscious purity, for critical skepticism unsuspicious credulity, for keen sagacity open-eyed wisdom; but on the other hand, for liberty we have license, instead of law we have the right of might, for the subjection of the good citizen we have the recklessness of the bold outlaw, for persistent bravery we have a happy audacity, and while there is a plenty of external enthusiasm there lacks the strength of an inward spirituality. The faults are those which lean to virtue’s side, for they are like the faults of childhood. The excellences are those of the heart and not of the head. But even here death unites what life divides:

‘THE tane was buried in MARY’s kirk,
The tither in MARY’s quire,
And out o’ the tane there grew a birk,
And out o’ the tither a brier.

‘And aye they grew and aye they drew,
Until they twa did meet,
And every ane that passed them bye
Said, ‘Thae’s been lovers sweet.’’

THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

'ARE there many such women in the world?' Helen asked sadly, 'and yet it seems so strange to discuss Claudia with you — you, a stranger until to-day!'

'Then do n't do it.'

'First answer my question.'

'I do not like to do so. Experience comes soon enough to all of us. I cannot decide — I am not wise enough to say — which is the better course in directing those as young as you. I am eight years your senior; should I brush the bloom of confidence from a trusting, youthful, innocent mind? instil suspicion where frankness is so charming? Ah! that seems cruel. Pray do n't ask me!'

'Why should I?' Helen said despondingly. 'I have a bitter and unusual experience.'

'Not so; if it will comfort you to know that such blows are given every day — that you have not been chosen for especial misery — listen to me. Callous as you see me now, I was the most credulous fool that ever received people and their protestations at their spoken value. I had very little discernment of character, a great deal of *étourderie*, a blind belief in what I wished to believe, and my impulses were kind. Like the law, which recognizes no guilt until it be proved, I imagined all the world friendly until they showed themselves the contrary. I had the liveliest and most elastic spirits, saw every thing *couleur de rose*, and meant to be a very happy woman. My heart was open to every body, and I do not recollect in all my early life an unkind word or speech made unprovoked by me. But, lest you should fancy that I am favoring you with my own apotheosis, see the reverse of the medal. My temper was quick and high; I was not patient under attack, and never failed to hit my hardest if I found myself touched. There was little of apostolic forbearance about me, but if I had hurt the innocent by mistake or misrepresentation, no trouble would stand in the way of offering reparation. I was scarcely as old as you, therefore it is a great while since, that I had for a growling, cynical old bachelor a very sincere liking, which seemed entirely reciprocal. I had known him from my very childhood; he had patted my head, talked nonsense to me, and as I gradually progressed from 'short dresses' to the dignity of maidenhood, and so on, till I stood his equal on the broad platform of 'a grown woman,' our relation — I never suffered even a temporary cloud. He became engaged —

He was engaged to a very young girl — more wonderful still. Did this turn his head? or was he naturally insolent, capricious, and insincere? I am sure I do not know, and to puzzle it out has never cost me an hour's thought. But it did *surprise* me, that when their engagement took place, and they made it their happy task to carry the news into every house, I alone heard from others of these 'joyful tidings,' without hint or word from them; for, although I was living on terms of perfect friendliness and intimacy with him, *her* case was stronger still. Positive obligations had been rendered by me to her and hers. I pass them lightly over; not even to point my story 'with a weightier moral' shall I dwell on those saddest scenes which made this lady eternally my debtor. They were married; married in the presence of thirty guests, not one of whom bore to *both* parties the intimate connection that I had for fifteen years, and yet, singled out as an exception, no invitation was sent to me. Still, this is not *the* blow. I said nothing, I did nothing, except that I took a malicious pleasure in returning the cards and cake, which were sent to me, as to all the rest of the town, accompanying them with a sublimely polite note to the effect that I hastened to rectify a mistake, as of course this 'civility' was not meant for me. It was a magnificent little note,' Mrs. St. Clair added, laughing mischievously.

'And what did they do? feel ashamed of themselves?'

'Ashamed! my dear child. They were indignant, aggrieved, insulted! and as they had a country-seat across the river, and I had none — as they had more money than I — the whole city joined with them, and thought me very outrageously rude and unkind; and yet there were twenty people at least who had heard this man speak impertinently of me. The very person who told me that I owed the slight to Monsieur and not to Madame; who acknowledged that it was intended; that 'he had a serpent's tongue, and hesitated at nothing when I was in question, and bade me beware of him,' adding, 'she is weak, but not wicked, and understands well her obligations to you,' left me to go and dine with the bridal party.'

'Never!' exclaimed Helen. 'Impossible!'

'Patience, patience, dear Miss Latimer. This speaker was no near friend of mine; she had never answered to the same name to which I had been born; we did not spring from the same stock; we had not passed through life hand in hand; we had not wept our sorrows together, nor felt our few joys in common; she was not dearer to me than every other human thing;' the tears started to Mrs. St. Clair's eyes. 'See how foolish I am! I wish to comfort you — I wish to show you a parallel case to your own, and bid you bear it as stoically as I, and just the recollection upsets me! I will hurry it over. There was a person who was all this to me that I have described. She is

dead now ; why recall it or her ? Suffice it, I looked to her for sympathy, and she told me I was absurd, exacting ; and because this 'happy couple' flattered her, and, to sharpen their intentions against me, singled her out for especial notice, she called them her 'friends,' and I lost mine. Yes, it was very sad — very, very sad ! 'Each heart knoweth its own bitterness.' At first I could not bow my head and drink my cup, remembering that trials come to all, and strength to those who seek it. But what trifles, in appearance, make or mar our lives ! This one action, performed by really insignificant creatures, destroyed illusion, belief, confidence. I saw no honesty nor sincerity upon earth. It left its print very long upon me, it is here still. I am not what I was — I never can be ; but time has softened the first impression. Then I was soured, full of suspicion, alone, *very bitter*. The glorious sun did not shine, it seemed to me, with the unbroken radiance of the past ; it glittered — it did not warm. I missed my earthly sunshine — the certainty that I was loved and cherished. I saw every thing giving place to 'convenience' — to 'worldly reasoning ;' and was it because my eyes were the eyes of a child, my understanding the understanding of a child, that these things seemed so new and strange to me ? I often wonder if every human being has a waking up like mine ?

'I have had,' said Helen gently.

'That is true. How selfishly I have wandered off ! I wished to comfort you, and I am talking vaguely on and recalling my own sorrows only, when I wished to show you that most of us have the same. It is very sad, but it is Life. Hard, grinding, bitter life. The mighty, the incessant struggle which goes on from sunrise until sunrise ; the constant, eager grasp and pressing forward to gain a little or a greater prize — money, or influence, or position ; something, in a word, which puts you above your neighbor. Women suffering through their affections, men through their purses. The sister who has held your hand locked in hers for years will coolly disengage it if she can rise a step by quitting your side ; the parent will disregard the claim of the child for personal aggrandizement or to save trouble ; the friend will bow you politely to a distance if society, or fortune, or *credit* will reward his treachery ; the lover will forsake his mistress, to whom he is bound by every sacred tie, by every solemn vow, if his love interferes with his ambition : and so the world goes, and we go with it ; and perhaps I, who now condemn it, will live to do likewise, and you, who weep for it, will cause tears to flow in your tears from younger and simpler eyes, when these *truths* have walled up and hardened your fresh sensibilities, and taught you the strong lesson of which you are now concerning the A B C. Selfishness is the great monster, the great Saturn which swallows up every generous new

the great idol we disclaim and worship. You won't believe it now; you will in time. There is a proverb which says: 'Live with your friend as if he may one day be your enemy; with your enemy as if he may one day be your friend.' For you — trusting, confiding, frank, as you are — remember the saying, and remember its foundation is, on both sides, the selfishness of *poor* human nature. Forgive me! I have delivered an oration. I have passed the bounds of conversational privilege. I have tired you.'

'No; but you have given a frightful picture, a dark picture. Has earth no aspect but this?'

'To my mind and my knowledge, none; but there is a heaven, and to gain it we must bear with this earth and its belongings, and practise that divine pardon by which we can alone reach it. I am not what is called a religious woman. Until I am, these things will fret me; and, despite my gay exterior, there is a fearful depth of gloom, a heavy weight of inner sadness, over which I have, after all, such a thin crust of callousness and gayety, that you must not tread incautiously upon it; it will break through. Let us talk of something else.'

So began the friendship of Bertha St. Clair and Helen Latimer.

'And it has lasted?' Olivia asked.

'It has lasted.'

'Then she disproves what she advanced.'

'Like the philosopher who contradicted himself, when he said that there was one thing that he knew, and that was that he knew nothing?'

'Yes. Either these well-turned periods were false to human nature, or she is too far above human nature to be human, by her own showing.'

'As you please. She would tell you that hers was but a selfish love, for Helen's society was only preferred by her to any one else's because it chanced to remain preferable; she never found an opportunity of bettering herself by sacrificing Nelly.'

'Well, go on. I am anxious about poor Helen; I see she is destined to be unhappy. She took the world too hard. She ought to have snapped her fingers in Claudia's face, cut Walter James very coolly and without noise, and I am very sure she should have dismissed Harry Trevor; for if Mrs. St. Clair wanted a model for her imaginative world-idol, Selfishness, he could have sat for it. Go on. What happened next?'

'You must accept my words again, unwritten, for the *ms.* needs another filling up. Let me recollect. The summer passed uneventfully, but not happily. There was coolness between Helen and her father; she resented, very undutifully, his views about Claudia and

about Harry; she missed Claudia's companionship, but she would not seek it, nor even accept it. Mrs. St. Clair was very kind, but she was not Claudia. Helen's mind was too undisciplined, too uncontrolled to be independent of outward things; she did not 'possess her soul' with that calmness which, if time and sorrow do not produce it, must leave the unfortunate victim miserable indeed. She clung to Harry Trevor's love — ah! me. Her natural regrets for the loss of her cousin angered him very soon. 'You should not feel any loss of any affection while we are both alive. My heart should be enough for you. If you loved me as you ought, you would not feel this thing so deeply,' he would say. Not that he showed any diminution of his old jealousies and exactions, in consideration of her evident want of spirits. On the contrary, having her entirely to himself, sharing no longer a divided empire, seeing that the confidence she had formerly reposed in Claudia, and now withdrawn, made him the sole director of this very weak and yet clever little girl, he only strengthened his chains, augmented the size and weight of the clasps, drew them tighter, tighter still, and, in a word, tyrannized over Helen with a lordly despotism, under which she sank each day. In fact, Nelly was born, I suppose, to be imposed upon and to be ruthlessly ruled — up to a certain point and period of her existence. She could be self-willed enough, insolent enough in her pretty coquetry, but she was a bully, no doubt of it, and if she felt a stronger hand grasping her own, her courage fled, and she was conquered.

'Mrs. Latimer, in every thing else the best of mothers, the most devoted and fond of mothers, never suffered Nelly to complain of Trevor — never would admit that he was hard upon the poor child, and never seemed to see, in fact, that he had assumed a husband's authority, exerted to its utmost limit, while he was yet unauthorized by her father to be even considered the betrothed lover of Miss Latimer.

'Helen did not guess the reason of her mother's deep-rooted predilections; she accepted, therefore, her admonitions to be patient and submissive to Harry's humors, thinking that 'mamma must know best,' particularly as this 'best,' in a measure, coincided with her own wishes; but her gay spirit imperceptibly lost forever, day by day, its early freshness. Like the butterfly's wing, held however lightly, you cannot hold a heart for your own pleasure between your fingers, and not brush the down from its delicate surface. Let it struggle or let it lie quiet, it is all the same, the mischief is done. You loose the trembling thing; it is gone — see it fluttering in the distance — now it stoops to that flower, and the full sunshine is upon it, and it is as brightly beautiful, apparently, as some minutes since; but you know, and it knows, that, however the rest of the world may admire it, it is no longer what it was. Its glorious coloring is irrevocably dimmed;

see your fingers — you can trace the dark line left by its presence, a drop of water will efface the mark on you — you, who did the mischief, but the poor butterfly will carry your impression till its day of life is ended ! And yet you were only amusing yourself, or perhaps, like Trevor, you were studying the nice intricacies of the butterfly's attractions, and testing their worth. Stop me, Olivia, when I grow diffuse. You are such a patient and charming listener — as good a one as Helen was to Bertha St. Clair.

'Yes, in those days, Bertha talked a great deal to Helen ; such quantities of good advice, such sterling moral sentences that giddy young woman gathered together for her still younger friend. She set her foot down very soon, and tried to bring Nelly's slipper in a line with hers, against the encroachments of Mr. Trevor. 'My dear,' she would say, 'ten husbands would not try to rule you as strictly and as phlegmatically as your adoring admirer. And the evil grows — it grows — I see it growing like the seeds that Elfrida — Serena ? or what was her name ? — took from the golden box and planted for the amusement of her little visitor from the outer world, who wandered into the 'Elves-land.' Cut it down — deftly and gently as you choose — but down it must come, or you will never have a glimpse of light, to shine through its branches, before long.'

'Harry discovered that Mrs. St. Clair disapproved of his mode of love-making, and he was very fierce in his wrath to Nelly, and very cool to the other lady ; but Bertha asked him to dine, wore such a charming dress, and was so very charming, that he forgot his indignation, and found himself watching the sparkling eyes and sarcastic scarlet lips of the lively lady. In fact, had he been encouraged, he would have renewed his old flirtation ; but Bertha was true to Helen, and not even vanity, which it must be confessed bore so extensive a part in her composition, could ever tempt her to give real pain to any one.'

'And he would have flirted, had he been able to do so, with Mrs. St. Clair, and yet you pretend to defend him ? My dearest Sylvia, what sort of creature do you call Mr. Trevor ?'

'A man, my child — nothing else — nothing better, nothing worse.'

'Do you take him as a type of man ?'

'Not precisely : circumstances act on women as well as men, and make them usually what they are. In fact, there is a theory that all human beings produce in those with whom they are thrown in contact, certain results ; that is, you yourself call out certain qualities, which but for your influence would not exist.'

'Then people are only chameleons who reflect, and have no positive coloring of their own ?'

'In a measure.'

‘I do n’t believe it. Such a theory is absurd and unfounded.’

‘Well, I am no reasoner, no philosopher, no metaphysician. I only firmly believe that without intending it, without knowing it, Helen Latimer always did, and always would, bring out people’s worst qualities. She was honest and truthful; loved honesty and truth, sought them, needed them, longed for them, and never found them, except in instances so rare and infrequent that the exception proved the rule. Take your choice, either the world is full of deception, hypocrisy, falsehood, or else my theory is true.’

‘She was in fault somehow; perhaps *she* was not honest and true. I have my doubts about her.’

‘Perhaps you are right,’ Mrs. Sutherland said, smiling. ‘She thought herself so, at any rate, and blundered about for a long time, without Diogenes’ lantern and without his incredulity. How many raps she got on her poor, bewildered, confiding head! She was always mistaking a brick wall for a cushion of down — a low, grovelling, unworthy prickly pear, for a superb cactus. I make no doubt she incessantly fell into the opposite extreme, and many a soft pillow on which she could have reposed her aching brow, was elaborately avoided as a wall in disguise. Do n’t laugh at her; she was the sufferer. But to resume, Helen lacked ‘pluck;’ and weakly yielding to Trevor’s encroachments, she fostered his tyrannical tendencies, till he learned to think her occasional complaints unreasonable and wearisome. True, he was ungenerous, but her blind confidence and alternate exactions and yielding showed him her weakness and made him what he was.’

‘To you, Olivia, who know nothing of lovers except what novels tell you, it is no wonder that you open your eyes and are surprised at this picture. When an engagement lasts but a little while, no doubt the happy *fiancé* gives himself up to being ruled, knowing that his day is coming, but no man like Trevor abdicates his power for two, three, four years; and besides, with true manly justice he made Nelly pay for the irritation he felt at their constrained position. Yes, he was a thorough man. To him belonged liberty, freedom of thought and action; he must be pitied and consoled with; soothed and comforted; take every relaxation within his grasp; come and go unquestioned; met with a smile; and for her, the reverse of all this; the only consolation and support tendered her, an assurance of his love, given between two reproaches.’

‘Stop, Sylvia, for Heaven’s sake. How shall I ever bring myself to marry if I believe all this?’

‘You are not Helen Latimer; you do n’t believe my theory; and besides, if you are in love, you will never perceive the truth of the treasons I utter, until —’

‘Until?’

‘Until that process I spoke of takes place, until the fairy coin turns into the dead leaf. And after all, perhaps it is neither your fault nor his, and the miracle has been wrought — like the one which cost poor Esmeralda her life — by the intervention of some foreign hand. Did you hear the clock? One. Not sleepy yet?’

‘Pray go on.’

‘Where was I? I warn you, there are no great events like milestones to mark our progress on Helen Latimer’s life-journey. She celebrated her twentieth birth-day in September, and Harry was very kind for a whole week. Claudia sent a birth-day gift. Claudia was the severest practitioner of certain forms of politeness. I am convinced that if she were doomed to eternal perdition, she would never fail, in torment, to wish Satan ‘good morning.’ Helen’s impulse was to return the present; but even her mother interposed, and there was a hollow truce, and the girls resumed an outward appearance of cordiality; and had it not been for Harry, who, you know, detested Claudia, I make no doubt Nell would have fallen into the old intimacy and been duped over and over, as usual.’

‘My dear, excuse the interruption; do n’t you consider Helen rather a simpleton?’

‘Did you ever doubt it? I thank you, in her absence, for the implied compliment of not finding it out sooner. The winter came; Nelly went to pass some weeks with Mrs. St. Clair — short, happy, fleeting weeks — again, in the spring, and now it is that I resume my *ms.*

‘Nell, dearest, let me look at you.’

Mrs. St. Clair turned her little guest toward the light.

‘Yes, you look well and happy, bright and sweet. I like that entirely white dress. You need but a finishing touch, a single sentimental rose for your corsage, and a bouquet.’

‘Do you think them absolutely necessary?’

Bertha nodded. ‘So much so, that my wishes and thoughts being peremptory and powerful, no sooner said than — here they are.’ And she laughingly brought forward her left hand, clasping a hitherto concealed bouquet and a ‘single sentimental rose.’

‘Somebody’s love to a dear little somebody, and which I found at somebody’s door.’

Helen smiled and thanked her. The flowers were beautiful indeed, and beautifully arranged. On her snowy bust she carefully fastened the pink rose and its crisp green leaves, thinking how much obliged she was to Harry for his kindness. No one could deny that if Nelly were exacting, she felt keenly the smallest attentions.

A final satisfactory glance at her mirror, and then the two friends

went down-stairs together. As may be conjectured, there was a party in preparation.

'A few people, and no particular fuss,' as Mrs. St. Clair called her 'evenings.' They were very pleasant—music, dancing to the piano, and a good supper formed the entertainment.

The guests soon arrived. Bertha flitted about with her usual vivacity, and Helen was in charming spirits. Her precious Harry was by her side, and she asked no more, although she gave smiles and attention to her whole troop of admirers; but presently she saw a frown on her idol's brow: what was it? It was not always easy to know the cause of Trevor's anger. To-night she could not guess it. Was he jealous? She drew near where he stood in solemn silence. 'Is any thing the matter?'

'Nothing. Do n't stay here; several people are observing you.'

Meekly she slid away. Claudia playfully caught her by the arm.

'My lord is out of temper,' she whispered; 'can't you kneel to him less publicly?'

Helen looked gravely at her, made no reply, and disengaged her arm.

'I am going to play a quadrille, Nelly, and I forgot till this moment to add the champagne to the 'Marmora loving cup,' said Mrs. St. Clair; 'will you, dear child, see about it for me? I do n't wish to have my newly-tried punch spoiled.'

'Certainly.'

'That's a duck! Every thing is in the dining-room, servants included. Make haste and get back.'

Nelly was glad to go; but on opening the dining-room door, there stood Mr. St. Clair, two other gentlemen, and Harry Trevor, drinking wine.

'Do n't let me hurry you,' Helen said; 'but I am sent here on business by our gracious Queen Bertha.'

'Are we in your way, Miss Nelly?' asked her host. 'A moment's patience and we are gone.'

'Will you give me the next waltz, Miss Latimer?' asked Robert Glenn, one of the gentlemen.

'I am not sure. I believe I am partly engaged.'

She glanced hesitatingly at Trevor. He made no sign, said nothing, and was scowling at the opposite wall.

'Well,' inquired Mr. Glenn, 'may I have the other half of the half forgotten promise?'

'The whole, I fancy,' said Helen, forcing a smile, 'for I can't remember who is my partner.'

'Thank you,' and she was left alone.

'What *has* happened?' she sadly thought, as the servant poured

the champagne into the foaming bowl, while she stirred the mixture in the manner required by Bertha and the recipe.

Alas! it had become a hard matter to find out what did produce these incessant sullen storms, and when discovered, the causes seemed so trivial, so impossible to avoid, for 'their name was legion.'

Her task ended, she returned to the gay party, just as the waltz began. Mr. Glenn claimed her at the door. He was very agreeable, and a very good dancer, but held his partner a little too firmly, perhaps. Nelly slightly moved aside from his clasp, but it was his style, and he meant no familiarity, and was thinking much more of the grace of his step, and getting cleverly away from reckless couples, than of the pretty little figure that rested in the curve of his arm.

He was just from Paris, had plenty to say, liked to talk, liked to have such blue eyes to listen to him, such bright lips to answer him; so they sat down, and Nelly was amused and interested. She was already engaged to go to supper with Harry. Punctually he appeared, but so glum, so sulky, that Robert Glenn decidedly set down his ancient class-mate as 'a bear,' and could not understand how that 'nice creature,' Helen Latimer, could prefer such company to his, for the discussion of her *faisan truffé* and *biscuit glacé*.

'Have I offended you, Harry?' she timidly asked.

'Have I complained?' he answered.

She was silenced — only for a moment. The gay flatteries of her recent companion and his lively stories, had put her in a mood too pleasant to be soon upset.

She talked cheerfully and affectionately to her lover, and tried to win a smile from his handsome mouth. In vain. He was polite as a prince, so far as serving her went, but threatening as a yet unexploded thunder-cloud.

'My flowers are so beautiful, Harry, especially this rose; see how fresh it has kept. Although I have worn it all evening, its petals have not drooped. Such a perfect rose! No blight upon it. Fair to the eye, sweet to the senses — will our love be like this rose, Harry — unfading, undying, wear it as we will?'

As she spoke, looking at him, her little soft hand gently caressed the exquisite flower, lightly passing over its shining surface — ah! what fatality! At her touch, slight as it was, the dewy leaves suddenly fell as if by magic, so suddenly, that she started — as they showered over her white fingers — and glanced down at the mischief she had unconsciously done.

There was but the bare calyx and a worm coiled upon it!

Disgust and superstitious terror made her shudder and scream out. The whole room was attracted. Pale and trembling, she cried: 'Oh! take it away! take it away! For Heaven's sake, take it away!'

Trevor looked disdainfully at her distress, but as Mr. Glenn darted forward and was about to remove the obnoxious object, by unfastening the brooch that held the rose-stem, he quietly put him aside, and without a word, picked off the worm, crossed the room and flung it in the grate, and his glove with it, and then returned to his agitated partner.

Helen was blushing and very nearly weeping. Mrs. St. Clair was urging her to drink some wine, and every one was discussing the little incident.

'I am very foolish, I acknowledge,' Helen said deprecatingly, 'and I really must beg pardon for this scene; but I have always had an overwhelming fear of crawling things, and to think that I had had this one all evening so near me, added to my natural horror and loathing. I could not help screaming out.'

'Perfectly natural,' said several voices.

'I should have been quite disillusioned had you acted differently,' whispered Robert Glenn. 'None but a strong-minded woman could have stood it unmoved. I shall recommend the subject as a study to my artist-friend, Erling. A beautiful woman in an attitude of mingled terror, distress, disappointment, and disgust; one lovely hand partly extended to pluck away the now hateful rose, the other put back, as if to keep herself away. A leaf or two lying upon the whiteness of the *'main divine,'* like rosy specks upon snow. Exquisite! exquisite scope for so much expression in figure and face. I could sketch it now myself;' and Mr. Glenn drew imaginary lines in the air with his artistic fore-finger.

Helen laughed, and Mrs. St. Clair joined in.

'At any rate, remove the stalk, Nelly. I would not keep it in so honored a position when it has lost its charm. Do n't hold to the shadow when the substance has gone.'

Nelly looked at her friend earnestly. Was there meaning in what she said? Had Bertha heard her compare Trevor's love and hers to this fair-seeming blossom, with death at its core?

The company was moving back to the drawing-room — Claudia passed.

'Who sent you that fatal rose with a worm in the bud,' Nell?' she asked. 'Mistrust the hand that gave it. Treachery! treachery!'

'Have you had enough of this?' Trevor inquired. 'I have.'

'I am ready,' said Helen simply. 'Do you mean to dance with me, Harry?'

'I am much obliged; the evening has already been sufficiently agreeable. I shall not prolong it; beside, when I wish to dance, I prefer asking you myself. Good evening.'

He bowed profoundly, stalked up to Mrs. St. Clair, favored her with the same ceremony, and left the room.

Poor Helen! I do n't think her slumbers were refreshing or deep that night; she scarcely closed her eyes until day-light, and yet did not regret losing her morning's nap, when her maid awakened her about ten o'clock, with the information that Mr. Trevor was in the drawing-room, and begged to know if he could see her.

'Of course. As soon as I can get dressed. Beg him to wait. Carry him this book to read.'

She was fluttering with impatience, hurried through her toilet, and nevertheless, took care to be very neat, and to wear her prettiest morning-gown.

Bertha called to her as she passed the dining-room: 'Bring Mr. Trevor to breakfast with us.'

He heard it through the open door.

'Will you come?' Helen asked.

'You have not breakfasted?'

'No. But I do n't care for breakfast.'

'God forbid that my visits should starve you. I did not know that you were so late in your hours.'

'You never come till nearly twelve o'clock,' Helen suggested; 'I very often wait for you, do I not?'

'Probably.' And he led the way into the dining-room, smoothing his face into a bewitching smile as he entered the gay presence of his hostess.

The breakfast was eaten in great liveliness and apparent harmony.

They adjourned afterward to the drawing-room, and Mrs. St. Clair had too much tact to make a third, where the first two of a party are known to have a *penchant* for each other.

'Would that some people,' put in Olivia softly, 'had as much discretion. I have known individuals whom even hints would not move.'

'Perhaps they were a little obtuse, and the hints very slight.'

'Not so very; for instance, when Bob Mayfield would join Ralph Wilmot and myself last week at our cosy supper-table — you remember where we sat at the Milmans?' — Ralph said to me, 'Bob will never take a hint; I never saw such a fellow.' 'What did you hint?' I asked. 'Why, I said to him, 'Bob, my friend, I do n't wish you here — why the mischief do n't you go away?' and he never moved.' Now that can scarcely be called a slight suggestion. However, I am interrupting you. Pray go on.'

Helen almost wished Bertha to stay, she knew so well what would follow her departure. The frown settled again upon her companion's

brow; but, undismayed, Nelly exerted herself to chase it away. He asked her if she were going out.

'I had meant to do so, but of course so long as you stay, I shall be happier at home.'

'I must not interfere with your movements.'

'Nor do you. I only exchange a small pleasure for a much greater one.'

This admission, compliment, whatever it was, had not much effect, but by a strong effort, that only those who have so quick a temper as Helen's can appreciate, she retained her cheerfulness and talked pleasantly and agreeably. She would not be beaten down by the sullen looks and coming storm. Presently the tempest raged; she casually mentioned Mr. Glenn, and her lover 'rose in his wrath,' and rated her coquetry, her levity, her folly, in such unmeasured terms, that the tears burst from her eyes, and she ran from the room.

Two hours after, this letter was handed to her:

'I feel that I owe you an apology, Nelly, for my apparently unreasonable humor and ill-temper, especially when I see that you begin to recognize the claim I have upon your forbearance always, and the necessity for controlling your natural violence, so as to become the sweet, gentle woman I long to call my wife — with such virtues and traits of disposition as are essential to a true conception of the 'feminine.'

'Yet I do n't know what to say: I can't say I am sorry for what I am not, and I can't say I won't do again what I am sure I would do; yet I appear unreasonable to you, because you can't follow the intricacies of thought in my own mind.

'The fact is, I have been irritable, displeased, dissatisfied for a week; perhaps I have not been thoroughly pleased for a long time; perhaps my teeth are on edge, and not without cause; perhaps the slightest acidity or resistance touches the nerve, and produces irritability and pain; perhaps I am much to blame, and perhaps you are.

'Not to go further back than last evening, I went to Mrs. St. Clair's party. I was talking, with my back to the door, and heard some one enter, exclaiming, 'You wretches, etc.!' I turned in horror, taking it for your voice — I found that this high, domineering tone proceeded from your cousin Claudia. I recovered from my fright, and went on conversing; the same voice, I thought, was beside me; I moved to avoid the speaker — it was you! I actually could not distinguish the two voices. I was annoyed. Mr. St. Clair asked me to take a glass of wine; Robert Glenn and John Burke joined us; you entered the room where we were, and stood quietly facing this crowd. I became irritable. Glenn asked you for a waltz that I wished — you gave it to him; this did not please me. You returned to the drawing-room and danced in what might be called a 'luxurious

embrace.' I was very much displeased. Meanwhile, before this, when I first spoke to you, on entering the room, your attention was directed to Mrs. St. Clair's eyes, as if you were consulting her approval, or deprecating her feelings in some way. She thus, through you, controlled my conversation with you, and my pleasure concerning you, my movements and your own. I am sufficiently restrained as it is, by your father's wilful obstinacy; as regards every thing and every body else, you must be free. I will suffer nothing further to come between us. All this jarred upon me fearfully.

'We went to supper. I was silent — you asked if you had offended me. I told you that I had made no complaint. You kept your temper, but seemed very much pleased with the whole party — with yourself and scarcely less so with me. I had by this time a regular case of ill-humor. Fancy, therefore, what I felt when you chose to get up that preposterous scene about a little green worm, and called the whole company to admire the delicacy of your nerves, and Robert Glenn to —; but I will say nothing more on this most disgusting topic.

'Nevertheless, I went to call upon you this morning at ten o'clock; you make your appearance at three-quarters past ten, dawdle through your breakfast, and finish it by the hour, at which, had I not been there, you would have gone out. This did not make me any more amiable. Seeing me out of sorts, you fidgeted about the room, and finally came and stood silently by my chair, laying your hand upon my shoulder. I received this as an indication of gentleness and sympathy. I took your hand in mine and kissed it. Had you continued that manner, I would not now be writing this. It is true you asked me several times if any thing were the matter; it is true you preserved your temper and your equanimity, but you seemed perfectly happy when I was not; perfectly self-satisfied when I was not altogether pleased with you; perfectly contented, when I was all discontent. Here was no sympathy, no agreement; your calmness rather angered than soothed. It touched no chord in me: it rather jarred them all.

'Your efforts to keep your equanimity should not make you so self-complacent as to lose sight of *my* feelings — to show no sympathy for me. You felt none, or I should have felt it in turn, and we should both have been spared much disquiet.

'I have now told you my just causes for displeasure and annoyance; you must acknowledge their force and their disagreeable existence; but, in spite of all, I love you dearly enough to pass them over, and trust that I shall meet you at the Tevis' this evening with such an expression on your face, as will prove to me how entirely you subscribe to all I have said, and how truly you believe that I am now, as I always shall be,

Your devoted

'HARRY.'

'Heaven grant me patience!' cried Olivia. 'I have been breathless during this letter. O dear Sylvia! surely, surely she did not stand this! I could beat her, if she did.'

Mrs. Sutherland read on.

Mrs. St. Clair entered Helen's room as the latter sat with this precious epistle in her cold, trembling hand.

'May I see what has caused those tears, dear Nelly?'

Helen shook her head.

'*A quoi bon?*' she said, trying to smile. She folded up the letter carefully, replaced it in its envelope, walked to her desk, locked it up, and kissed Bertha, who warmly threw her arms about her and pressed her to her heart.

'It will soon be over now,' Nelly said. 'I see the end approaching; let me shut my eyes ever so! but do n't advise me, it is useless.'

Mrs. Sutherland paused. 'Another break in the ms.,' she said, and the tale is almost told now.'

'What next? Fill up the hiatus.'

'There is no need. The next scene speaks for itself.'

A cold December day. Two years have passed since that morning when Helen Latimer strolled beneath the wide-spreading branches of those venerable oaks, and playfully teased her wayward lover. She sits at the window of her own bed-room now, gazing out at the drizzling rain, the murky clouds, the wet leaves, the dreary, dreary prospect. Is it only two years? It might be five—it might be ten—day, by this light, in this gloom.

The bright blue eyes have forgotten, it seems, how to smile—there are dark shadows beneath the golden lashes; the cheeks are pale; the figure perceptibly thinner; but an air of mingled restlessness and weariness forms after all the most startling change. With a sigh, she rises from her chair, and moves about the apartment; opens a drawer, closes it, examines minutely each pretty trifle upon her dressing-table, and then fixes her eyes steadily upon her own image in the mirror. She evidently does not see herself; her thoughts are wandering vaguely and far away, even while she mechanically smooths her glossy hair and appears busy with this little act of feminine vanity.

A book lies before her: she takes it up; a passage strikes her; she reads it aloud: 'It was a crisis such as Life only holds once. She might take the cold comfort of that thought to her breast, embrace it, hold it fast, for it was all she had. And there is consolation, bitter and icy, but restful, in the feeling: 'This can never be again. The

wound is deep; the agony is fierce; but once suffered, it is past forever.'

'Yes,' murmured Helen, 'God be thanked, I know the worst. I can never suffer more than now. I can never again have this first consciousness.'

There was a knock at her door. 'Come in.'

Mrs. Latimer entered. Nelly put down the book, and came forward with a smile — such a forced, unsmiling smile.

'Helen!' Mrs. Latimer's voice was interrogatory and threatening.

'My dear mamma.'

'Helen, answer me. Is this true? Can this be true? Did you suspect — know it?'

'What, mamma?'

'Is it true that Henry Trevor is engaged to Claudia Leslie?'

'Yes.'

'When did you hear it?'

'Yesterday.'

'From whom?'

'From himself.'

'Did he write to you?'

'Yes.'

'Heaven help me!' cried Mrs. Latimer. 'You tell me this as calmly as if you were announcing a fact in which you have not the slightest interest. Pride at least might make you feel the position in which you stand. Are you utterly heartless, Helen? are you such a weak, senseless, frivolous flirt, that you are perfectly unmoved?'

'If you think me calm, mamma, it is the first gleam of comfort that I have had. If your eyes are deceived, I may hope to deceive the world.'

'You *are* calm; you are absolutely indifferent to the loss of one of the noblest hearts that ever beat — to the destruction of my dearest wish — to the consequences of your own folly and recklessness.'

Helen was silent.

'Tell me about this business. You have not given me your confidence. I have been blundering in the dark —'

'Excuse me, mamma, for reminding you, that when I wished to speak of him some two months since, you would not listen to what I said, but bade me be patient and all would be right.'

'Because you were only repeating to me some of Mrs. St. Clair's flighty ideas. She has no conception of what a woman owes of deference to her husband, and encouraged you to resist the authority of one whom I would have chosen for you from the whole world, and whom I looked upon already as my son. O Helen! Nelly, my own little Nelly, my own dear daughter, I could have closed my eyes in peace,

I would not have had another thing on earth to desire, if I could have called you Mrs. Harry Trevor! And that Claudia Leslie should be destined for his wife!’

‘Mamma! there is a mystery in this: may I ask it before I speak myself? Why is Harry Trevor so dear to you, that in thinking of him you forget me?’

‘Have you never guessed it? Harry’s father and I were sweet-hearts as children, betrothed when we grew up: a foolish quarrel between us terminated in his marrying suddenly, from pique. Why should I deny it? I have been a faithful and devoted wife, my life has been a cheerful, yes, a happy one; but a first love, Nelly, one may not even regret it, but it leaves its trace. I do not forget you, nor put your feelings aside on Harry’s account, but I am bitterly disappointed for you as well as for him. It has been my dream, my ambition, my hope, that Frederick Trevor’s son, and my only child, might be united. It has been the only romance of my life, and it is gone.’

‘We could not have been happy,’ Helen said, softly and with a sigh.

‘Because you thwarted him; he is generous and kind, but has a strong will. Every man should have. He has a noble heart.’

Helen said nothing.

THE INFANT'S BURIAL.

‘T was noon-day in a city’s street, and crowds were hurrying by,
With worldly cunning on their lip, and coldness in their eye.
Within their midst a little band of naval sailors came;
Their dress bespoke a foreign land, they bore DE JOINVILLE’S name.

With curious air they gazed around in light and joyous mood,
When suddenly they form a line — each man uncovered stood.
A stranger in a tattered garb, with trembling step and form,
Was bearing through that crowded street a coffin ’neath his arm.

The mother followed at his side, no covering on her head,
In sorrow going forth to seek a burial for their dead;
And no one in that heartless crowd had turned a pitying eye,
As in its little coffin-bed the pauper child passed by.

No one, save they the gallant brave who hushed their martial tread,
And stood in silent reverence before the unknown dead;
And until Death hath sealed the heart of thine unknown child,
The sailors of that ‘La Belle Poulx’ prayer.

FRENCH ALMANACS.

'*Touchez doucement le crayon,*' draw it mild. This, you may safely believe, sagacious reader, to be the exhortation blown as with a bellows into the blinking face of comic art in Paris, as the poor old thing squats on her circumscribed hearth-rug, before the smouldering fire of Philippon, obliterating with her crippled foot the contraband faces clandestinely traced by her finger on the ashes of departed Toney Johannot, and of Grandville of the metamorphosing wand. Satire, with his wings clipped, resembling, in his depressed mirth, a bantam whose croup has been improperly denuded of the gay feathers which once adorned it, crouches humbly beneath the cart from which the chanticleer of France, represented at present by the Imperial Shanghai, crows at stated intervals, with a punctuality which makes the quill feathers of the community below draggle in the mud with hysterical flutter. 'Tenez là, bantams,' doodle-doo he with exacting lungs, 'stick your spurs into each other as much as you like, but you must n't so much as peck at a fallen feather of mine, or of any of my friends. See how I hacked the rasps off the heels of that hook-billed old game-cock, Ponche, the other day, when he flew over the Channel to ruffle my tail-feathers. Take warning in time, cocklings; look sharp — but not in this direction, if you please.'

When Punch, faithful to his mission as a terrier to his master, conceives within him a whimsical fancy of some political turn or domestic freak originated in the royal household, straightway his unresting right hand perpetuates the fancy, and in the next week's issue of the *London Charivari* appears in appropriate costume, H. R. H. F. M. P. A. the P. C., if not quite as large as life, certainly a little fatter and balder than the living model, and doing or saying something which, if he did not actually do or say, is at worst but a witty perversion of some incident which *did* transpire within the royalties, or a suggestion for some act of grace which would come timeously from the roseate boudoirs of the illustrious couple. And still Punch flourishes; and though his baton be not so bright as of yore, when Thackeray put his polish on it once a week, and Doyle strung it with pearls, yet it flashes up in the sunshine now and then, when a great exigency calls for weapons, and comes down on the head of the delinquent with the ring of a whole knight in armor. This is of the Anglo-Saxon, wherever he squats, this 'free fight' license of sentiment and expression. Let us not brag of it, but cherish it carefully, as we would any other vital element of the life that is in us.

How long is it since the beagles of French satire have dared to open in full cry after any noble quarry? The books are old ones now

on the pages of which pen and pencil danced joyously their *pas de deux*, represented to-day by the hornpipe in fetters through which 'Cham,' and other shackled merry-andrews of the hour, shuffle on the ill-chalked floor of Figaro, and among the vintage-casks of the washy periodical *brochure* stuff, which may be all bottled off under the one label of *Ponche à la vin ordinaire*; poor tippie, O peruser! because the spirit which should have been the soul of it is corked up tight, and kept close down by pressure of imperial thumb. Merry was the wink of Satire, when Grandville, in his *Metamorphoses du Jour*, pitched boldly at courtly vice, illustrating, 'without permission,' a passage of regal scandal, in which a prince of the blood royal, the Duke of Orleans of that day, figuring as the variety of owl called by French ornithologists *le grand Duc*, is represented as receiving from the hands of her obsequious parent a tempting young turkey-pot in elegant attire; sumptuous feast for royal horned owl! veritable 'dish for a king!' And merry were the days in that Paris which is France, capital of that empire which is 'peace,' when, boldly sketched with a lump of chalk on every smooth wall and gate in the city, Philippon's famous pear puzzled for awhile the connoisseurs of wall-art, until, as they gazed, old Louis Philippe, the citizen king, dawned upon them from the double-chinned fruit, with its pyriform top-knot, and accidental sun-crack features. 'Sure such a pear was never seen;' and ever after it stood for the type of that stout old ruler now gone to his rest; Punch even, preserving the pear while he took all manner of liberty with the features; and where is the man who will spread his right hand upon the left division of his waistcoat, and say he thinks a pear will keep the worse for being preserved in Punch?

But now to think of the splendid subjects for satiric art going a begging in that country of which 'the empire it is the peace!' begging for some body to come and make use of them, for fun's sake; running about with knives and forks in their little backs, and apples in their little mouths, like the tender sucking-pigs commemorated in the nursery legend, crying, 'Come eat me, come eat me!' and nobody dare do it. Fancy Gavarni taking stealthily a pencil-shot at Napoleon III. from behind a gnarled oak in the Bois de Boulogne, while that famous carver of grotesque faces, whose name we cannot at this moment recall, sits astride of one of the branches, converting the twisted knots of the king of the forest into maliciously contrived masks of the Emperor of the French! Or think of 'Cham,' known, we believe, in admiring private circles as 'ce cher De Noe,' illustrating for the political cartoon page of the *Charivari*, that funny incident not long ago related of the baby prince, infant King of Algiers, and now several months old, who, when approached familiarly by the palatial grounds by some ladies of rank who have the *entrée* there, and who,

of course, make great ado about pampering with their honeyed kisses a king, no matter how few weeks old he is, threw himself into a carefully acquired attitude of royal disdain, and held out with hauteur his tiny hand for them to salute! And the fine historical subject offered when Montalembert hurled back his conditional pardon at the imperial mustache! to the wax on which it might have delighted Gustave Doré to represent it sticking, in his bold manner of black and white. These men all see the fun of it; the butt is before them, temptingly elevated for a shot; but their quivers are soldered up with the imperial seal, and did they dare let fly a stolen arrow, their future field might be pointed out to them on the map of that Tom Tiddler's land from which Victor Hugo now and then exports the bottled-up promptings of his bursting spirit; unless, indeed, their favoring breezes blew their bark to these shores, where they might pass the remainder of their lives in singing the 'Marseillaise' with the band of foreign patriots who periodically celebrate the revolution of 1848 in the small-beer institutions of the Bowery.

But there is a short-hand of art, by which a meaning sketch can be made decipherable to none save the designer; and in Paris there must be many a pocket sketch-book and port-folio teeming with hidden allusions to passing events, so cunningly disguised of course, that not even that prince of detectives, the Emperor himself, could discern in them any thing beyond the figure-studies which artists jot down as memoranda for future extension. And yet, three scratches of a pencil in skilled hands, could inspire imperial lineaments into that oval O, which, 'sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing,' except a suggestive wrinkle or two, stands upon the shoulders of a half-indicated figure, the demonstrative action of whose hands leads us to suppose that he is saying something which the artist alone hears. In the published sketches of the humorous designers, there is plenty of amusement to be had in interpreting possible meanings from the ostensible drift of the conception. The artist may have had such mental reservations and epigraphs or otherwise, but in illustration of our fancy, we will take, at random, a few from the bunch of comic almanacs annually issued by the illustrated press of Paris.

Examine the *Almanach pour Rire*, the very cover of which betrays a suggestion of the crippled condition of journalism in France. A sort of hybrid creation of gigantic proportions, half-Punch, half-Gulliver, is elevated on stilts over a tumultuous mob—a long perspective of Lilliputian men, which a Frenchman might describe as a *foule* with a *queue* to it. One of the stilts is a porte-crayon, with the fine printed crayon in it as a foot-piece, a conceit, whether intentional or otherwise, quite suggestive of a probable smash and break-down. The other leg is a good old-fashioned goose-quill pen, the nib of which crackles man-

ifently on the ground, beneath the weight of the walker, conveying unmistakable premonitions of an imminent split. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the being on stilts wears the quiet smile of a man who is biding his time. He calmly surveys through a telescope the crowd of runners below, who can hardly keep up with him, crippled though he is, and he slings defiantly at his back an immense port-folio, the contents of which we should like much to have an opportunity of examining, for it bears the name of 'Cham.' We trust that the Emperor of the French, who, of course, reads the *KNICKERBOCKER* regularly, will skip our solution of this wicked device on the cover of the 'Calendar for Fun,' as a friend of ours translates it; for we should be shocked to hear that the genial artist whose *nom de crayon* appears upon it, had been lost to laughing Paris in consequence of our too liberal interpretation of his satire.

Is it from a well-sustained conviction of its being acceptable in high quarters, that writer and artist in the same facetious annual dash much scalding ridicule upon 'perfidious Albion?' Here we have, under the head of 'Un Type Anglais,' an original and singularly withering lampoon upon the whole English nation, typified by a fictitious character who rejoices in the remarkably characteristic English name of 'James Robertson.' This dreadful personage is no longer in a position to worry. He is assumed as having recently retired from this world by way of Manchester, of which great cotton-twisting community he is chronicled as having been one of the wealthiest. His portrait conveys the idea of a monster whose mission on earth was the consumption of much under-done 'rosbif,' the ramparts of teeth displayed by him with solemn grin, being conclusive of the carnivorous beast. His whiskers are the medium of a clever conceit, being, as it seems to us, of seaweed, a material suggestive of the great marine sway of Britain, and of putting salt on the muzzle of the lion, ere proceeding to 'beard him in his den.' The head of 'Robertson' is a success; the shirt-collar out of which it grows, a failure. It is a turn-downer, like those of the 'custom' or customary shirts patronized by one division of the swells of New-York, instead of that stiff, circular neck-band of dog-collar cut, in which the exquisite of the uppermost layer prefers to indulge Broadway with a glimpse of himself. In such a choke-band, which is the pillory to which fashion at present condemns its English convicts and their American accomplices, should 'Robertson' have been represented as strangling for his many crimes. The most terrible story told of him is about his treatment of a nice servant-girl of his, called Betsey. This simple-hearted young woman, who, of the eighteen domestics composing his establishment, was the greatest favorite with her master, was intrusted with the confidential duty of dusting out his study, into which she had the privilege of passing and

repassing at all times, one injunction only being laid upon her, which was, never to leave the door open behind her, whether coming or going. On this subject 'Robertson' was inflexible. One day Betsey came to him, confessed that her sister was going to be married, and asked leave to attend the wedding. Affably did beef-tearing 'Robertson' accord her the privilege, his bounty, indeed, exceeding her fondest hopes, by the offer of a gig, a horse, and a groom, to carry her to the abode of the couple about to be admitted into transient blessedness, whose dwelling lay at a short distance from the city. Betsey's joy at this unbounded generosity overcame her; she hopped into the gig like a bird, and was driven rapidly away by that skilful 'jockie,' John Thomas, the groom. But alas! in her joyful flutter she lost sight of the golden rule of that house, one of the doors of which — it was the study-door — she left yawning behind her at an angle of forty-five degrees with the wall. 'Robertson' did not shut it. He calmly sat down opposite the fire, which he had nearly grinned out with his long, sarcophagus teeth, ere he arose and took measures. 'Then,' says his French biographer, 'then was Robertson sublime.'

'To horse!' shouted he to his retainers, 'to horse! fully now has Betsey ridden a mile; saddle and bridle and spur! follow on her track and bring her hither without delay!'

In about two hours — slow time, that, Monsieur, for a mile and back — poor Betsey was led, pale and trembling, into the presence of the bull-devouring 'Robertson,' who glared at her for a moment with a blighting scowl, and then said coldly:

'Shut the study-door!'

With these chilling words of an inexorable Englishman the story ends. Does our memory palter with us, or have we heard this narration before, in another guise? Was it not of Arbuthnot the story was told, of how he was set upon in his carriage by foot-pads, in the dark of the night, on a lonely heath; how they took from him his time-piece, and his trinkets, and his cash, his laced coat, and every thing except his small-clothes; and how, when they had got some distance away with their booty, he hailed them back with all the dignity he could muster under the circumstances, and, in an imperative tone, commanded them to 'shut the carriage-door,' a mandate which they promptly obeyed? We are almost certain that Mr. Lovy, who puts his sign-manual to the legend of 'Robertson,' gleaned that humorous episode of it among English stubble. And what if he did? it would only be *en revanche* for the straws twitched by Sheridan from the stacks of Molière, and for the wholesale deportation of sheaves by all the English play-wrights, from the fields of Eugene Scribe, and other farmers in the fertile valleys of French dramatic literature.

Here, too, at page 21, we have a version of the old-established

English 'milord,' who sold his wife in the market-place. This one is a dissipated young nobleman, who 'ate up' his means by too constant a devotion to *le sport*, by frequent transactions connected with *le steeple chase*, and desperate wagers upon *le turf*, until he was at length driven to sacrifice his much better half to his necessity for a horse. His teeth, like those of 'Robertson,' are of unusual size and sharpness, giving him a very carnivorous expression as he grins his young wife before him to the fair, with unmitigated ferocity.

Manchester appears to be a favorite resort of the French humorist in pursuit of English *gibier*. It is to a mechanic of that city, according to M. Lavy, that the world owes the invention of a 'reasoning-machine.' One of these curiosities, he tells us, was to have been seen at the great industrial fairs at London and Paris, where it was exhibited between a machine for paring turnips and one for getting on tight boots without bursting your waistband. It was at the office of the *Morning Post* that this invention was most satisfactorily tested, the editor of that journal casting into the hopper of the machine the word *philosophy*, and drawing, in return, from the slide, the equivalent *fiddle-dee-dee*. There is a picture of the machine, which is something between a winnower and a barrel-organ. The editor of the *Morning Post*, who is casting his motto into it, is apparently a brother of 'Robertson,' and a first cousin, or some very near relation, of the nobleman who sold his wife: at least, he is endowed with the same physical peculiarities as those remarkable individuals; the long platter feet, and, above all, the prehensile teeth, the drawing of which latter feature (no pun, 'pon honor) seems to be quite conventional now among French delineators of English physiognomy. Certainly the teeth had need to be large and strong, to give them a chance of resisting the heavy things thrown at them; though we hardly think this is 'Cham's motive for so developing them.

In the *Almanach du Figaro*, which has a tolerable circulation, there are one or two subdued hits at the existing state of censorship. Figaro, for instance, appears in the character of landlord — '*Restaurateur de l'esprit Français*,' according to his sign-board — to whom appeal a jovial character at table, behind a flask of wine, saying:

'Well, good Figaro, what now? how fares it with this poor French wit of ours?'

'Ah! monsieur,' replies Figaro, leaning pensively on the table, 'badly enough — it has been so long upon spare diet!'

And so it has. It reminds us, does that ghost of *l'esprit Français*, of the meagre foreigners one sees now and then gazing wistfully in at the window of a dining-saloon, with *n'y touches pas* written in wrinkles on their melancholy faces, as they gloat over the boned turkeys displayed upon the broad shelf within.

Again, in the *Almanach Comique*, profusely illustrated with rough but spirited sketches by Cham and Maurisset, strict analysis will not fail of discovering covert allusion to the queer state of international affairs in Europe. At page 167 of this brimstone little production, we have presented to us 'a terrible tragedy acted in the firmament,' in which the sun is represented kicking the moon down-stairs to our globe; a very ungallant proceeding, considering the respective sexes of the parties, and one which we are quite desolate at finding a Frenchman capable of conceiving. The ostensible point of this composition would appear, to outsiders, to aim at some astronomical prediction; but four touches of a pencil, judiciously dotted on, debase the great luminary into such a laughable likeness of the Third Napoleon, that a clue is at once obtained as to the kicker who is going to cause such a 'fermentation among the stars.' But who is represented by the moon—the falling luminary going down into space like a shooting star? Is it Bomba, or is it Britannia, or is it the Austrian ambassador, and are we to understand Italy by the boot with which he is kicked? To the sagacious reader we leave the choice of any of these suggestions, which may be multiplied in proportion to the number of European powers; it being beyond clairvoyance to discern at which of them L. N. intends first to have a kick.

In closing our remarks upon these artful productions, we must record the great mortification experienced by us at finding America ignored by them, unless, indeed, we except a few allusions to the puissant Rarey, whom we must be satisfied to accept as the representative of our subjugative powers. In one conceit he is credited with having transformed the horse altogether, converting him into a long-tailed lamb, on one of which animals a monsieur, who can no longer be designated as a *chevalier*, is represented as airing himself. St. Hilaire might have come in better as the wizard who transmuted horse to lamb, he having been the first to treat his *convives* to foal chops, which the tastiest of them did not know from young mutton. A hint for Rarey is contained in another little fugitive sketch, in which a 'sportsman' prevents a horse from taking the bit between his teeth, by putting the bridle on his tail. And with this valuable recipe on our mind, we take our leave of French Almanacs for the present year, regretting, although the reader may not, that we have only three varieties of them in our possession.

Men, dying, make their wills,
 But wives escape a work so sad;
 Why should they *make* what all their lives
 The gentle dames have *had*!

T O B A C C O N A L I A . *

'It is the great and pulssant god of Tobacco.'—*Old Play*.

It is claimed that no man can understand the nineteenth century unless he be either a smoker or a snuff-taker—that no one can sympathize with the essential ideas and instincts of our time, unless he be experienced in the important psychological and sentimental modifications that result from the use of tobacco. The claim looks plausible when we consider how much tobacco is actually consumed throughout the world, in connection with the fact that tobacco is by no means a powerless and insipid plant. It has great qualities; it can master the physical system, it can exalt the mind through every grade of being from its ordinary exercise up to wild sublimities of feeling and fancy, ending in nothing less than a perfect Buddhistic annihilation or absorption into the infinite, it can solace a world of troubles and interpolate passages of composure, comfort, and wisdom in the weary book of life's cares and vexations, it can so delicately nurse the exhausted and confounded intellect that a popular novelist has even accounted it a blessing that rivals the best of earthly blessings, and has ventured to weigh in a balance the comparative advantages of a segar and a wife. The custom of the American savage has been adopted not merely throughout Christendom, but by almost universal pagandom. It flourishes in every quarter of the globe, under every religion and government, in every rank of society, and only the remotest barbarians are now ignorant of a plant which, little more than three centuries ago, was known only to the remotest barbarians. The English use less tobacco, in proportion to their number, than several other nations, and yet the present revenue from the import of it into England is greater than that which Queen Elizabeth received from the entire customs of the country. In 1853 nearly twenty-five millions of pounds of tobacco were consumed in Great Britain, an average of more than one pound to every inhabitant. The amount expended for it by the consumers was more than eight million pounds sterling; and the revenue to the government was about five million pounds sterling. The annual consumption throughout the world is estimated at nearly two millions of tons, an amount for the conveyance of which nearly half of the whole British tonnage would be required.

* TOBACCO: its History and Associations. By F. W. FAIRBORN, F.R.S. London: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 1859.

An agent so powerful and so freely used can hardly be without its effect. In connection with coffee and tea, which are both late innovations, tobacco may be fancied to lie at the root of modern civilization, and to constitute the most real and vital difference between the ancients and moderns. There may be an invisible but organic relation between modern thought and smoke, between modern movements and sternutation. Mr. Buckle, in his researches for the law of civilization, may at length come to the tobacco-plant as the *primum philosophicum*. It may perhaps be true that our legitimate future progress will be in the development of those mental germs which bud under nicotian influences, and that some future Descartes will reconstruct the reigning philosophies on some such axiom as: 'I smoke; argal, I have ideas.' A club of young men is said to exist in Paris for the purpose of imbibing in union the inspiration of tobacco and opium, and writing out their visions. Every benevolent person will at least hope that their visions may be valuable enough to pay for the headaches of the next day, if not for the services of physicians.

But without discussing either the present or future influences of a drug so much in favor, we purpose only to introduce some reminiscences of its brief career among civilized nations, some relics that it has left of its history in curious literature and archeological collections.

In November, 1492, two sailors, whom Columbus had sent to explore Cuba, returned to the great admiral and told him that the natives carried a lighted firebrand and puffed out smoke from their mouths and noses. The Europeans supposed at first that this was a mode in which the savages perfumed themselves, but they soon discovered that the leaves of an herb were rolled up and burned in a sheath of Indian corn, and that the smoke was inhaled as if with pleasure. The custom was an ancient and familiar one among the natives, and they had for ages enjoyed the smoky reveries which the white men learned from them. Its power and charms were fully recognized by the savages, and it was not uncommon for the *caciques* and chief men to inhale the smoke until they became stupified. The most common pipe employed was a hollow forked cane, in the shape of the letter Y, and the forked ends were inserted into the nostrils, the other end being applied to the burning leaves of the herb. The pipe, the segar, and snuff, every mode of taking the plant in which the Old World has indulged, can be traced as already in existence in South-America about the time of its discovery, and as being already 'to savage nations dear.'

Tobacco may have been known to Asia, or possibly to Europe, prior to its introduction from America, but of this there is no sufficient evidence. It is a tradition in the Greek Church that Noah was intoxicated by tobacco; some Egyptologists have thought that they discovered representations of smoking parties on the monuments; China has been

affirmed, but not proved, to have been the happy home whence the herb migrated for the delectation of mankind; and Irish antiquaries have ascribed even a Celtic antiquity to the minute fairy pipes found in Great Britain. But antiquarians have not been able even to approach to a demonstration of any ante-Columbian acquaintance with tobacco in the Old World.

It had been for some years introduced into England before Sir Walter Raleigh made it fashionable by his example. He was a most devoted adherent of the pipe, and notwithstanding his courtiership, smoked to the disgust of the ladies of the court, smoked as he sat to see his friend Essex perish on the scaffold, and, faithful to the end, smoked a short time before he went to the scaffold himself. One of his earliest experiences as he 'took a private pipe,' was to be ducked by his servant with a bottle of ale, who supposed that his master was on fire. From his time the art of smoking rapidly made its way, till to take tobacco with a grace was deemed a necessary qualification of a gentleman. Ben Jonson, in his 'Every Man out of His Humor,' speaks of 'the most gentleman-like use of tobacco, as first to give it the most exquisite perfume, then to know all the delicate, sweet forms for the assumption of it, as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebollition, Euripus and Whiffe, which he shall receive or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him.' The 'Euripus' was one of the many quaint styles of smoking, in which the Germans now especially excel, the students in the universities devoting much time to acquiring skill in feats of exhalation, such as breathing the smoke out gently till it forms a ring, and before it loses that form, sending another ring at right angles through it.

The most distinctive feature in the early use of tobacco was the small quantity of it employed. Its excessive cost forbade its free use. To make the most of it, therefore, it was customary to inhale the smoke through the mouth, but to exhale it through the nose. The increased power of the herb in this way will be evident to any one who will learn the art and make the trial. Until the middle of the seventeenth century, smoking went by the name of tobacco-drinking. For many years after its introduction, it was sold for its weight in silver, and Drayton alludes to the time of 'our plaine fathers':

'BEFORE that Indian weed so strongly was imbracet,
Wherin such mighty summes we prodigally waste.'

Edmund Gardiner, in his 'Triall of Tobacco,' (1610,) complained that the 'patrimonies of many noble young gentlemen have been quite exhausted, and have vanished cleane away with this smoky vapor, and hath most shamefully and beastly flyen out at the master's noze.'

A eulogy, that is still not infrequently quoted, appears in 'Knave of Clubbs' of Samuel Rowland, produced in 1611 :

'Much victuals serves for gluttony, to fatten men like swine,
But he is a frugal man, indeed, that with a leaf can dine,
And needs no napkins for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,
But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe.'

Near the commencement of the seventeenth century, tobacco was very generally used in England and on the continent, and frequent reference is made to it in literature. Even ladies were wont to indulge in the weed, and Miss Pardoe relates that the daughters of Louis XIV. used to escape from the grave etiquette of the court circle in order to celebrate an orgie in their own apartments, and that they were once discovered by the dauphin engaged in smoking together at a late hour, having borrowed the pipes for the occasion from the officers of the Swiss guard. The charm which it exercised appears from Sir Robert Aytoun's sonnet :

'FORSAKEN of all comfort but these two,
My fagot and my pipe, I sit to muse
On all my crosses, and almost excuse
The Heavens for dealing with me as they do,
When Hope steals in, and with a smiling brow,
Such cheerful expectations doth infuse
As makes me think ere long I cannot choose
But be some grandee, whatso'er I'm now.
But having spent my pipe, I then perceive
That hopes and dreams are cousins — both deceive.
Then mark I this conclusion in my mind,
It's all one thing — both tend into one scope —
To live upon Tobacco and on Hope ;
The one 's but smoke, the other is but wind.'

Perhaps the most popular of all tobacco songs is that beginning, 'Tobacco is an Indian Weed,' which has undergone a variety of changes from the reign of James I. down to the present day. It seems to have been originally written by George Wither, and in the 'Pills to Cure Melancholy' of Tom D'Urfey, it assumes the following form :

'TOBACCO 's but an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve,
It shows our decay, we are but clay :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The pipe, that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch — man's life is such :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The pipe, that is so foul within,
Shows how man's soul is stained with sin,
And then the fire it doth require :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The ashes that are left behind
Do serve to put us all in mind
That unto dust return we must :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shows us man's life must have an end,
The vapor's gone — man's life is done :
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

There is a mystical and almost oriental piety, resignation, and conceit about the song, which especially recommend it in the golden moments of smoky contemplation.

Yet the great sect of smokers did not thrive without persecution. The monarch of England, the wisest of fools, James I., aimed against them a 'Counterblast,' and pronounced the custom 'loathsome to the eye, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.' Amurath IV., Sultan of Turkey, emulated his royal brother of England; and Pope Urban VIII., in 1624, solemnly published a decree of excommunication against whomsoever should use tobacco in churches. Yet, despite this opposition, the clergy themselves soon learned to indulge in a quiet pipe, and the astrologer Lilly gives an account in his 'Memoirs' of Parson Bredon of Thornton, who was a profound divine, and skilled even in the Ptolemaic system of nativities, and yet was so given over to tobacco, that when he had none of it 'he would cut the bell-ropes and smoke them.'

A fierce tirade against tobacco, found in manuscript in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, begins as follows:

'Of all the plants that Tellus' bosom yields
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fieldes,
None so pernicious to man's life is knowne
As is tobacco, saving hempe alone;
Betwixt which two there seemes great sympathy
To ruinate poore ADAM's progeny.
For in them both a strangling virtue note;
And both of them doe worke upon the throate.'

The Puritans, from the beginning, abhorred the pipe. Hutton, in 1611, wrote of one of them, who

'ABHORRES a sattin suit, a velvet cloak,
And sayes tobacco is the devill's smoke.'

William Penn also disliked tobacco, though in America he was obliged to tolerate it with a grace. He once met a company of Friends at Burlington, who, out of respect to him, concealed their pipes on his arrival. He detected the relics of the smoke on entering the room, and said pleasantly: 'Well, friends, I am glad that you are at least ashamed of your old practice.' One of them answered: 'Not entirely so; but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weak brother.'

One of the most difficult things is to state precisely in what the charm of smoking consists. Many an old smoker is puzzled to answer the question when it is proposed to him, and almost as many different answers will be given as there are smokers. Tom Brown affirmed that 'tobacco, though it be a heathenish word, is a great help to Christian meditations,' and illustrated his meaning by adding, 'it may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world vanish like a vapor.' We once heard a beginner affirm that smoking was popular, 'because it was the most pleasant way of making one's self uncomfortable,' and the whole secret is probably contained in this remark. Smoking conduces to a change in the mental and physical tone; successive hours of labor have fixed the mind in a particular posture, from which it does not readily swerve; but the pipe pulls out the roots of care which have begun to grow in the heart, and at the same time exerts a soothing influence. It does the violence of throwing the whole man from one state into another, usually from a mood of action into a mood of reverie, and at the same time it most gently calms the pulse of feeling and thought, and enriches the aroma of the soul. It symbolizes the whole discipline of life, creating wisdom in the individual as the resultant from diverse and opposite forces, making every moment a satisfactory composite of discomfort and pleasure.

Under the reign of the Dutchman, William III., almost all England smoked with one mind. Tobacco was the theme of numerous conceits, one of which, to be understood, requires that the name should be written out in Roman capitals:

'To three-fourths of a cross add a circle complete;
Let two semi-circles a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle that stands on two feet;
Then two semi-circles, and a circle complete.'

In the reign of Queen Anne, the consumption of tobacco, in proportion to the population, is said to have been greater than it has been at any other time. The wits of the period all either smoked or took snuff, the latter being then the almost universal custom of the continental clergy. One Lawrence Spooner complained that 'the sin of the kingdom in the intemperate use of tobacco swelleth and in-

creaseth so daily, that I can compare it to nothing but the waters of Noah, that swelled fifteen cubits above the highest mountains. So that if this practice shall continue to increase as it doth, in an age or two it will be as hard to find a family free, as it was so long time since one that commonly took it.' The following confession of a segar-smoker was commonly printed on tobacco-papers :

'I owe to smoking, more or less,
Through life the whole of my success;
With my segar I'm sage and wise,
Without, I'm dull as cloudy skies.
When smoking, all my ideas soar,
When not, they sink upon the floor.
The greatest men have all been smokers,
And so were all the greatest jokers.
Then ye who 'd bid adieu to care,
Come here and smoke it into air!'

One of the most amusing illustrations of anxious devotion to tobacco is the following letter from a sailor, found in a little volume entitled 'Nicotiana,' (1834 :)

'Gravesend, March 24, 1813.

'DEAR BROTHER TOM: This comes hopin to find you in good health as it leaves me safe anckored here yesterday at 4 P.M. arter a pleasant voyage tolerable short and a few squalls. Dear Tom — hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail. Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortinly not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, captain's boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the Black Boy in 7 diles, where go ask for best pig-tail — pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts, only took 2 whereof one is quite wored out and tuther most, but don't forget the pig-tail, as I an't had a quid to chor never since Thursday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts, your size will do, only longer. I likes um long, get one at present; best at Tower-hill, and cheap, but be particular to go to 7 diles for the pig-tail at the Black Boy, and Dear Tom, ask for pound best pig-tail, and let it be good. Captain's boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he likes pig-tail, so ty it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or thereabouts, not so particular for the shirt, as the present can be washed, but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother.

T. P.

'P. S.—Don't forget the pig-tail.'

The pipe may be the cheapest of luxuries, but it may also be the most expensive of hobbies. A graceful, well-finished, white clay pipe may be bought for a penny, and they are manufactured in large as-

tablishments at the rate of five hundred *per diem* to a workman. But the ornamented pipe, made of rare kinds of wood, agate, amber, crystal, cornelian, ivory, meerschaum, or various kinds of pure or mixed metals, and curiously and artistically carved and adorned, becomes a costly object of *virtu*. The pipe has always been a political symbol in France during the revolutions, being furnished with figures and inscriptions illustrative of the popular feeling; and in Germany all the quaint imaginings of Teutonic diablerie appear in the grotesque designs of the pipe-makers. The German meerschaum, which has now become cosmopolitan, is the most important for the art-workmanship which it displays. The name, signifying sea-foam, is nearly a translation of the term *keff-kill* applied to it by the Tartars. The light and porous clay of which it is made is found in various parts of Asia Minor, and is at first so soft as to be capable of forming a lather-like soap. Yet the meerschaum is by no means finished when the artist has completed his curious and precious work upon it: there remains the formidable task of coloring it to a rich and varied brown by the oil of tobacco escaping into the clay, and for this purpose several months are required. This rich tint is the peculiar mania of smokers, and to attain it in perfection it is said that the pipe, after being lighted, must never again be allowed to cool till its color is perfect. There is a tradition of one who made an arrangement with his friend by which his pipe should pass from mouth to mouth and be constantly smoked for seven months, the owner agreeing to pay for all the tobacco consumed. He obtained a perfect meerschaum, but his bill for tobacco amounted to more than five hundred dollars.

But the oriental nations have surpassed all others in luxurious modes of smoking. The Persians invented the hookah or nargeleh, by which the smoke is purified and cooled by being first drawn through water. It consists of a glass vase partially filled with water, in which a pipe extends from the bowl deep into the water, and another pipe from the stem stops before reaching the water. By inhalation a vacuum is produced, which is filled by the smoke rising through the water from the pipe connected with the bowl; and it finds its way through the other pipe to the mouth. The hookah is the most elaborate mode of enjoying the weed, and is usually a ponderous and highly decorated piece of machinery, intrusted to the care of chosen attendants. Beside the receptacle for the water, which is formed of glass richly cut and gilt, and enriched with precious stones, there is the leathern smoking-tube, which is so long that the hookah is sometimes borne behind a nobleman by a servant on horseback, who tends the bowl while his master is smoking in the distance. The Turkish, as also the German tobacco, is of a light quality, which allows the people of these countries to smoke almost continually with impunity.

The pipe is for private occasions in one's own study in a circle of friends. But the segar is the favorite of the moving smoker, and is indeed a rival of the pipe with all except a few who cultivate smoking as a fine art and a solemn ceremony. A man without a segar, says a Frenchman, is an incomplete man. The classic land of this form of tobacco is Spain, where it is smoked by every body, men, women, soldiers, judges, doctors, ecclesiastics, and even (some one says) by unweaned infants. The Spaniards have a proverb that 'a paper cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl, will sustain a man for a day without eating.' Byron, in praising tobacco, declares his special love of the segar:

' ——— THY true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — Give me a segar!'

and one of his contemporary poets thus explained his inspiration:

'A FEW more whiffs of my segar,
And then in fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies;
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurled
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!'

It is strange that snuff-taking should generally have found more favor with ladies, and been much more frequently in fashionable practice by them, than smoking. It was at the court of Louis XIV. that snuff, with its expensive corollaries of scents and curious boxes, first received the highest sanction, so that Molière spoke of it as *la passion des honnêtes gens*. In England it became common after the great plague, which gave an immense impulse to the consumption of tobacco in every form, from a belief that it prevented infection; and in every country the boxes have been nearly as ingeniously devised and ornamented as pipes. Boswell, in his 'Shrubs of Parnassus,' gives this eulogy:

'O SNUFF! our fashionable end and aim!
Strasburgh, Rappee, Dutch, Scotch! whate'er thy name;
Powder celestial! quintessence divine!
New joys entrance my soul while thou art mine.
By thee assisted, ladies kill the day,
And breathe their scandal freely o'er their tea;
Nor less they prize thy virtues when in bed,
One pinch of thee revives the vapored head,
Warms in the nose, refreshes like the breeze,
Glows in the head, and tickles in the sneeze.'

It has been claimed that smokers do not feel so large an amount of gratification, so mercurial a joy, as the snuff-taker, and that snuffing

has therefore generally been the favorite mode of consuming tobacco with men of quick intellects. The mere smoker can hardly read the following lines 'To my Nose' by Alfred Crowquill, without envy :

'Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys
Which my nose knows?
O nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee and feel that pride
A Roman knows!'

Lord Stanhope estimated that in forty years of a snuff-taker's life, two entire years would be spent in tickling his nose, and two more in blowing it, and concluded that a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, might constitute a fund for the discharge of the national debt of England. Somewhat later a satirist invented what he termed a snuff-pistol; 'it has two barrels, and being applied to the nose, upon touching a spring under them with the fore-finger, both nostrils are instantly filled, and a sufficient quantity driven up the head to last the whole day.'

There are excellent medical authorities at the present time who maintain the harmlessness of tobacco, when used in moderation. The spirit in which the habit is most frequently referred to by the press is not a hostile one. We certainly live longer than our ancestors did in the age of Henry VIII. It may doubtless be maintained, after a fair survey, that tobacco is 'the juice of cursed hebenon' only to those who by reckless and unbounded excess keep themselves in a constant state of narcotic hebetude; and this class is perhaps not small in number.

In the list of great smokers are the names of Hobbes, Newton, Dr. Parr, Charles Lamb, Sir Walter Scott in one part of his life, and the laureate Tennyson. Elia's elegant farewell to tobacco, after he had acquired the prodigious power of puffing the coarsest weed 'by toiling after it as some men toil after virtue,' is well known. Alfred de Musset, Eugène Sue, and Madame Dudevant are recent distinguished French smokers, while Dumas, Victor Hugo, and Balzac have not smoked, the last declaring that no good thing could come from the brain of any man who was addicted to the habit. Two of the greatest Germans, Goethe and Heinrich Heine, hated tobacco.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND BOOKS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, with an Introduction by
BAYARD TAYLOR. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT has been one of the world's great men for the last fifty years; but beyond the charmed circle of science in which he stood, like another Prospero, unveiling the secrets of heaven and earth, he was little but a name. He had a great but vague reputation as a traveller and philosopher, but next to nothing was known of him personally. The present biography will do much to introduce him to the world of general readers; for no one, we venture to say, will rise from its perusal without a pretty clear idea of the man and his work.

The biography is divided into four epochs, or books. The first extends over a space of thirty years, beginning with HUMBOLDT's birth in 1769, and ending with his sailing for the New World in 1799. It gives us a picture of his boyish days at Tegel; a sketch of his parents and teachers; his University life at Göttingen; his official employment in the mines of Bayreuth, and the difficulties attending the prosecution of his journey. The second book is devoted to his five years' travels in both Americas, and is in many respects the most interesting portion of the biography, interesting as the relation of an eventful journey, and in the highest degree picturesque. The third book commences with his return to Europe in 1804, and ends with his journey to Central Asia in 1829. The first chapter describes his twenty years' residence in Paris, and the multitude of books to which it gave rise. The *résumé* of these books, which by the way are a complete scientific library, is full and minute, and will be found interesting even by unscientific readers. In no other source can even a list of them be obtained. Book fourth resumes the narrative in 1829, and conducts it down to HUMBOLDT's death, on the 6th of May, 1859. The chapter entitled 'HUMBOLDT at Home,' contains a series of sketches of the great philosopher in his last years. The best of these sketches are by the author of 'Incidents of Travel,' and Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, the popular American traveller. Mr. TAYLOR's description of his two visits to HUMBOLDT are admirable. The book will be very popular.

BRITISH NOVELISTS, AND THEIR STYLES. By DAVID MASSON, M.A. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN. 1859.

PROFESSOR MASSON has ventured to attempt a classification of the whole world of novels. From the time of SCOTT he reckons thirteen great classes; the novel of Scottish life and manners, the novel of Irish life and manners, the novel of English life and manners, the fashionable novel, the illustrious criminal novel, the traveller's novel, the novel of American manners and society, the oriental novel, or novel of eastern manners and society, the military novel, the naval novel, the novel of supernatural phantasy, the art and culture novel, and the historical novel. This classification is hardly more useful or scientific than that of BULWER into the three classes of the familiar, the picturesque, and the intellectual novel, which might be sub-divided till every purpose of theory would be satisfied, though possibly it would be impossible to decide in which of a dozen classes to range any particular novel. Of all departments of literature, the novel is that which embodies the elements of real or ideal life with the least attempt to transfigure them; it lies the nearest to the extemporaneous and shifting phenomena of life as distinguished from the abstract principles and forms, the pure results of wide generalizations, which constitute the vital organism of productions of high art or exhaustive thought. To classify novels, therefore, is very much such an undertaking as it would be to classify men and women, to classify the seemingly fortuitous occurrences of an hour, a day, or a season, to classify the variations of the weather, or write the law of individual moods. The lectures of Professor MASSON are nearly the first attempt to weigh in a critical balance the most peculiar and distinctive class of books in the literature of the present century, regarded comprehensively, but probably it is as yet impossible either to assign to past novels their proper comparative place in literature, or to predict what new forms the prose romance may assume in its future developments.

GERMANY. By MADAME DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN. With Notes and Appendices, by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. 2 vols. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON. 1859.

LORD BYRON was wont to style Madame DE STAEL a whirlwind in petticoats; MOORE named her the begum of literature; she has been often called the most intellectual female writer, and even the most intellectual woman, that ever lived. Intellectual greatness was certainly her leading characteristic. Few of her contemporaries were able to cope with her in conversational discussion; very few of them have written so ably on the highest questions of literature, philosophy, politics and religion; and not many civilians in her time were personally so formidable to the Emperor NAPOLEON. The most remarkable of all her writings is, perhaps, the work on Germany. This was the first interpretation to France and England of the intellectual movements of Germany in the age of KANT and GOETHE, and it is equally admirable for brilliancy, profundity, and justness. '*Corinne*' reveals better her ROUSSEAU-like ideality and brightness of passion

the '*Reflections on the French Revolution*' are the best monument of her political sagacity and comprehensive grasp of the law and order of history, but the '*L'Allemagne*' is the strongest proof of her philosophic insight, penetrating to the ultimate forces and issues of life, and unfolding in advance of all her countrymen the most subtle and eccentric speculations that the world had known from the time of the neo-Platonists. Fifty years have scarcely diminished its value; the leading chapters on general questions of society, literature, philosophy, and religion remain among the most important of those enthusiastic and spiritual writings which extinguished ideology and revived faith in France, and her special criticisms on the various departments of German literature, even her pioneer reviews of the great philosophers of the transcendental school, have been in very few respects superseded. The notes which Mr. WIGHT has appended from various sources supply all that is necessary to make the volume complete, as far as its design goes, according to the latest judgments. It is the design of the publishers to produce a uniform edition of translations of her principal works.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By GEO. C. BALDWIN, D.D. New-York: BLAKEMAN AND MASON. 1880.

It would be a curious study to trace the varying conceptions of the Gospel story and the Gospel characters through successive centuries, as revealed in the more genial and poetical of the Christian writings, and thus to note the various postures of the Christian spirit successively in the ages of persecution, turmoil, and barbaric invasion, in the mediæval ages of intellectual quietude, devotional sensitiveness, and poetical religious fancies, and in the late Protestant centuries of dialectic devotion and severity of dutiful life. The simplicity of the Gospel narrative would remain a constant element, but its kaleidoscopic reflections, its phases and adornments, would change with every change of period. The sacred lessons would be repeated in different forms according to the different mental and sentimental states of mankind. Dr. BALDWIN has developed from the New Testament a series of representative characters for the nineteenth century. The 'sensual man,' the 'impulsive man,' the 'avaricious man,' the 'beloved man,' the 'doubter,' the 'religious inquirer,' the 'nameless moral young man,' the 'almost Christian,' the 'converted man,' are all characters of the present time, though the author imagines that they are Gospel heroes. The abstract elements are in the New Testament, the concrete impersonations belong only to the present impetuous, inventive, progressive, and rather reckless and break-neck era. The same characters were doubtless developed by mediæval monks in quite another spirit. Something of the temper of the volume may be inferred from the fact that PAUL is presented as the type of the great man, and PERICLES, DEMOSTHENES, and DANIEL WEBSTER are depreciated in order to give prominence to the power of analysis, breadth of thought, irresistibility of argument, wealth of illustration, weight of pathos, graphichness of picturing, energy of denunciation, sublimities of imagination, depth of tenderness, bursts of enthusiasm, and power of practical appeal of the tent-maker of Tarsus.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER EIGHT.—By reason of a necessity which is laid upon us, we must impose upon the reader some 'self-talk' in this stage of our editorial narrative: and although we shall try to be brief, perhaps we shall not be able altogether to escape the charge of bald egotism.

The 'EDITOR'S TABLE' of this Magazine, in variety and in its accustomed dimensions, may be said to have commenced at about the period of WASHINGTON IRVING's connection with the work. It has been continued from that time up to the present moment, with no diminution as to quantity, and we may perhaps suppose, with about an 'average' of quality. One thing is quite certain: it has been deemed individual and natural: and we can 'take our 'davy,' that from first to last, in our familiar chat with readers and correspondents, we have *written* nothing which we should not have *said* to them, face to face, if we had had the happiness to have had them by our side in the sanctum. Sitting there alone, or circulating in the society of a great metropolis, or sojourning at intervals in the country, we for years have seen much that awakened mirth, and felt much that elicited tears: and in jotting down these thoughts and emotions, we have had occasion invariably to find, as we have said before and elsewhere, that 'any one man who feels and enjoys — who can neither resist laughter nor forbid tears, that must out, and will have vent — is in some sort an epitome of the public.' This, at least, we *do* know: that we never heard any thing that shook the walls of the sanctum with laughter, or brought the tears into our own eyes, which did not have precisely the same effect upon the general public, when it had been naturally and appropriately recorded. And so it was that our 'TABLE' and 'GOSSIP' grew up and expanded, 'even unto this present:' praised much, and quoted, beyond its deserts; at the same time affording us, meanwhile, the utmost pleasure in the concoction; enhanced not a little by the thought, that if our readers should happen to be bored, they would not be bored long; for the subjects were various, briefly touched upon, and 'dispatched at once;' 'Gossip,' literally: sad thoughts and glad thoughts, influenced by all seasons and jotted down at all seasons; scenes and incidents in town and country, and all over the country; familiar home-views, anecdotes and stories not a few; many and multifarious matters, in short, that made the writer laugh, and many that moistened his eyes as he wrote and read or re-read them.

When we began to make these departments a 'feature' of our work, twenty — ~~two~~ years ago, there were no editorial 'TABLES' set in native periodicals, and we ~~were~~ quite alone in our 'GOSSIPY' but there are imitators enough now, even to ~~the~~ minutiae of typographical arrangement. But after all, *our* 'Table' set itself — ~~and~~ our 'Gossip' gossiped itself. If we wrote at all, 'the thing was done:' we ~~could~~ not choose but write as we chat with friends — and that every one who knows us will testify. 'Happy they,' (therefore,) says a Spanish proverb, 'who can close their ears to a book.'

But it was the commendation of those whose praise 'tickled the very cockles of our heart,' which kept us 'up to our work' in these desultory pages. The journals throughout the country were flatteringly kind: they have continued to be so to this hour; and surely no one can be more grateful than we are, for this long-continued favor. Yet, when a relative of 'GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent,' told us that he heard that golden-hearted author laughing in bed early one morning over a little sketch of ours in the 'Gossip';* and Mr. TOWNSEND, then of 'STRINGER AND TOWNSEND,' publishers, coming from behind the green office-curtain of their private sanctum, one day, said to us: 'That laugh is from Mr. COOPER, who is rejoicing over your story of the ugly man who was pitted against another ugly man, and had attempted to improve upon Nature by grimace;'[†] why, these things gratified

* 'Our present theme is certainly a not very savory subject; but the untimely misfortune described in such unmincing Anglo-Saxon by a correspondent, tempts us to record a similar accident which we recently heard depicted by a friend, a French gentleman, whose unostentatious but princely hospitality adds (what one could hardly deem possible) even a new charm and grace to the lovely banks of the St. Lawrence, along the most delightful reach of that resplendent stream. 'It ees twánty year,' said he, 'since zat I was in New-Yo'k; and I go up one night in z' upper part de cité, ('t was 'most in de contree,) to see a fraânde. Ah! oui! W'en I com' by de door-yard, I see som'ain — I not know what he ees, but I s'ought he was leetil râbeet; but he was ver' tame. I go up sof'ly to heem: 'Ah, ha!' I say to myself, 'I 'av' got's you!' So I strike him big stroke via my ombrel on his necks. Ah, ha! sup'pose w'at he do? B-a-a-h!!! He strike me back in my face wis his — D — n! I cannot tell: it was awful! DREADFUL! He s-m-e-l-l so you cannot touch him — and I de saâme! I s'row myself in de pond, up to my necks; but it make no use. I s-m-e-l-l seez wce-ee! I not like go in ze room wis my fraânde. I dig big hole to put my clo'es in de ground: it not cure zem! I dig zem up: bah! — it is de saâme! I put zem back — and dey smell one year; till zey rot in de ground. *It see fait!*' And so it *was* a fact; for no man born of woman could ever counterfeit the fervor of disgust which distinguished the graphic delineation of that sad mishap.'

† 'THE West is a great country, Friend C —,' writes a clever correspondent. 'Tall things happen there now and then. Here is a specimen: Having occasion to pass through the Upper Lakes last June, I was happy enough to find myself a passenger on board that palace of a boat the 'Empire,' Emperor HOWE commanding. My travelling companion for the time happened to be a thorough-bred 'Hoosier,' a prince of a fellow; one who feared God and loved fun and the ladies, but who was withal a most abominable stammerer. We had n't been long aboard, when the captain called our attention to a most remarkable-looking individual seated at the end of the cabin. I am not myself particularly handsome, and have seen some ill-looking men in my day; but so ugly a man as this had never crossed the scope of my vision. HOWE declared him emphatically 'the ugliest man that ever lived;' whereupon my friend TOM offered to wager a half-dozen of champagne that he had seen a worse one in the steerage. The bet was at once accepted, and TOM

us; they satisfied us, that what pleased us, would please *others*: and when Mr. Irvine did us the honor to call upon us one evening, at our little cottage at 'Dona, his Ferry,' and to remark of the following little subsection of 'Gossipry' in the number of the KNICKERBOCKER for the month, that it was 'graphic,' 'masterly,' and calculated to 'do more good than a whole sermon upon the wages of sin,' why, it made us anxious to 'emulate ourself' a little more, and do what we could to deserve such praise from such sources. Suppose we quote this latter passage? — It is very short:

'We passed an hour in the Sing-Sing State-prison the other day; and while regarding with irresistible sympathy the wretched inmates, we could not help thinking how little, after all, of the actual suffering of imprisonment is apparent to the visitor. The ceaseless toll, the coarse fare, the solemn silence, the averted look, the yellow-white palor of the convict; his narrow cell, with its scanty furniture, his hard couch; these indeed are 'visible to the naked eye.' Yet do but think of the demon THOUGHT that must 'eat up his heart' during the long and inconceivably dismal hours which he passes there in darkness, in silence, and alone! Think of the tortures he must endure from the ravages of that pleasantest friend but most terrible enemy, imagination! Oh! the height, the depth, the length and breadth, of a sensitive captive's sorrow! As we came away from the gloomy scene, we passed on a hill, within the domain of the guard, the Prison Potter's-Field, where lie, undistinguished by head-stone or any other mark, the bones of those who had little else to lay there, when their life of suffering was ended. There sleeps MONROE EDWARDS, whose downward fate we had marked in successive years.

'We first saw him when on his trial; a handsome, well-dressed, black-whiskered, *seeming* self-possessed person, with the thin varnish of a gentleman, and an effrontery that nothing could daunt. Again we saw him, while holding court with courtezans at the door of his cell, at 'The Tombs,' the day before he left for Sing-Sing; clad in his morning-gown, with luxurious whiskers, and the manners of a pseudo-prince receiving the honors of sham-subjects. The next time we saw him he was clad in coarsest 'felon-stripe;' his head was sheared to the skull; his whiskers were no more; a dark frown was on his brow; his cheeks were pale, and his lips were compressed with an expression of remorse, rage, and despair. Never shall we forget that look! He had a little while before been endeavoring to escape, and had been punished by fifty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails; four hundred and fifty stripes on the naked back!

'Once again we saw him, after the lapse of many months. Time and suffering had done their work upon him. His once-erect frame was bowed; his head was quite bald at the top, and its scanty bordering-hair had become gray. And thus he gradually declined to his melancholy 'west of life,' until he reached his last hour; dying in an agony of terror; gnawing his emaciated fingers, to convince himself that he was still living; that the appalling change from life to death had not yet actually taken place!

started for his man, who was to be brought up for comparison. He found the fellow a bit of a wag, as an intolerably homely man is apt to be, and, after the promise of a 'nip,' nothing loth to exhibit himself. As they entered the cabin-door, my friend, with an air of conscious triumph, turned to direct our attention to his champion, when he discovered the fellow trying to insure success by making up faces. 'St-et-et-stop!' said he; 'no-nones of that! You et-et-stay just as God Almighty made you! You ca-ca-ca-can't be beat!' And he was n't!

And now he sleeps in a felon's grave, with no record of his name or fate. Is not the way of the transgressor 'hard?'

There: we have had all 'our say' about ourselves, and our 'own peculiar' departments of the KNICKERBOCKER: and if only a less authority than Mr. CRAYON had flattered us by praising the 'sallies of humor, the entertaining incidents, and the touches of tender pathos so frequently to be met with among the multitudinous leaves of the Gossip,' we should scarcely have dared to have the vanity to allude to the matter at all. Turn we now to our correspondents.

Among the many excellent writers who contributed to our pages many prose papers at this period in the history of the KNICKERBOCKER, was Rev. WALTER COLTON, author of 'Ship and Shore,' and other works, which acquired deserved popularity. He possessed a quiet humor, with great tenderness and pathos at times, and exceeding ease and grace of style. Not unfrequently, in close juxtaposition with thoughts which would bedew the reader's cheek, he would surprise him with the oddest and most quaint conceits; such, for example, as is contained in four lines of his, describing a 'meddling 'PAUL PRY' sort of man in the vessel in which himself was chaplain; who, he said, he 'had no doubt, at the general resurrection would be found getting out of somebody else's grave!' Mr. COLTON, in connection with a Mr. SEMPLE, published at Monterey, the first weekly newspaper which was ever issued in the 'Golden State,' not then 'El Dorado'—'*The Californian*': a diminutive sheet, containing eight columns in all; the first number of which, for August 15, 1846, now lies before us. What a contrast between the little sheet and the large and well-conducted weekly and daily journals which now do honor to San Francisco, and other cities and towns of our 'Pacific sister State!' '*The Californian*' may be said to have been evoked from chaos. The materials on which it was printed were found in the public buildings of Monterey, (of which Mr. COLTON was at the time an *Alcalde*;) had been used for the Spanish language; and were greatly injured by neglect; many of the necessary letters having been wasted or mislaid. Mr. COLTON has been dead for several years. We last saw him at Lake George, looking off from the piazza of our friend SHEREILL's 'Lake-House' upon the clear waters, and the 'blue mountains round,' and devouring the beautiful scene with an eye ever open to the beautiful in Nature, but upon which, even then, it was evident DEATH had set his solemn seal. Peace to the ashes, and repose to the spirit, of a man of genius and a Christian gentleman!

Among the more popular correspondents of our Magazine, 'about these days,' was NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, now so well known and honored in both hemispheres. He was one of those contributors, too, whose packet of 'copy' was placed on the top of our pile of letters from the post-office, opened and read through, before the envelopes of the rest of the 'mail' were broken. Very 'freshly remembered,' even at this long lapse of time, is the pleasure with which we first perused, in the neat manuscript of the author of 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'The Fountain of Youth,' 'A Bell's Biography,' 'VIOLET FANE's Rosebud,' 'The Town-Pump,' and other now 'Twice-Told Tales,' since each and all were subsequently included in a volume thus entitled: a volume, portions of which are almost as striking and effective as any segregated chapters of the author's best writings. Take, for ex-

ple, this single passage from the opening of '*Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*,' and serve the brief but forceful grouping of various character, and that weird power still-life limning, so characteristic of the author :

THAT very singular man, old Dr. HEIDEGGER, once invited four venerable friends to sit with him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. MEDBOURNE, Colonel KILLIGREW, and Mr. GASCOIGNE, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow WYCHERLY. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago laid to rest in their graves. Mr. MEDBOURNE, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a beggar. Colonel KILLIGREW had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, and as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. GASCOIGNE was a noted politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him in the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow WYCHERLY, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It was a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. MEDBOURNE, Colonel KILLIGREW, and Mr. GASCOIGNE, were early lovers of the Widow WYCHERLY, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake.

... 'Dr. HEIDEGGER's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, low-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Round the walls stood several oaken book-cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black leather quartos, and the upper with little parchment duodecimos. Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of HIPPOCRATES, in which, according to some authorities, Dr. HEIDEGGER was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the book-cases hung a looking-glass, presenting a high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients reeled within its verge, and could stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with her visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. HEIDEGGER had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned: it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had dropped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of HIPPOCRATES frowned, and said: 'Forbear!' Such was Dr. HEIDEGGER's study.'

The writers for the KNICKERBOCKER, at this time — and this has been the case for many years — were from no particular section of the country. They came from the

East and the West, from the North and the South; and from far as well as near, in these cardinal divisions of the compass. Chief among our correspondents from the South, we may name, with the most cherished memories, our frequent and always welcome contributor, and long-time friend, the late lamented Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, of Savannah, Georgia; whose 'Own Peculiar,' or '*Leaves from the Port-Folio of a Georgia Lawyer*,' afforded so much, and long-continued entertainment for our readers. When Mr. CHARLTON first began to write for our pages, he was, if we remember rightly, the Mayor of the city of Savannah. He subsequently, and for some years, occupied the bench of the highest court in the State; and when he died, was in the occupancy of a seat as Senator of the United States. He was a man of unobtrusive, retiring, but most agreeable manners; and in this regard, as well as in respect of a certain quiet, genial humor, and especially in personal bearing and lineaments, he bore a remarkable resemblance to our Long-Island and 'Up-River' correspondent, the author of 'Salander and the Dragon,' 'The Rector of St. Bardolph's,' of whom we hope to have occasion to speak more at large in our next number. Our correspondence with Judge CHARLTON was always pleasant; and twice he visited us, in his summer trip to the metropolis, and our northern watering-places: once at our residence in town, and again at the Ferry of DOBB, on the Hudson: crossing a well-known creek, Spuyten the Devil, and passing the 'Hook' known of TUBBY, on his drive thither. How the years roll on! It seems but yesterday, and on just such a mellow autumn day as that on which we write, that we rode together from DOBB's up to 'Sunnyside,' and after spending an hour with the genial 'master' thereof, returned and passed a memorable evening at home.

Judge CHARLTON's sketches were eminently *natural*. It was always plain to see that the subjects of his portraits were real 'sitters,' not the lay-figures of some wooden 'model'-maker. In the short descriptive and colloquial passage which we quote here from the 'Georgia Lawyer,' (and it has been the same with the brief representative extracts which we have cited from other voluminous contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER,) we are guided solely by the fresh remembrance of the impression which it made upon us, when we first perused it in the manuscript of the author, before sending it to the printer:

'THE other day, an individual called to consult me professionally. He belonged to the Dr. JOHNSON class, albeit rather a minute specimen. 'Sir,' said he, 'I desire to state a case to you; to get your advice, promptly, clearly, categorically. I dislike circumlocution. I love brevity. Sir, a dog came on my premises yesterday; a white dog, Sir, with black spots, a cut tail, and long ears, Sir. I describe him, Sir, with this precision, because I know the necessity of your being acquainted with all the leading facts, before you venture an opinion. Sir, I hailed him; I repeated it — and again; you perceive, Sir, *three* times. I did thus to the dog, because I would do the same to the man, Sir. It is a part of the law of nature, Sir, that you should hail *three* times before you shed blood, Sir. Well, Sir, as I said, I received no answer. Of course, I expected none; but I desired to preserve my consistency, Sir, and to act toward a beast with the same humanity I would exercise toward a man. They are both God's creatures, Sir. Well, Sir, I say I received no answer. I had a gun, a double-barrelled gun, Sir. I held it in my right hand, Sir — observe, I say 'the right hand;' make

yourself acquainted with the leadin
 raised it slowly. No answer yet, Sir
 Still no answer. Of course, I expected
 I pulled it ; I fired ! He fell—he ! —ne
 Sir. I considered it unnecessary. I
 that is unnecessary, Sir. Now, Sir, I am to important
 Sir, that instead of the white dog, with black us, a cut tail, and
 a man had entered my premises ; that I had hailed him e i s, you
 three times ; I receive no answer ; I raise my gun, I eo t, He
 bleeds—he dies. Tell me, Sir, briefly, distinctly, ca y, with quiv
 Sir, what, in your opinion, would be the conseq ?

‘Hanging,’ said I.

‘Sir, I deny it. I asked your opinion, Sir, as a matter of form, but my own judgment was made up long ago. No court on earth, Sir, could so far violate the primitive rules of nature, as to hang a man, Sir, who had *hailed three times*. Nature says, Sir, hail three times, *and fire*.’

‘My good Sir,’ I interposed, ‘you forget that Nature has no blunderbusses: how then can she command to fire?’

‘She has no blunderbusses, Sir, as you truly, but, I regret to add, ignorantly and flippantly, remark, but she has sticks and stones, Sir, and she throws them in the way of the oppressed. I reason analogically, Sir, and progressively. Nature gives sticks and stones, Sir; nature gives man intellects, Sir; man makes blunderbusses. Now, Sir, observe the analogy; notice the progression; perceive the reasoning. Nature makes man; man makes blunderbusses; *ergo*, nature makes blunderbusses. Man is the agent of nature, the ‘general agent,’ Sir, as you lawyers call it, with unlimited powers—*qui facit per alium, facit per se*. Yes, Sir, nature makes blunderbusses, Sir. I have studied these things, Sir; I read nature, Sir. Her pages are not sealed books to me. I have the ‘*open sesame*’ to her most hidden treasures, Sir. There’s your fee, Sir. Good morning, Sir.’

‘What a powerful intellect that man has!’ said a good-natured and slightly-troubled-with-the-fool friend of mine, who had been a listener to our discourse; ‘what a pity he is so eccentric! If he would only apply his vast learning to some useful object, if he were not quite so positive and rude, he would be a most estimable and distinguished man.’

‘What an ass *you* are!’ I was tempted to say, but I checked myself.

‘Now a sensible man would have put the question thus: ‘Sir, a dog broke into my ground yesterday, and after making three efforts to drive him out, I killed him. I am desirous to know what consequences would attach to the act, if, under similar circumstances, I should kill a man?’ But this would have been regarded, by the bystander of whom I spoke, as mere common-place, while all his encomiums were lavished on the rigmarole stuff of the pompous maniac, in whose whole speech there was not a single word of meaning or common-sense.’

The author of ‘HARRY FRANCO,’ by the work thus entitled, established just claims to be considered a man of humor, an adroit satirist, and a keen observer of men and ‘living manners;’ the latter he caught ‘as they rose,’ and ‘bagged’ them most successfully. There are certain town-scenes and characters sketched in ‘HARRY FRANCO,’ which for force and felicity of touch, with a ‘rich brush,’ are

scarcely surpassed by any kindred accessories in any of DICKENS' stories. It has always seemed to us that Boz himself never exceeded, in simple naturalness of description, HARRY FRANCO's account of the metropolitan dry-goods 'DRUMMER,' who 'gallivanted' him in the most liberal manner, over the metropolis, taking him to all places of public amusement and refection in 'creature comforts;' attentions on the part of the 'Drummer' which closed one pleasant June morning, when his supposed 'big customer,' after having, 'by compulsion,' examined in all their comprehensive varieties, the latest importations at the extensive store in Cedar-street, selected a cheap vest-pattern at 'twelve shillings net,' and then closed the 'account of sales!' The 'principals' had been introduced to their new customer by the 'DRUMMER,' and having depicted the 'state of the market' for 'goods of that description, of that sort,' were *themselves* waiting upon him, and showing him their stock. The disgust of 'the House,' and the consternation of the 'Drummer,' (now an extinct race of metropolitan commercial agents in the main, we believe,) when the 'buyer' went away with his purchase, knew no bounds! There was also a little *brochure* by the author of 'The Haunted Merchant,' a small, squarish *pompletina*, of a hundred and fifty pages, or thereaway, with some such title as '*Life is a Liner*,' if we remember rightly. One scene in it we doubt if we shall soon forget; for it was full of still-life burlesque, and the most grotesque effects. The ship is ready to sail from the port of Liverpool: time, Autumn, and a dark, mizzy afternoon: the sailors are ready; when the 'skipper' emerges upon deck from below, in an old blue surtout, the buttons high up on the back, with long Catholic-priest skirts, and a faded green cotton umbrella over his ancient bell-crowned hat, and in a thin, coughy voice, intimates that they 'might p'raps as well be gettin' edut into the stream, and puttin' off.' We quote from memory; but the *picture* itself, if not the consecutive *details*, is ineffaceable.

But, for this present, we are at the end of our tether. Perhaps we may entertain our readers more effectually next time. There is room enough, certainly, for such a consummation: and we 'can but *try*.'

'OUT OF THE DEPTHS:' A WOMAN'S HISTORY. — '*Out of the Depths: the Story of a Woman's Life*,' is the exceedingly striking title of a volume not long since fresh and damp from the London press, but two excellently printed editions of which have already been issued *here*, by Messrs. W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, Number 46 Walker-street, near Broadway. The '*Church of England Review*,' high authority, says of the work: 'This is a very *remarkable* book: a very *bold* book. While we must allow that it contains far too faithful a picture, we cannot call it irreligious or immoral; on the contrary, we call it most truly religious and moral; or, better still, most godly and manly. We have in it the *Story of a Woman's Life*, recording her downfall, her gradual degradation to the lowest of the low, and her painful and laborious ascent again to purer regions; in short, the 'Harlot's Progress' of the nineteenth century, in prose instead of in painting; provided also with a *retracing* of that PROGRESS, which the great painter moralist of the last century so powerfully depicted.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND COE
 from whom our readers may recoll ;
 ing written, and sent to us for pub in t KN
 simple sketch :

Up in the Pines, August, 1859.

'THE old Doctor is dead !

'We have been anticipating the event so long, that we had almost forgotten that he yet remained ; and his death, by calling men's attention to him, seems to have restored him to life.

'He was in his ninetieth year, and both in his life and the manner of his death, presented such an instance of the perfect fulfilment of nature's laws as a community hardly witnesses in a century.

'Uniting the calling of a physician with the duties of a minister of the Society of Friends, he was for three-score years, alike the intelligent guide and worthy example to all the country around, not only in matters of health and disease, but in moral and spiritual interests.

'I knew him in my boyhood ; and he was then as venerable in appearance as he was at the time of his death. His pensive countenance and quiet manner, and the peculiarity of his dress — for he adhered to knee-breeches and high stockings after all others had discarded them — formed a picture easily impressed on the memory.

'Sedulously abstaining from political discussions and from social and family bickerings, and prompt to administer counsel and afford assistance wherever needed, he secured the affection of all, and incurred the enmity of none.

'Some five years ago, and shortly after the death of her who had been his companion for half a century, his mind began to wander ; although he was favored with a remarkable exemption from bodily infirmity. He seemed to be communing with the spirits of deceased friends : often spoke of interviews with them. His visitors were not unfrequently transformed in his imagination to long-lost friends, and as such he would hold long conversations with them. With peculiar truthfulness might it have been said of him :

'His heaven commences ere the world be past.'

'But it was my intention to speak of his burial.

'How befitting the day, the hour, and the place ! It is First Day in mid-August ; and the services will begin at eleven o'clock — the usual hour of meeting — in the old meeting-house which has been for so many years the scene of his ministrations.

'It is a clear cool day, and the farmers in the vicinity, and the Friends, even from a long distance, are early making their way to the well-known homestead on the brow of the hill. The orchard contiguous to the house is soon filled with carriages ; many of them from the city which you see through the openings in the hills miles away.

'It is time to proceed to the place of the meeting. The coffin is placed in the hearse by the pall-bearers. They were boys when he was in his prime, but coëvals there are none !

'The long procession winds its way down the sinuous road to the quiet valley where the rustic meeting-house is situated. The revered remains are borne in. The higher seats are occupied by the elders, the rest of the house is immediately filled, and a respectful crowd gathers outside of each window.

'How solemn is the stillness! No human voice or sound; no hum of insects; you cannot even discern the note of a bird; only the wind gently breathing hushing whispers in the tops of the locusts.

'The silence is at length broken. An esteemed minister has arisen and is uttering with a clear, distinct voice, but with saddened accents, the familiar words:

'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'

'He dwells on the character of the departed long enough to give force to the lesson which he desires for the living, and proceeds with a clear, direct, and logical discourse calculated to make a lasting impression on the minds and hearts of his hearers.

'An interval of silence, and a tall and venerable preacher arises. Pausing for some moments, he begins tremulously:

'And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'

'The friendship between the speaker and the deceased had been of too long duration, and too intimate in its character, to permit him to diverge long from the personal character of his friend. He dwells lovingly upon it, and often returns to it as an example in his exhortations.

'An aged matron kneels in fervent prayer, and soon after the customary shaking of hands announces the conclusion of the services.

'The coffin is removed to the shade of a large tree to give an opportunity for all to look upon the face of their venerable friend for the last time upon earth. Much time is thus occupied, for the throng is great, and there is many a long look.

'The lid is closed, the pall-bearers take up their burden, a procession forms silently and moves slowly to the little grove of locusts in the rear of the house.

'There is a mound there with a small slate head-stone. On the stone a female name; naught else save her age — eighty-three! and the time of her decease. Beside the mound a vacant space has waited long for an occupant. How yearningly yet resignedly its anticipated tenant has longed to occupy it, who can tell?

'The coffin is placed upon spades laid across the open grave, and a long pause follows. It is then lowered slowly to its final resting-place, and the gravel falls with that dull sound so desolate beyond all others.

'We turn away silently and slowly, but not regretfully. All feel that he has come to his grave as a shock of corn cometh in his season; and each heart uttereth the prayer: *Let my last end be like his!*

Is not this sketch in perfect '*keeping?*' - - - In two diurnal journals of our noble metropolis, the one a morning, the other an evening sheet, published this day, we read as follows:

'THERE is no life which is so wearisome as that of a soldier, *when it is not diversified by the instant presence of ghastly death in the field.* Ennui is one of the causes given for the short average of army life, even in garrison in England. They are literally bored to death; and this, it is said, is particularly true of service in the East. Almost all Europeans hate the East-Indian life, after the first novelty is worn off; and this must be especially the case with men subjected to the *superadded annoyances of military discipline.*' . . . 'The East-India service under the Crown will, doubtless, be made

tomed to stick in a pigeon-hole in his office. BILL —, a sober, candid, shrewd, always fun-loving, and at times a trick-playing attorney, was in the sheriff's office settling up some old matter, and 'fobbed' the pistol. After closing up their particular business, BILL commenced pacing the room, and with a very serious look and manner says, 'Tom, this is really too bad, that in a heretofore quiet town like this a man an't safe in walking the street without arms, (showing the revolver;) here I have paid twenty dollars for this pistol, and I am sick of carrying it, and won't carry it another day, let what will come; I'll sell it for ten dollars.' 'Let's see,' says TOM: 'looks good deal like mine; half an inch shorter; not quite so well mounted, but will match mine very well — here's your money.' BILL took the money and walked from the office. TOM looked for his pistol to compare, and did n't find it. He instantly understood that in buying the pistol he had sold himself, but with it soon brought BILL to a halt, who, after the proper amount of 'treating' which TOM agreed to stand rather than to have the thing made public, restored him the balance of the 'sawbuck.' TOM still insists that the thing was half an inch short: not a bit of doubt on 't!' ' - - - THE recent death of Mr. CHARLES M. LEUPP — 'recent' as we write, on the evening of the seventh of October — is an event now made known, through the public journals, to our readers in every part of the Union. We have but just looked our last upon the clay-cold face of the lamented deceased; a friend intimately known and cordially cherished, for a period extending over twenty-five years. Reserving until an ensuing number a consideration of some of the personal characteristics of Mr. LEUPP, (which live enduringly in the hearts and memories of all who knew him 'in his daily life as he lived,') we content ourselves for the moment by presenting the subjoined obituary-notice from the pen of Mr. BRYANT, of the '*Evening Post*' daily journal:

'THE friends of Mr. C. M. LEUPP were startled this morning with the intelligence of his sudden death, by his own hand. The particulars of this sorrowful event are given under the proper head in this sheet. We will not further allude to them than to say, in behalf of the memory of an excellent man and a dearly cherished friend, that the case was decidedly one of a momentary aberration of the intellect. He had been a successful merchant, and by his sagacity and careful attention to business had acquired a large fortune. For some years he had been relieved from the severer labors of the commercial firm of which he was the head, to the great advantage of his health and spirits; contenting himself with a general superintendence of its affairs, and indulging himself in excursions to different parts of the country, and now and then a short visit to the old world. Of late, however, the death of one of his partners, and the illness of another, had compelled him, though reluctantly, to return to the daily and close application to business in which his early life was passed. This was observed, after a time, to have a most unfavorable effect upon his spirits; and finally, a very short period before his death, various circumstances occurred in his conduct and his manner of viewing things, which made his friends anxious concerning the soundness of his mind. The event of last night more than justified all their anxieties.

'In the death of Mr. LEUPP the community has suffered an essential loss. To say of him that he was one of our ablest merchants, is to express the least of the commendations to which he was entitled. He was one of those whom the maxims and habits of trade had never corrupted; a man of open and generous temper, who abhorred every form of deceit and every unfair advantage; sensitive to blame, almost to excess, yet never to be driven by blame from any course which he thought right. He was a useful member of several of our best conducted moneyed associations, and to one of our charitable institu-

tions, the House of Refuge, he gave much of his time, and watched its workings with the deepest interest. His mind had been much cultivated by reading, and he delighted in works of art, to the love of which he brought a natural taste almost unerring in its decisions, and of late years cultivated by the contemplation of the noblest productions of the pencil and the chisel in the galleries of the old world. The artists among his countrymen found in him a liberal friend. His mind was of a somewhat peculiar cast; exceedingly rapid in its perceptions, and no less prompt in its conclusions; and to this extraordinary combination of sagacity and decision his success in business is doubtless to be attributed. In private and domestic life he was the most amiable and gentle of men; and he leaves troops of friends who sorrow that they shall see his face no more.

'Mr. LEUPP was a native of New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey, of German descent on the side of the father, who was a member of the Moravian fraternity, and derived his origin from the little community of that persuasion established at Neuwied on the Rhine. Mr. LEUPP came to New-York in early youth, as a clerk of GIBSON LEE, whose partner he afterwards became, and finally his successor in business.'

Peace to his 'soul-heart!' - - - WHEN we read to our long-time friend, Mr. WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, the universally popular composer and vocalist, for the first time that he had ever heard it, '*The May-Queen*' of ALFRED TENNYSON, which, after a prolonged study and practice, that enabled him to do justice to the theme, he wedded to immortal harmonies, we were conscious of some such feeling as we entertain at this moment, when we ask our readers' attention to '*The Grand-mother's Apology*,' recently from the same affluent, pathetic, full-hearted pen. We hope our friend, now on a visit to his native Scotland, may peruse the lines in these pages for the first time: a chance which may happen, since they first appeared in print in London a day or two after he left these his 'adopted' shores. We should love to see his face radiate feeling and friendship as he reads them:

'AND WILLY, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little ANNIE?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And WILLY's wife has written; she never was over-wise,
Never the wife for WILLY: he would n't take my advice.

'For, ANNIE, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Had n't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh! — but he would n't hear me — and WILLY, you say, is gone.

'WILLY, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him: for WILLY stood like a rock.
'Here's a leg for a babe of a week!' says doctor; and he would be bound
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

'Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, ANNIE: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

'Why do you look at me, ANNIE? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old;
I cannot weep for WILLY, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, ANNIE, I could have wept with the best.

'For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, ANNIE: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

'For JENNY, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That JENNY had tript in her time; I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

'And the parson made it his text that week, and he said, likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

'And WILLY had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things looked half-dead, though it was the middle of May.
JENNY, to slander me, who knew what JENNY had been!
But soiling another, ANNIE, will never make oneself clean.

'And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climbed to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

'All of a sudden he stopt; there past by the gate of the farm,
WILLY—he did n't see me—and JENNY hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah! there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

'WILLY stood up like a man, and looked the thing that he meant;
JENNY, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said: 'Let us part; in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name.'

'And he turned, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine;
Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for JANE, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand; we two shall be happy still.'

'Marry you, WILLY!' said I, 'but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind.
But he turned and claspt me in his arms, and answered: 'No, love, no;
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

'So WILLY and I were wedded; I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little ANNIE, flower and thorn.

'That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little ANNIE, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

'His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I looked at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For WILLY I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

'But he cheered me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seemed so near.

'But I wished it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I do n't forget;
But as to the children, ANNIE, they're all about me yet.

'Pattering over the boards, my ANNIE who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little ANNIE, an ANNIE like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While HARRY is in the five-acre and CHARLIE ploughing the hill.

'And HARRY and CHARLIE, I hear them too—they sing to their team :
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

'And yet I know for a truth, there 's none of them left alive ;
For HARRY went at sixty, your father at sixty-five ;
And WILLY, my eldest-born, at nigh three-score and ten ;
I knew them all as babies, and now they 're elderly men.

'For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve ;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve :
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

'To be sure, the preacher says our sins should make us sad :
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had ;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease ;
And in this Book, little ANNIE, the message is one of Peace.

'And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that 's all, and long for rest ;
Only at your age, ANNIE, I could have wept with the best.

'So WILLY has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower ;
But how can I weep for WILLY, he has gone but for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vex't ?

'And WILLY's wife has written, she never was over-wise.
Get me my glasses, ANNIE : thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.
But stay with the old woman now : you cannot have long to stay.'

Observe the *pictures* in these lines ! - - - J. M. R —, of Memphis, (Tenn.), cotton-factor, in a 'sweet dream of peace,' after the 'understanding' at Villafranca, addresses his western 'patrons' joyfully and highfalutingly, as follows : 'Notwithstanding my last pleasure was heralded by the excited state of our monetary system, and the tocsin of European War soon followed ; suggesting, as it were, an elementary conspiracy against our future success ; yet, I can congratulate my friends on the eventful past, and rejoice to announce the bright prospects which to-day is wafted to our shores, by the swift wings of electricity, that peace is declared in Europe, and Cotton again reigns triumphant !' Our readers in the neighborhood of 'J. M. R —,' who have 'the staple' for sale or transportation, must not forget to respond to his 'earnest call.' - - - The twenty-fourth day of this November is appointed by Governor MORGAN, in pursuance of a usage which dates from a time 'to which the mind of man runneth not to the contrary,' as a 'Day of Thanksgiving.' And it so chanced, that a little while before reading, just now, his announcement thereof, in the daily journals, we had been perusing, among numerous other letters and notes of our old friend and contributor, 'JOHN WATERS,' (the late HENRY CARY,) the subjoined characteristic 'notelet.' It is without 'anno-domini date,' but it must have been penned some eighteen or nineteen years ago :

'At the Dinner-Table, Friday, Nov. 28.

'MY DEAR SIR : I have yours of yesterday—that grotesque day for New-York ! which, least of any one State in this multiplied Union, hath the smallest possible con-

ception of a Thanksgiving-Day ! which hath its prayer and fasting in one direction, its riot and drunkenness in a second, its military pageant in a third, its gormandizing in a fourth, and a vast, unwonted, hard-breathing, melancholy, and nothing-to-do-ness, over the whole ! How different, how opposite, from the sun-beam which on that day rested over the old Bay State ! where families in their remotest branches, as a matter of course, were reunited ; where latent, subdued, deep, and repressed affection were, for the first time during the year, brought forth into God's holy light ; and the hard hand, and the brown cheek, and lines of deep thought, gave way to pleasure and to love, and softened before the white-haired tenderness of the maternal welcome, and the silent blessing of 'the old man : ' when grand-children and great-grand-children were, each in their generation, compared with each, and with remembrances of old ; and God was praised for the renewal of youth like that of the eagle ; and for His ever-varying diversity of good !

'I sat down to say that I thanked you for your invitation to the January pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, but that I should have nothing ; this little use of my pen, however, has caused me to think it not impossible that, on some other subject, I might find something to say. If so, I will have it ready by the ninth or tenth of December. Do not, however, count upon it, as I am good for little or nothing, and quite uncertain of myself.

'I dine almost invariably at home at four *sharp*, and generally have something to eat ; and I should be gratified if you found yourself disposed to share with me.

'I am always, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

'Yours,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

H. CART.

Is the New-York celebration of 'the Day' much changed since the time this note was written ? Possibly : but if so, for the worse instead of the better : while of the 'Old Bay State,' we may say, as we showed by quotation, not long since, from a picture of a New-England Thanksgiving, by our correspondent, 'PAUL BERNON,' 'There she stands, and there will she stand forever !' Of the blessings which are 'new every morning, and fresh every moment,' the 'Quaker Poet,' WHITTIER, in some recent lines of a 'Thanksgiving nature,' thus speaks to the 'Yankee heart, here, there, and everywhere :'

'Oh ! favors old, yet ever new !
Oh ! blessings with the sunshine sent !
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill :
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

'God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

'Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom !
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of Home !'

This is true 'thanks-giving.' - - - Among the lecturers for the coming lecture season, we have not seen mentioned the name of Mr. WILLIAM WIRT SIKES, formerly of the Utica '*Morning Herald*,' and at present editor of a weekly journal, entitled '*City and Country*,' published simultaneously at Piermont and Nyack, on the Hudson. Mr. SIKES, although a young man, is pronounced by those who have heard him, to be a very popular speaker, and in matter as well as manner, to greatly excel. The Clergy, the Bar, and the Press, (as we perceive by a cir-

lar which lies before us,) in North
his praise. The subjoined is a bri
Noble Life:

'I HAVE chosen to make LOVE the 1 of
because without it, all other qualities
motion of the end sought. Without love those
comes selfishness, ambition becomes
is, candor becomes an
kindness a dream. Love is the base of all good, the crown of all
all Beauty. God-given and God-sought, it came from heaven to earth, to do
making earth a heaven. Where it nestles in a pure heart, LOVE becomes
aids to the nobility of life. Oh! what a much-abused word it is! I
trates the readiness of sin to prostitute the best things to SATAN'S
brightest and best attribute of the FATHER of us all; the
diadems on holy brows; the blessed balm that comes to a wounded
and hallowing influence forever; the holiest of holies in the emotions of a pure heart.
Love! that spirit which, when it shall encompass our whole world in its white wings,
and begin its wondrous work unmet by the devil HATE; unrepelled by sin in any one
here below; will peacefully weave and weave the hearts of humankind together, until
they are all children and Christians in the same harmonious family. Blessed Love!
the gift of God to earth, when shall we awake and find the world under thy complete
dominion? When? for then we shall be—in heaven! Heaven is love, God is love,
and love is the sweet-voiced bride of every angel there!' . . . 'O spirit of good!
that we must live to see principally desecrated and despoiled that which is best of all
things left us here below! How it tries the soul, to see the painted harlot bearing
about with her our sweet Queen's crown, and usurping her place on earth! Ah!
shrewd and cunning Devil! to choose for the garment of thy skeleton the fairest garb
in all the wardrobe of light and purity!

'Here be *thoughts*,' it has seemed to us. - - - A LATE number of the *'Illustrated London News'* pays the following deserved compliment to the superb and popular edition of COOPER'S works, now being published by W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, in Walker-street, near Broadway: 'We have received several copies of a new issue of the works of fiction of FENIMORE COOPER, the American novelist, which are excellent specimens of neatness and completeness in their getting up. Nothing can be better than the type and paper; the illustrations are much above the average in execution; and the binding is evidently intended to cause the books to be laid ornamentally on drawing-room tables. Each tale is comprised in one volume, in what we may venture, since the use of the word has acquired high sanction, to call a handy size and shape. 'The Spy,' 'The Pioneer,' the 'Bravo,' and 'Wyandotté,' are contained in the volumes before us.' Apropos of DARLEY'S superb designs, the execution of which is so highly praised by the *'News'*: 'We are glad to perceive that Messrs. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY are to present the originals, from photographs, in a volume, with the illustrative story of each prefixed, in beautiful letter-press, upon tinted paper, and 'luxuriously bound and ornamented.' Surely that will be a national gift-book for the holiday season, equally worthy the giver and the receiver, whoever *he* or *she* may be.'

'*Poesy, an Essay in Rhyme*,' is the title of a poem delivered before the Literary Societies of Columbian College, Washington, D. C., at the Smithsonian Institute, in June last, by our contemporary of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' magazine, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq. It is smooth and harmonious in execution, and full-freighted with the well-garnered results of quiet reflection. We append a response to the old HORATIAN maxim: a single brief passage, yet all for which we have space:

<p>— 'NEITHER gods nor men, in their distress, Nor yet the columns of the weekly press, Can view as other than a dreadful wrong The lowlier offerings of tuneless song: A line which means, as certain critics think, That smaller poets should not deal in ink, And that until the mighty prophets come, The part of Poesy is to be dumb. Dishonored ever be the narrow rule Which claims no reverence in kind Nature's school! Which neither Summer's birds nor blooms obey, In the glad minstrelsy of rising day. Your MILTONS, GOETHEs, are an age apart; Meanwhile, shall no one touch the world's sad heart? The stately aloe's snowy bloom appears But once, we know, within a hundred years; Because, forsooth, the aloe is the glory</p>	<p>Of Chatsworth's notable conservatory, Shall not the modest daisy from the sod Turn its meek eyes in beauty up to God? In Nature's daily prayer, when comes the dawn To tell its beads upon the dewy lawn, Shall the sweet matins of the rosy hours Miss the pure incense of the <i>little</i> flowers? O gentle spirits! wheresoe'er you dwell, On breezy upland or in quiet dell, Whether you sing in solitude and shade, Or in the sullen, crowded haunts of trade; Whose simple rhyming, in its artless grace, Has touched some hidden sorrow of the race, Or taught the world one humble lesson more Of subtle beauty all unknown before, Or soothed one heart, just when its need was sorest, With harmonies of ocean and of forest; To you be ever honorable meed, In spite of captious HORACE and his creed.'</p>
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By an oversight in 'making up' the present number of the *Editorial Narrative History of the Knickerbocker Magazine*, the subjoined paragraphs, which should have formed its conclusion, were omitted. As the advance 'form' had passed to the stereotyper's, the reader will be so good as to *read* them in their proper connection:

The 'Lawyer' takes back the last assertion. He admits that there *were* three words in the foregoing speech, which were 'indicative of sound judgment, clear perception, and unclouded intellect: can you guess the talismanic words? No? Then I'll tell you: they are contained in the last sentence but one, when, 'suiting the action to the word,' he observed: '*There's your fee!*'

Next to the 'Palmyra Letters' and 'Letters from Rome,' of Mr. WARE, and 'The Quod Correspondence,' by Mr. JOHN T. IRVING, of which we have already made mention, the narrative of '*Wilson Conworth*,' by Rev. JOHN W. BELLOWs, a brother of Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWs, of our city, was perhaps the longest and most immediately continuous 'serial' which appeared in our pages. It was the story of a career not so much measured by incidents as by emotions of external and 'inner life.' It was what it purported to be, a veritable transcript from real-life experience and events. It was distinguished by a naturalness and simple grace of style, and portions of it were imbued with true pathos; while the writer evinced a calm and thoughtful philosophy, and a thorough knowledge of the world — 'the harvest of an observant eye.' It was much admired by a large class of readers; but it was too minute in its emotional details, too 'subjective,' to become widely popular. The same writer, now an Unitarian clergyman in New-Hampshire, contributed also a series of seven papers upon '*Shakespeare's Seven Ages*,' which at-

tracted marked attention. - - - SINCE the veracious account published by us, on the authority of our neighbor, 'The COLONEL,' of the Shanghai rooster in Chatauque County, in this State, (who crowed with such energy, that every time he 'saluted the morn' he put his east leg out of joint, and had to be 'set' for an *encore*,) we have neither heard nor read of any thing more remarkable than the '*Singular Death of Mr. Henry Black, of Newport, Pennsylvania,*' who, in undertaking to sever the head of a hen, was attacked by a rooster, which spurred him on the hand in an artery: 'About two weeks after the accident he was attacked with intense pain, a sickening sensation of the heart, and his sufferings became insupportable. At this date a remarkable occurrence took place. He drew his entire frame together, as though to gain strength for an act, and his voice broke forth like the crowing of a rooster. This was repeated from time to time, and such was the similarity of voices, that the outside listeners asserted their belief that it was a rooster. After four days of indescribable suffering he died, and crowed no more.' 'Very curious,' is n't it? - - - THE following circumstance impresses us as of a painful and sad character: 'At Columbus, Ohio, last week, a lunatic whose insanity was of a wild type, killed a comrade who roomed with him, cut him up into small pieces, ornamented them with bits of ribbon, and then proceeded to dispose of them to the other occupants of the wards as 'Christmas beef.' When the terror-stricken keeper entered the room, several of the lunatics were eating the remains, and the butcher told him with a leer that the next time he killed he should reserve him a choice cut.' Now, in the Cannibal Islands they ornament a man in this way, tie him on his back like a turtle, with a label on his abdominal periphery, stating the hour at which he will be served up. But that such things should occur in 'Christian Ohio,' 'overcomes us like a summer cloud, and makes our 'special wonder.' - - - IN these days of daring '*Balloonry*' the KNICKERBOCKER is to be 'counted in:' not that *we* are going up: but one of our correspondents — one of our *best* correspondents, too — has obtained permission to ascend to a great height, over a 'gel-lorious region' of our country; and what *he* sees and feels, he will make every *reader* of these pages see and feel also. The privilege of ascent is comparatively cheap: the *aeronaut-en-chef* only requiring that his companion shall be 'worth his weight in'—*gas*! 'Good many folks *an't*,' he said to our friend; 'but I guess *you* be.' The Yankee sky-voyager was right: he is 'worth his weight in *gold*,' but not counted *as* gold, in the mere standard of 'money-value.' - - - 'W. C. B.,' writing to the Editor from St. Louis, 'slips in' the following gossip anecdote. 'Every person in St. Louis knows P. W. J —, magistrate of the — ward, whose capacity almost equals that of DANIEL LAMBERT. The 'Squire is a great wag in his way, and can't 'keep it to himself.' One day the writer, while in his office, heard him say to a 'party' asking advice, that 'if an hundred men claimed compensation for the same kind of services rendered a 'party,' a judgment in favor of one would be as good to secure the debt as though rendered in favor of the entire hundred;' and added, 'I'll be d — d if it would n't!' At that moment a lawyer crossing the threshold of the door, inquired, removing his hat: 'Squire, is the Court in session?' 'No,' replied P —, solemnly and emphatically, 'no; the Court is *not* in session, or the Court would not have said, 'I'll be d — d!''

Recent American Publications.

Memoirs of Vidocq. Written by himself: with Illustrative Engravings by Cruikshank. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 580. \$1.25.

The Rectory of Moreland. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 12mo. \$1.

Life and Liberty in America. By Charles Mackay, LL.D., F.R.S. With Ten Illustrations. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 412. \$1.

Knitting Work. By Ruth Partington, (B. P. Shillaber.) Boston: Brown, Taggart and Chase. 12mo. Pp. 408. \$1.25.

History of France: from the Earliest Times to 1848. By Rev. James White. New-York: D. Appleton and Company. Pp. 571. \$2.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LIV.

DECEMBER, 1859.

No. 6.

MAJOR GRUMBO'S SURPRISE-PARTY.

'Pshaw!' said Major Grumbo, dashing down the *Times*, 'another surprise-party! This tomfoolery is being run into the ground. I can't look into a newspaper but what I see an account of one. There is not a little starveling clergyman in town, with a lean wife and six lean children; there's not a bank cashier who survived the crisis; there's not an alderman who has n't in six months robbed the corporation-till; there's not a railroad conductor of five years' good standing, who has n't built himself a fine house out of his stealings, but what is astonished by two or three dozen witlings, who come in and take possession of his premises, light his gas, cook him a warm meal, give him two hundred dollars, wipe his little boys' noses with new pocket-handkerchiefs, and present his wife with a silver pap-bowl and a dozen night-gowns, adding their congratulations on the already flourishing family, and hopes of its further increase.'

Major Grumbo groaned. He was a bachelor of eight-and-forty. Vainly for him had marriage-bells rung out their notes of joy, and smart milliners invented wedding favors; vainly for him had frosted cakes been cut up, and their magic rings melted two frosted hearts into one warm one. For him the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' with its exquisite pictures of family love, had vainly glowed in the breast of Burns; and lost on him was the pathos of Gray's lines:

'No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.'

But had Major Grumbo ever read these as golden gifts of English poetry, (I do not say that he had not read them,) he would have cared no more for children, he would still have regarded them as nuisances, he would still have growled at a quotation from Mother Goose, and stormed outright had any little trot of three years run at him, saying:

'WASS me, and dress me, and lay me down softly,
Dat I may look pretty when papa comes home.'

Major Grumbo had a sister whose ideas in regard to domestic happiness were directly opposed to his own. She always said that nothing was so sweet as a dear little baby ; and she had made her words good by presenting her husband with eight specimens in the course of twelve years. She had married early, and always advised all young people to do as she had done : she dilated on juvenile traits of character ; she said she rejoiced to see the young ones growing and putting forth like young olive branches around the table. She could teach all the mysteries of skipping-rope, cup and ball, hunt the slipper, forfeits, jack-straws, humming-tops ; knew 'Mother Goose' from title-page to finis, and was well posted in Miss Jane Taylor's 'Original Poems for Infant Minds.' She was a natural match-maker — susceptible school-boys made her their confident, and loving maidens met often by accident at her house the ones they most desired to see. She was an optimist, believed in love without money, and pitied married people without children.

All such precepts and practices were gall and wormwood to Major Grumbo. He considered his sister a pest, a dangerous innovator and disturber of the public peace. Whenever he dined with her, which was but once a year, such was the terror he inspired in her young brood, that the boys preferred their plum pudding cold at tea-time rather than wait for it, and the girls left the table without a crease in their starched apron. He enjoined that the baby was not to be brought down at dessert, under penalty of making his visits but once in four years, when spring is edged off one day further by the twenty-ninth of February. None of those bantlings dreamed of seizing their uncle's hat, and stirring its gloves and papers with his cane ; they would rather have braved Mr. Rhubarb, the saturnine apothecary around the corner, and climbed on top of his shop to mix imaginary boluses in his big gilt mortar. The neighbors said, that whenever there was an arrival in his sister's family, he considered himself an injured man ; he sent for the doctor, who abetted the conspiracy ; made due inquiries about the mother, and when told that the child was healthy and likely to survive, put his own head and his door-bell into mufflers, went to bed, and charged the servant to say that he was as well as could be expected.

'Another surprise-party!' reiterated the Major. 'Well, I should n't be astonished if I were to have one myself soon. Here comes little Mr. Halo ; he can't be coming to tell me to prepare for it.'

Halo entered. A dapper little man, with twinkling blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and hair which time had slightly whitened, while it left his lips young and smiling. He set a perpetual example of practical benevolence : not rich, he could not often give money ; when unable to, he gave time, and wasted neither on undeserving objects.

'Major Grumbo, I come to you on a pleasant errand. The members of our society to which you belong, are getting up a small surprise-party for our minister, the Rev. Increase Multiply. You know his salary is not large; that he has labored long and faithfully; that he has a large family, six children; and that his little boy died of whooping cough last winter. We have nearly made up the amount, and the presents and the supper are all arranged. I happened to think of you, and should have been very sorry not to ask your aid. A donation in cash would be thankfully received, or you could, if you prefer, contribute a few bottles of that very fine old wine which you bought at Commodore Crusty's late sale. Poor old gentleman, he must have had rather a lonely time in his last illness; never married, and no immediate relatives.'

'Commodore Crusty, Sir,' answered the Major, 'was my intimate friend, one of the few sensible men of this degenerate age; he was too wise, Sir, to marry; and if I can only follow his example steadfastly to the end, I shall be happy. As to this surprise-party, Sir, I unhesitatingly answer no; and it is quite surprising enough, Sir, to find a man of your intelligence and influence taking part in such a ridiculous matter. I hate all these surprises, Sir, they only offer premiums to indolence, and what is worse, to huge families, the one great evil of the day. The Rev. Mr. Multiply has not been over-worked; and if his family is large, he should have been contented with a smaller one according to his means.'

'Why, Major,' blandly suggested Mr. Halo, 'my own flock teaches me to have a fellow-feeling for another's. Mine numbers five.'

'It is too large, Sir,' persisted the Major.

'I should be very sorry to see it lessened. It's a great comfort to me.'

'So you all say. Miserable infatuation. Read 'Malthus on Population,' Sir, and see the awful state of things we are coming to.'

'Why, Major, you are worse than Benedict. Even he at last agreed that 'the world must be peopled.''

'Yes, Sir, and I quarrel with the immortal bard for that sentiment. Had we a censorship of the press, I'd move for an expurgated edition of Shakspeare, with said sentence expunged.'

'Then, am I really to think, Major, that you won't come to the gathering — won't be one of us?'

'You are, Sir; I'll join no society for the propagation of error. Why, some one is running here every day for this, that, and the other object.'

'And do you give all of them any thing, Major?'

'Oh! no, I do n't give any of them any thing.'

'Then I hope that in this one instance you will feel disposed to aid

us ; and if you will not go to the party in person, send some of the good wine to represent you.'

'Not a drop, Sir, not a drop. I can neither aid nor sanction such a scheme. Large families, begging your pardon, Sir, are my aversion. Egad they talk of making me President of our Peace Association ; if they do, I'll insure some to society by offering premiums for sterility and a bonus to babycide. No, I won't go to the party, beside, it's the regular monthly meeting of our Antique and Honorable Foggy Association ; and my sister and whole family will be with you, I'll be bound.'

'They have promised us that pleasure, and she is——'

'An extraordinary female, a blind leader of the blind.'

'Well, Major Grumbo,' said Mr. Halo, 'I perceive that the subject is disagreeable to you, and will therefore take my leave. I hope, however, that you will change your mind before night-fall, and perhaps before long you will find how pleasant it is to have a surprise-party yourself'

'Never,' bawled the bachelor as Mr. Halo retreated, 'never.' He roared out the word, partly because he meant to keep it, and part in bravado. 'Mehitable Higgins will be there,' he thought ; 'what's Mehitable to me, if people do say we would make a fine couple, and that she is waiting for me. Sensible woman ; if she wishes to retain my regard, she will keep single. No, I won't go,' and Major Grumbo buttoned up his coat and looked fierce.

The Antique and Honorable Foggy Association was a combined historical and scientific society, for the diffusion of useless knowledge and the revivification of exploded humbug. It resuscitated the corpses of small facts which have perished simply from want of popular interest to keep them alive. It accumulated a museum of rarities, from fac-similes of the pothooks invented by Cadmus in approximating the alphabet, down to the fragment of a burst bomb-shell from the ruins of Greytown. It deplored progress as innovation, and the more obscure and mouldy any subject discussed at its monthly meetings appeared to be, the more intense interest did it create in the members. On this evening the proceedings were announced 'of the utmost importance,' and the punctual attendance of every member requested. A large audience listened with profound attention to a learned paper from Professor Porous on pumice-stone ; after which a donation to the society was announced from the celebrated Von Squattenhen, a copy of his treatise on 'Incubation.' Several prominent members then addressed the chair, proposing a vote of thanks to the great Von Squattenhen, and that he be made a corresponding member to be balloted for at the next meeting. The President, Judge Fossil, thought the compliment well-timed ; he had read the treatise, and

pronounced it 'exhaustive.' Doubtless the company thought so too, for they now agreed to adjourn to a neighboring room to partake of their usual collation, leaving two excited members in the midst of a heated personal discussion which had sprung up between them, regarding the lost archives of the Pequot Indians.

Contrary to Major Grumbo's general mood, he took no part in the evening's work, except of his duty in reading the usual minutes of what the society had not done at the last meeting. He felt ill at ease, an unaccountable weight pressed upon his spirits. Before leaving the house, his servant informed him that she was going to a wedding, and could not be at home before one o'clock. At another time he would have growled, but now only thought, 'Even she goes out, and loves company.' He lingered a moment on his door-step, nervously listening to the wild wind which banged the shutters to-and-fro, and he looked up to the stars which twinkled as if they could just keep themselves from being blown out. Then he turned back, drew his gas-light in the hall down to a feeble glimmer, thought how dismal it looked; locked the door, turned up his coat-collar, and went to his appointed meeting. But his thoughts wandered quite often to Mr. Multiply's surprise-party, which he knew would begin at nine o'clock, on his return with all his family flock from the premeditated tea-drinking of one of the conspirators. The Major found that even his appetite was gone, and that his glass of champagne went down like a dose of pins and needles. 'I've half a mind to run round to Multiply's,' he thought, 'only I'm ashamed to, as I did not give any thing. Never mind, I'll go to the next surprise-party, provided it is not in aid of a large family.'

The Major soon left the society of ancient and honorable fogies, and betook himself to his solitary dwelling. As his foot struck upon the door-step and he drew out his key—a queer key it was—he was startled to see, what he had not observed before, that the gas was blazing in the hall. Could the girl have come in and turned it up, against his positive orders! But in a moment more his doubts were resolved; the door opened, and in the full light he saw, not his servant, but a young man. For an instant or two Major Grumbo looked him full in the face, vainly imagining the stranger's name. At length a face of olden time came back upon his memory, though he still could not greet him until the strange visitor put out his hand and said:

'What, Major Grumbo, not remember me! Charles Temple forgotten! Why, you said when we parted last, that you never, never could cease to hold my image clear before you.'

'Charles Temple! so indeed you are! But I supposed you were in Italy still, and had long forgotten me. Remember,' said the Major, rather gravely, 'that it is twelve years since we parted, and that in all

that time, excepting the first letter from you announcing your arrival in Rome, you have never once honored me with a line.'

'True, Major, I did wrong, very wrong, but I will explain all. Tell me first, however, that you are yet glad to see me.'

'I am glad, my dear boy, delighted indeed, but so surprised, that if you had brought with you the very Pope and his whole college of cardinals, I could not be more astounded.'

'I will tell you all soon, Major, but do not let me keep you longer waiting in your own hall. Let me act the part of cicerone as I often have amidst the studios of the Eternal City, and usher you into your drawing-room. Here are others whose presence may also surprise you.'

As the Major and Temple entered the parlor, two women arose and profoundly saluted the master of the house. He had not seen them, as was the case with Temple, for long years, but he instantly recognized in the elderly female Marguerite Ritter, the locksmith's widow; and in the lovely girl beside her, just entering the season of woman's full and luscious prime, her daughter Doris.

'Doris Ritter,' said the Major gallantly, after clasping the mother's hand, 'you are still too beautiful.'

The girl blushed instantly, her neck and face suffused with the deepest crimson, like that of a damask rose, but she said nothing while she trembled.

The stranger at once relieved her from embarrassment, saying: 'But she is not too beautiful

'Or good

For human nature's daily food,'

even if Doris Ritter was once. That was her name to-day, but to-night she is Doris Temple.'

A shadow crossed the Major's face, and a slight sigh might have been heard from him. 'Married!' he exclaimed; 'married to-day, to you, Charles? Still more and more surprising. A bride! And why is your first visit to a forlorn old bachelor, instead of to some palace of pleasures to wear out the honeymoon? Come, no more mystery, you must tell me all your story, Temple; and, Doris, yours.'

'And mine also, is due,' added the widow. 'I come to give you up your key, companion to the one you hold in your hand, and with which we passed your door half-an-hour before you entered.'

'And have eight years sped so fast!' said the Major, 'for it is that period since that key was thus used. Eight years in truth, and happily passed with you I hope, Madam Ritter!'

'Not altogether happy years, nor swift ones, but I am thankful. You know my husband lived when the key last turned in that lock.'

'Yes, I remember now,' said the Major, shuddering, 'I had for the

moment lost memory, but now to tell his story.'

'I have no great tale to tell my kind friend Major Grumbo,' said the young stranger, 'but an explanation is certainly due to you for my long silence. Pardon me if I go back some years, to relate circumstances well known to you in truth, but not to Doris and her mother, for although they know you as a strong help and stay, they do not yet know why I so honor you, and I wish them to. I was a friendless orphan when you first took me by the hand, and you will find that my mysterious silence which you at one time attributed to my death in Rome, and again to my heartless indifference for past favors, sprung indeed from the deepest respect and gratitude. Let me call to your mind my harsh old task-master, Sawblock, the stone-cutter, to whom I was apprenticed at the age of eleven years. Doris never heard of him, and will never look now upon his hard features, for I learn that he died a month or two before my return, rich and rugged to the last. My father had left my mother a portionless widow: he taught school, but his pupils were few, and his lessons frequently interrupted by the state of his health, for consumption had long fixed upon him its insidious grasp. I knew that my mother tried to supply his place, but as I sat beside her in the cheerless school-room, young as I was, I could see how her heart ached as one by one her pupils dwindled away. Often, when she had summoned courage to appear cheerful or indifferent, as a parent came in to announce that her child's quarter had expired, and that she would be removed, as soon as we were alone she would give way to bitter weeping, and when she dried the tears from her cheeks, despair settled in their stead. I understood the mystery without a word from her, for to me she always appeared cheerful, and spoke in hopeful accents. We were poor, wretchedly poor. The rich, even those who possess a sufficiency without wealth, know nothing of the pangs of poverty, though they give money to relieve it. They cannot feel for the sufferings of those who have known better days. I do not mean the mere physical wants of food and fire, for few actually perish for need of them, when good and charitable men stand by with open purses. But it is the agony of mind, most dread accompaniment of poverty, that eats into the heart and brain, the bitter sense of imbecility and dependence, the innumerable and nameless degradations of penury, the ceaseless self-denial imposed at every moment of existence, the iron fact that the very least indulgence to-day will bring suffering to-morrow. And bitterest of all, for those cursed with a love of art or literature or the beautiful in nature, want, want, want gnaws at their very vitals. The tame common-places meant in kindness fall dreary on the heart, the counsel to look on the bright side of things, to summon resolution, that it is as easy to be

happy in one dull room as in a spacious house, if the mind is only brought down to it. All this kind of consolation is worse than mockery, for the comforters say to the sick, Take up thy bed and walk, forgetful that Christ alone could be obeyed.

‘Pardon this digression, but my heart was full of my poor mother’s sufferings, and at this day, prosperous as I now am, I cannot listen to such sentiments with patience, knowing from my own experience and those of others, that wealth is not essential to happiness, but that competence is. I loved my mother, and my heart bled for her miseries, often at the sight of her scanty dress, denying herself that I might be neatly clothed; but I was helpless. We grew poorer day by day; little plans and expedients failed, and at length I thought I should go mad when she took me by the hand and went from house to house soliciting the washing of the family, and showing me as large enough to carry the linen to-and-fro, so that their servant’s time need not be wasted. I was little more than ten years of age, but that night I kneeled in agony before my mother, and besought her to let me learn a trade, that I might earn something for her. No, not yet; she could not bear to part from me yet. At length I gained her reluctant consent. Eight months we waited in vain for a chance of employment, while my kind mother still bade me hope on, even while her form was slowly wasting from the hard toil which won our daily bread. At length we heard of Sawblock, the stone-cutter; he wanted a boy, partly to run on errands, and to bring up to the business he followed, but he would listen to no proposal unless I was regularly indentured, and agreed to serve my full time with him. I had been taught to draw by my father, and Sawblock asked if I had ever modelled. Yes, I had a little, making rude figures of animals. The sight of these determined the stone-cutter in my favor, for with a keen eye to profit, he saw that my talent for design and moulding would be of advantage to him. Sawblock’s heart was as hard as the marble he worked, while for art he cared nothing beyond the profit it brought him. A stone-cutter, his chief labor was in grave-stones and monuments. This melancholy work may have given him his gloomy tinge; but I never received from him one kind word, though many a buffet. I was to receive nothing but a knowledge of his trade; and after a certain period, a part of my time in the week was to be at my disposal, that I might earn a little money for myself. Hard was my toil, thankless my task; but I had a mother who never tired of learning my progress and soothing me, while she encouraged. ‘Work on, work on,’ she would urge, ‘and a bright day will come at last.’ And ever as she said it, I did work on with renewed hope; but with never a word of grace from my harsh master. Once only did he ask regarding my mother’s health; when I told him that I feared she was dying by

inches, 'Why do n't she die at once, and be done with it?' he answered brutally, then asked, 'Do you know where you're going when she's dead?' 'No,' I replied; 'may God help me.' 'You're to live at my house,' he said; 'so I hope you're satisfied. Now stop your blubbering and get along about your business.'

'One day, as I learned, a gentleman came in and ordered a gravestone, with a rose to be carved upon it; he left a drawing of the flower, which was to be exactly imitated. To me was assigned the task, for I was already employed on the finest work, and I at once saw that the pattern was rude and stiff. I substituted another, gracefully drawn, and followed it. When finished, the gentleman came to look at it, and remarked to old Sawblock, who had not seen it before, that it was not after the pattern he had left, but was much better, and must have occupied a longer time. He was very much pleased; but when he had gone, Sawblock cursed and beat me, for using time which brought him no additional profit. As I went homeward that night, I wept bitterly at my hard fate, heedless of all in the street, until I was stopped by a kind voice, asking my trouble. It was the gentleman for whom I had worked. I at once told him my story, and he bade me stop crying, saying that he would aid me.' He gave me ten dollars, a larger sum than I had ever seen, or hoped to own in my life; but he said I had fairly earned it, and that I showed a most decided talent for sculpture. That first of my gains, and those kind words, seemed to fall upon me from heaven itself. Doris, that friend sits beside you: for me you can never thank him too deeply.'

Doris turned her glowing face upon the Major, who fidgeted in his arm-chair.

Temple continued: 'After leaving my address with the Major, who promised to call the next day, I hurried with his gift to my mother, who looked more worn and tired than usual. My fortune seemed immense, and I cried: 'Now you shall work no more, and you shall have a new dress, and you shall drive out, and I will buy you some nice grapes and every thing.' She smiled faintly as she took the gift to lay it aside for me, and thanked God that I had found a friend. 'The day has indeed dawned at last,' she said, 'but do not despair if you wait long yet for the coming sun.' That night I was roused from a happy dream and called to her bed-side; she was dying. 'God has raised up for you a protector, I know and feel it,' she murmured; 'and though I go, you will not be left alone. Be true to him, to yourself, and to my memory.' The morning found me desolate; and when my friend came to that stricken home, I was nearly bereft of reason. Of some days I recall nothing. Tell me now, Major, was it not to you alone that my poor mother was indebted for a decent grave?'

Major Grumbo's eyes were tearful; he simply nodded his head and said nothing.

'It will be one of my life-long regrets that she never knew you. I pass over my unhappy life with Sawblock, a mere record of trials and struggles, but perhaps the appointed path to success, and the discipline that thoroughly determined me to the profession of a sculptor. You aided me constantly, gave me chances of studying to better advantage, introduced me to those who loved art and had collected paintings and statues. I am thankful that I was enabled by work for you and others, to repay the expenses I incurred at that time. At length you entered my cheerless room, as I was modelling a design for my mother's memory, the angel receiving her spirit to bear it aloft. You declared at once that I must no longer toil for my sordid master; you bought my time from him, loaned me money for the purchase of marble into which I chiselled my design, and finally when I was eighteen sent me to Europe. From that date in my story I have told Doris all, and I will be brief in unfolding this portion of my life to you, Major, for you must already be anxious to learn of tangible results, of deeds, not words.

'Until I visited the Eternal City, I may truly say that I never despaired of my art; but when I trod the streets of Rome, and entered its mighty galleries and looked upon its immense collections of priceless and perfect works, many of them the labor of men whose very names had perished, then indeed my heart died within me. When I paced the pavement of St. Peter's, and gazed upon its long-drawn aisles of wondrous architecture, its mosaics and monuments, and then turned my glance aloft into the stupendous dome, which the genius of Michael Angelo suspended in air, I cowered and shrunk away. I hid myself near an angle of one of the papal tombs, and a sense of utter nothingness fell upon me. What was I in the midst of that mighty temple, consecrated to the sublimest glories of art? what could I hope to effect in comparison more than the solitary spider which wove its web unseen upon the wall? And as I mused amidst the ancient monuments of Rome, the Colosseum, the triumphal arches, the enormous baths and temples, ruined, ruined all, they seemed to counsel me: 'Hope not, young dreamer; learn of us, sole witnesses of former grandeur, the vanity of human purposes.' Yet I had left home full of eager trust, panting but for opportunity, and now was borne down by gloom. I began my toil, resolved for a great struggle, and often as I emerged from my studio after a long day's labor, I was comforted as I thought that my mother's spirit was watching over me, and I again heard her words: 'Work on, work on.'

'Then a resolution seized upon me; I know it was wrong now, but at the time I thought differently. I completed the two or three little orders I brought with me, and determined not to look homeward again for assistance; I would not even write to my friends until I had

achieved such success as to place me beyond dependence; it was my pride, my stubborn pride alone, which kept me so long silent, though at the very time I knew you would judge far otherwise. If I fail, I said, I will die here, and make no sign; if forced to return to America, I will hide my shame from every eye which knew me of old. I kept my purpose. I toiled on, but by degrees my money became exhausted, and want at last stared me in the face. I must either return to resume my old trade, or die of starvation in Rome. I had yet sufficient money to transport me to America, and on the evening before my intended departure I ascended the Pincian Hill to take one farewell look at the Eternal City, and tears, bitterer than any shed since I was beaten in my boyhood, burned upon my cheek as I for the last time surveyed its solemn grandeur. But I was not destined for such sudden abandonment of my pursuit. I again, as in your case, Sir, long ago, heard a soothing voice, and turned to find that I was accosted by a priest whom I had one day befriended on the Campagna. He had been suddenly overcome by the heat, and I bathed his temples with water from my flask, and attended to his wants under the shadow of some ruins until he revived. He had given me his address, and asked me to come and see him, but I had never gone. Now in turn he aided me. He begged me not to leave Rome without one more trial, and prevailed with me. He was of a noble family, rich and influential, and he at once named me to some Roman gentlemen, who gave me work to do, and once more placed me beyond want. The noble Abbate was an accomplished antiquarian, especially in coins, and his collection was very fine. He took pleasure in instructing me in numismatics, and one day while I was exploring the Bath of Caracalla I found by mere accident a coin of that Emperor's reign. Before I could show it to the good priest, I met an English gentleman whom two vagabonds were trying to cheat with spurious coins. He asked my opinion, and was much pleased, first, when I spoke English, and next, when I explained my doubts of the worthless copper, while I then showed him the fine specimen I had lately found. He said, he would be glad to buy it could he learn its value from a friend, and named the Abbate. I begged him to retain it until he could do so, and refused his offer of a pledge, saying that I could trust him, for he had a noble and honest look, and I felt that he was a true gentleman.

The next morning I heard a knock at my studio-door, and on opening it, I saw him with the Abbate. He was then formally introduced to me as the Duke of D —, whose name I had often heard connected with the splendid art-treasures of his Palace of the Peak. He now came to offer me the full value of my coin, which proved to be a very fine one, and further, to give me an order for a work in marble. He looked around my work-shop, and was greatly pleased with an ideal

female bust in which I had endeavored to express the sentiment of gratitude, styling it *Gratitudine*, and asked if he could have it. I told him that I would make another, but that that, the first of my marble busts, was especially designed for my earliest friend, and that I could not part with it. He commended me, and then ordered another subject. From that hour I prospered; the Duke's acknowledged judgment in art brought to me a multitude of orders, and the bright day in full sunshine came at last. Four months since I left Italy to visit my former friends, and explain in person my long, strange silence, but on my arrival in Philadelphia I had much to attend to for artist-friends abroad, and could not visit you until I had leisure. Now my dear old friend you know my story, and I beg you to forgive me. Doris shall tell you how I met her in Philadelphia, whence we came to-day. Here, Major,' added Temple, placing a parcel on the table, 'is the money you lent me so long ago, five hundred dollars then, one thousand now, which I fully owe you, and here,' he said, rising and passing into the next room, which Major Grumbo had not glanced into, 'is my gift to you, my ideal of *Gratitudine*.' He removed the veil as he spoke, from the exquisite ideal bust, which had been placed in the room just before the Major had returned.

'Charles,' said the Major, 'I honor you, although I do not excuse your silence. I should have been too glad to aid you, even if you could never repay me, but your singular conduct had an evil influence on me, in connection with another matter of which I must tell you myself, for I fear that Doris will scarce feel able to do so.'

'No, indeed I cannot, Sir,' said Doris, 'but must it be told in truth?'

'Yes, for you must have no secrets from your husband.'

'Stay,' said the beautiful bride. 'He has told us, and gladly have I heard his early trials, for now I can reverence you even more than I did when you tore me from my insulter's arms. I will tell him that portion of my short story, and will ask your aid when I hesitate. But first, say what was the evil influence produced upon you by Charles's conduct and mine, for my heart aches at the bare thought of it.'

'It made me morose, selfish, and solitary. I ceased to believe in human gratitude, when I should have known better, but from this hour forth my thoughts will run in their old channels, and when I believe myself unjustly treated, this lovely bust will reassure me in the hope that time will convince me of my error, and that thankfulness will assume tangible shape. Now Doris, your secret.'

'Tis none,' she answered; 'mother knows all, and Charles nearly all; how you helped my father, the locksmith, and when he showed you some of my designs for the embroidery on which I worked at the milliner's, you urged him to give me some position where my taste for

drawing could find better play. I
 while at this milliner's you saw fi ri
 sign of one in your employ, wh n I lov
 discovered and thwarted his int ns
 lieved his purpose honorable, a p in whi i co
 have acted the part of clergyman, l the vile v i
 of witness. You disclosed all to my her, and I v ;
 clerk discharged; while I for years sorrowed o
 tion. I was indeed most grateful to you, but you i 1 1 —

'That you could not love me, Doris, you mean.'

'No, not as I ought, to marry you, for my nature forbade me to bestow my hand unless I could love a husband with my whole soul.'

'I know it, Doris, and I was foolish enough to believe that an ugly bachelor of forty could win the heart of a beautiful girl of seventeen. It was silly, but let it pass now.'

'It was not silly, my honored protector, and it gave me many a pang to think that I could not return it as you deserved. You know, too, that my station in life was far different from yours.'

'But that was nothing to me. Your education was excellent.'

'It was much to me, although not the bar to wedded love. You will forgive me now, another's wife, and let me conclude my simple tale. Before my father's death we removed to Philadelphia, where I was soon induced to follow the art of lithography, which I learned thoroughly, and have derived from it abundant support for mother and myself. Three months ago a visitor came to our establishment, and seemed to be pleased, so my employer said, with some figures I had drawn for him. He wished to see the workman especially, to give exact directions for another set of drawings, and I thus met Charles.'

'And you married him,' said the Major.

'Yes, with his consent,' replied Doris, smiling. 'Now in turn permit me to offer you some specimens of my skill,' and she spread before Major Grumbo a series of beautiful lithographs, the work of her own pencil.

'Doris, your hand,' said the Major; 'Charles, yours; they have been already joined, but I reunite them, for you know I am a Justice of the Peace, and marry sometimes. I rejoice that both have found such helpmeets, for you are worthy of each other.'

'You said that you were morose, selfish and solitary; you never were formerly, nor do I believe it now,' said Doris. 'But if so, act thus no more, it is foreign to your nature. Change again, will you not, for Charles's sake and mine?'

'I will try,' said Major Grumbo; and as he held the hand which the lovely woman extended to him, a casual observer might perhaps

imagine that a deeper feeling than friendship still held its sway over him. Doris was, as he observed, almost too beautiful. Hers was not that lofty intellectual nor spiritual face which appeals to the cultured few, but her beauty if of the earth earthy, was of its most delicious type. It was thoroughly luxurious yet pure; her waist full, but superbly rounded, set off to the best advantage the outline of her abundant bosom, while her whole frame seemed to glow with the excitement of perfect health and spirited blood. Her dark brown hair swept in heavy masses from a Grecian brow, beneath which large soft gray eyes beamed with soul-born light. But in her glowing cheek, in a nameless mischievous expression which played about her delicate nostrils, and in her full luscious lips, that looked brimful of kisses, one read a spirit which, unrestrained by high principle, as was hers, would fascinate to destroy.

‘For my part,’ said the widow Marguerite Ritter, ‘I have little to say. This key, Major, I now give up to you. You remember that at the time you rescued Doris, my husband had engaged to make you a new lock and key for your front door, and that being fond of his art he was always inventing something new in it. When he finished the lock, he made two keys for it, so contrived that either would open it, or the two combined in one. He showed it to you, and asked as a favor that he might retain one of the keys, promising never to use it unless he could do you a service. You indulged his whim, as you deemed it, and he kept his word. Your clerk laid a plan to rob, and probably to murder you, and bribed one of my husband’s shop-boys to make a key to fit your lock. The boy honestly told his master, who gave him for the villain a skeleton-key which would open the door but could not relock it. With this he entered the house in your absence, tried to fasten himself in, but finding that he could not, boldly proceeded to rob your plate-chest. Meanwhile my husband had warned you, and passing unheard into the house, fastened the door and concealed himself. The robber came down-stairs with his booty, and uttered exclamations of terror at finding the door fast. He heard your key turn in the wards; and as agreed between you, my husband, waiting until the door was pushed ajar, when the thief had raised a blade-geon to bring you down, rushed upon him and held him helpless in his iron grasp. Before my husband died he gave me this key, to use if I could ever bring you good and unexpected news, and then to give it up. I have brought you Charles Temple, so that it has fulfilled its office. See, I join the two,’ and the widow united them instantly by the ingenious springs attached to them. ‘Now never more let them be severed, unless you should give one to your future wife, though I know not who she may be.’

'Perhaps I do,' thought the Major. 'Now tell me,' said he, aloud, 'how you found me.'

'We went,' replied Temple, 'to my old friend, Mr. Multiply's, to be married, for I wished to show you at once my stone ideal and my living wife. We found that he with all his family had gone out to tea with Miss Higgins, and in her presence we were united. She said that Mr. Multiply's friends were preparing for him a surprise-party on his return home, and telling her briefly our story, we added that we also designed one for you. Miss Higgins replied that we owed you much more, that our debt was life-long honor. Now will you go with us to the good minister's house?'

'On one condition,' said the Major.

'Name it.'

'That this money, this thousand dollars, is accepted by Doris for my gift upon her marriage. I cannot retain it; you have already paid me a hundred-fold.'

'God bless you, my first and latest benefactor, who shall say that you are not the most generous of friends?'

'And the best of men,' said Doris, sobbing.

Major Grumbo kept the party waiting for a few moments, while he went down into the cellar to select a dozen bottles of Commodore Crusty's finest Port, which he placed in a basket, and all then set off for the minister's. The Major offered his arm to the widow, while Temple and Doris followed with hearts too full to speak. Mr. Rhubarb, the saturnine apothecary, seeing the Major pass by with a basket-load of bottles, imagined that there must be a double arrival at his sister's house, requiring the aid of another doctor and two additional nurses, and consequently kept up a full blaze of gas for an hour after midnight, in wild hope of profitable prescriptions. The door of the parsonage was opened by Mr. Halo. 'I knew you'd come, I said so,' shrieked the delighted little man.

How the minister laughed, and his wife cried, how the Major smiled, and Miss Higgins blushed, must be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say that within three months Miss Mehitable Higgins was Mrs. Major Grumbo. From Miss Higgins' age (most delicate subject) only one juvenile Grumbo appeared, so that his father's horror of a large family was not realized, and he felt that as far as he himself was concerned, he could dispense with Malthus.

With his beautiful wife, and her mother, Temple soon returned to Rome, where he won new laurels as an American sculptor. Major Grumbo became a domestic man, gave up his post of recording secretary, and retired altogether from the association, to the inexpressible grief of its ancient and honorable fogies.

THE ALL-LIFE.

I.

The joy that streams o'er summer seas
When sunshine trembles wide and bright;
The peace that sleeps on shadowy leas
When moonbeams fill and flood the night;
The splendor brightening up the skies
When morn puts on her rainbow vest;
The bliss that throbs where sunset dies,
Melting in glory down the west :

II.

The voices whispering soft and low
Along the pine-tree's boughs at eve;
The mournful dirges, grand, and slow,
Where autumn winds unrestful grieve;
All joys that come through eye or ear,
And touch this rapt, responsive soul,
Speak God and Heaven around and near,
To lift us to their high control.

III.

This universal frame is quick
With all the life that lives above,
And deep pulsations, swift and thick,
Like those that thrill the breast of love,
Come stealing on through all we know,
Through all that warms our contact here,
Until we feel the heart-beats flow
From one same life through every sphere.

IV.

O life supreme! O heart divine!
Beating all being's pulse forever,
Tune all my heart to beat with thine,
And jar again in discord never:
Then I no more, but thou, shalt live
Through all the breadth of my existence,
Till, fed by life that thou dost give,
I live, in thee, my whole subsistence.

THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

'Do you deny this, too, Nelly? Did you ever doubt that his heart is in the right place?'

'In Claudia's keeping?'

'Do n't repeat this nonsense. I do not believe it. He could not bear Claudia; she did not like him. How has it come about? How could it?'

'Shall I tell you all that I know, mamma?'

'Yes.'

'Since the spring,' Helen began, and her voice was so sad and so weary, 'I saw that my dream was over. Our life, when together, was like an incessant struggle to mingle two opposing elements. Nothing that I did pleased him, every thing that I said annoyed him. I could not be always patient; even if I were, he seemed to take it as a tacit reproof to himself, and to resent it in that view. Each day matters grew worse. I had no longer the power to interest him; he chafed under the restraint which papa's wishes placed upon us; he was unjust and querulous. His lawsuit was decided against him; he had to set to work in right earnest; we were going to be poor, after all. The prospect was not gay — at this time, that is, in June, you know, Uncle Leslie had that sudden turn of fortune — those western lands which became so immensely valuable, and from a well-to-do planter, he was elevated into a very rich man. Mrs. Percival fell ill; Claudia went to help nurse her. I was there constantly too, and I noticed then a change in their manner to each other. I think Claudia has always cared for him. I think she liked him before he ever thought that he was in love with me. His sister saw more, however, than I did; she hinted to me something of the sort. I jested him about it, and he seemed only angry. We went to the Island, and they remained in town together. I hope she loves him, for she left no means untried to win him. Two months since he went to New-York; we parted without anger, without coolness, without affection; he returned a week ago. I met him accidentally in the street, shopping with Claudia. I had not known of his return. She came up to me; he followed and shook hands, calmly; all the old feeling rushed upon me so strongly that — I blush to think of it — the tears came to my eyes, and I said: 'Why do I meet you here, Harry, for the first time?' 'Have you desired to see me?' he said. 'Can you doubt it?' I asked. He looked

gravely at me. Claudia called to him, and nodded to me, and he raised his hat and joined her.'

'That was the day you returned from the city with such a headache, my poor dear Nell.'

'Yes, mamma.'

Her mother laid the girl's head softly upon her shoulder. 'Well, he called that very evening, I remember; did he not?'

'He did.'

'And you received him kindly?'

'No. I was not able to say very kind things. I am not an angel, mamma, and he had tried me too far; but, you recollect, perhaps, that I wrote him a note the next morning, for I asked your leave to send it. What I said, you will gather from this reply which I received but yesterday.'

Helen drew a letter from her pocket, and her mother read:

'I HAVE received your note. For the kind words in which you convey the very kind feelings you entertain for me, how shall I thank you? how express my own appreciation of them, and my respect? I beg you to believe that I had no wish nor intention to wound you last Friday when we met. Nothing could give me more pain or mortification than to be the cause, carelessly or unnecessarily, of inflicting the same upon you. Yet, for this very reason, perhaps it is best that we should not be alone together again; our last interview was infinitely distressing to me. Why add to the misfortune of our position? I have loved you very deeply and sincerely. Indeed, life can give me nothing like the past. The whole freshness and power of my heart have been yours, and yet while I thank you on my knees for the happiness which our long engagement has brought me, I feel that neither of us can further endure its attendant evils. We are unsuited, Helen, for each other. You have not the temper to mate with mine; and in the life before us, a life of privations and comparative poverty, how absolutely necessary it would be that we should possess that unity of spirit which will alone make any marriage tolerable. I have long felt that this day must come, that the hour of parting was at hand. It is bitter, but better so. You cannot but have seen that my love was no longer what it has been. I have for you still the warmest interest, the sincerest friendship, but I feel that it is due to you, as well as to myself, that I should at once and forever put an end to all uncertainty on a subject so vitally important to us both. Forgive and forget me! I can never feel otherwise than as a friend to you. I would die to serve you. I respect and honor your sincerity, your faithfulness, but every thing is against us, in ourselves and in our circumstances. Your father's animosity, our uncongeniality—a thousand things. I ought

to say one word more — rumor
 engaged to your cousin — to C
 I have not for her the wild pa
 sures that we will mutually en or to n
 I long misunderstood her. Ev
 cause where they truly lay — a jealo of y
 she vainly tried to conquer.

‘God bless you, Helen — mine no longer, but ever dear to me. In some future time, when the hey-day of youth has passed for both of us, you will thank me for the wisdom which has dictated this step. You will marry, you will be happy, happy as your kind heart deserves to be; happier than you would ever have been with one, who now signs himself

‘Your friend always,

HENRY TREVOR.’

Mrs. Latimer’s face flushed as she read this letter. She was evidently laboring under conflicting feelings, but her better nature prevailed; she drew her daughter close to her, and without speaking, looked earnestly and affectionately at her. Helen kissed her mother’s withered hand, and laid it on her burning forehead.

Presently the good lady said: ‘I do n’t reproach you, my dear. I do n’t abuse him. It is the will of Heaven, I suppose, and I must be resigned to it. I can do nothing. Poor Harry! he has been drawn on, inveigled, deceived!’

Helen raised her eyes imploringly. The blow was hard to stand; the evil was deep-rooted. Even here, on her mother’s breast, there was no comfort. All she must expect was forbearance, not sympathy. She took up the letter and scrutinized it, as if there were cabalistic signs upon its envelope, frowned slightly, examined the seal — it was a comic seal, a Paul Pry with the worn-out device, ‘I hope I do n’t intrude.’ Her lips partially curled with scorn. Was this trivial, common seal used from inadvertence, or was it intentionally, pointedly and impertinently chosen? What did it matter? There was a bright fire in the chimney, she went to it calmly, threw in the fatal letter, saw it ignite, flame, burn out, and the blackened fragments curled over and over, and then disappeared. She drew a ring from her finger; it was nearly three years since Harry Trevor placed it so proudly and so tenderly there — it followed the letter; a moment, the diamond flashed in the blaze, and then it sank out of sight, in a bed of coal and ashes.

Her face was stern and yet excited, when this deed was done; she thought of Lucy Snowe burying her precious letters in the *allée défendue* of that famous Brussels garden; truly had she ‘closed the eyes of her dead, straightened its rigid limbs, and drawn the white

sheet of oblivion over the pale corpse.' There was nothing as original in her act, but the feeling was alike, the motive the same — to be rid forever of mute testimonials, that could but bring biting memories. She thought of other women in history, in romance, in real life, who had suffered like herself. She repassed in her mind all the circumstances of her own case, as if it were some stranger's that interested her, and, idly, the while, gazed into the fire and drummed upon the chimney-piece.

'Nelly, darling,' her mother said.

She started and turned.

'Have you told your papa?'

'No; will you tell him?'

'If you desire it. Any thing that can help you, or please you! Won't you lie down now and go to sleep, my little daughter; you look badly. But, how glad I am that you take this so quietly. I believe I feel it more than you. Try and forgive him, therefore; he has been honest, at least he has told you at once of his infatuation, his folly. Ah me! youth is hasty, unstable, easily led — Claudia is so clever. He is so honest, depend upon it, he suffers terribly, but felt that he must not in the smallest way deceive you.'

'Mamma!' Helen said, 'spare me. I see now what I ought long since to have seen. Like Richard of Gloucester, he 'thought women had tender hearts, but mine was tough,' and it has taken much 'straining to crack it.' My only crime, like the Lady Anne's, has been 'to outlive his liking.' You and papa shall not blush for your daughter. Spare me. Let this subject be a sealed one between us. I am a woman now, twenty-one, not a mere girl; I must show a woman's strength, a woman's forced hypocrisy. I understand your partiality; but I cannot share it. That letter,' she shuddered slightly, 'has been the caustic to sear, scarify, cure, but not in a moment. The pain is vivid, recent, severe, but wholesome. Do n't weep, dear mamma; kiss me, love me. Where is papa? Will you tell him what you know, and ask him never to say, 'I told you so.' Will you?'

Mrs. Latimer silently embraced her daughter. Helen's calmness overpowered her; to her simplicity there was something mysterious in the sudden reason and equanimity of her hitherto child-like, buoyant, skittish, careless Nelly. Her eyes had been blind to the change that had been working for months, transforming the girl into a woman.

'I shall lie down for a little while, as you proposed, mamma; sit, you know — I see the weather has cleared — I am engaged to take tea with Mrs. St. Clair, and to go with her to the theatre.'

'How can you do it? Nelly, will you stand it? Suppose you meet ——?'

'It must be done, sooner or later, week as the next. Do n't fear'

The mother was gone; reluctantly she once she turned back as if to say door. Listening for her retreat, he stood. He key, drew the bolt; she was alone, a to give a burst of tears, broken sobs, private expression every feeling of her nature, crushed, hopeless. He sat beside her little white bed, but did not in lows. Where turn for consolation? The father's love could give but a divided and insufficient sympathy — he hesitated and looked for this, had warned her of it, and she had not heeded his warning. It was a fearful experience for a young heart, and it now to be borne unflinchingly and courageously. Helen was not what is called a 'pious girl'; she respected religion, practised its forms, but did not look to it as her constant and only friend. Like many a creature, it was still to earth she looked for help, where trials came from earth, and were but repeated in a thousand forms.

Her little dog, sleeping upon his cushion during all the time, presently woke up, and jumping upon the bed, called her attention by his caresses. She arose, spoke to him, and looking into his earnest, affectionate eyes, said, sighing: 'You are faithful still, Frisk, for how long? Till some one gives you a larger breakfast, or a bigger lump of sugar than this?'

She bathed her eyes, and paced the room until she was calmer in mind, weary in limb; slept uneasily for a few seconds, and then prepared for their early dinner. Mr. Latimer was very kind to his daughter, and Mrs. Latimer showed her feelings by having provided a profuse and excellent meal. Helen tried to eat; tried to speak cheerfully — did both very badly; but when she came into the drawing-room to say good-by, before she drove into the city, both father and mother were inwardly surprised at her blooming and brilliant aspect. Her fresh and elegant dress, with its delicate laces and appropriate ornaments, set off the 'refined loveliness' which her admirers always dwelt upon — and there was a flush upon her cheek, and a glitter in her eye, which deceived, and ought to have alarmed the parents that fondly inspected her. They only thought her looking singularly and strangely well, and were each silently delighted that she should bear her troubles so bravely.

'You will not see me till to-morrow, you know, dear people,' Helen said gayly. 'Mrs. St. Clair will drive me back in the morning. I wonder that both or either of you can resist what I am going to see, that great actress in 'The Hunchback!''

'I should like to see myself in a theatre,' Mrs. Latimer said, laughing; 'why, it's twenty years since I was inside of one.'

'So, like the pope or the cardinal, or who was it, Nell, in the Louvre?—your mamma only considers that the sight for her to see would be herself. Tell us all about it to-morrow, and be off now or you will be driving in the dark presently.'

It was a gala night. Glorious Ellen Kean was the attraction, and the theatre in which she performed was crowded from pit to gallery. Mrs. St. Clair's party entered her box with a great commotion, as usual. Bertha herself was always a rallying-point for opera-glasses and comments. She rather liked it. She had a way of glancing around that showed a nice consciousness that she was looked at, and that she considered herself worth being looked at. One beautiful hand was generally bare; she said she hated gloves, and half a pair must be enough to satisfy etiquette and custom; but some of her friends were inclined to think that if her nails had not been so very pink and oval, her fingers so taper, and the lines so statuesque and graceful, she would have endured both of *Desprè's* *kid glacé à double boutons*, without a murmur.

Helen and herself, with a certain lively Kitty Maxwell, composed the ladies, while six or seven gentlemen of Mrs. St. Clair's set, made up the party. There was a good deal of chat and laughing and settling in their places—some few changes after the first seating—and finally an inspection of the house and its contents. Mrs. St. Clair swept the boxes with her admirable *lorgnette*, and pronounced the assemblage a 'collection of frights,' and 'nobody one knew;' presently she discovered a familiar face, then another, afterward several, and at last admitted that 'every body was there.' Suddenly she glanced uneasily at Helen, who was talking with great animation to Robert Glenn. A party was just entering: a tall, fair, handsome woman, serene as moon-light, with a very quiet and haughty carriage, and large, disdainful eyes; her chaperon was a voluminous lady, all fringes and diamonds, good humor and fuss, cap and false ringlets—Mrs. Leslie and her daughter Claudia.

An antique beau in spectacles placed himself beside the mamma, and Claudia sat between Walter James and Harry Trevor. The one carried her opera-glass, the other her bouquet.

'Does Nelly see them?' thought Mrs. St. Clair. Helen did not look that way at all; but one who knew her as well as Bertha did, could easily detect, by a certain nervous contraction of her lip, that she was aware of their presence.

The curtain rose. The audience of that city where Helen Latimer lived is courteously quiet, if it is uncourteously undemonstrative—so

there was a hush, although Charles Kean's presence was not enthusiastically welcomed, but it did rise into fervor when his matchless wife appeared as 'Julia.' She played as she always does, perfectly; she looked the gentlewoman, and Bertha's attention was irresistibly drawn from Nelly to watch the mimic scene. But she felt and knew that there was a real play performing in that house to-night which out-tanked the one upon the stage; and Ellen Tree, born an actress, did not act her part with stricter attention to rule and criticism than Helen Latimer.

'I should never have come this evening,' thought Bertha, reproachfully. 'Every word of this play 'tells.' Where was my memory, common-sense, ordinary intellect? What a simpleton I was, to bring dear Nell here.'

The curtain fell, and Helen was tranquil as a lake at midnight with no breath to ruffle it, but she held a fan in her right hand, and whoever had tried to move it, would have seen that no iron grasp was firmer.

'So far, so good,' Mrs. St. Clair was repeating to herself, while she mechanically bowed, smiled, and answered Ben Burgess, who was in full tide of compliment and gossip.

'Is the engagement official?' Mr. Burgess asked.

'Mary Elliott's to Mr. Carlisle? yes, I believe so. I saw Mrs. Elliott this morning with a face as red and radiant as the rising sun; and she told me with a simper and a sigh, that she would 'have to lose Mary soon — no one but a mother could know the grief,' etc., when we all know, whether maids or mothers, that the whole family have been spreading nets for Mr. Carlisle these four blessed years; but it is an age of humbug! What a comprehensive word! what did we do before that dissyllable was invented? Who can recollect? although, did not some body put it in the mouth of Caius Gracchus; therefore, we are to understand that *this* generation at least were born to the use of it;' and so Mrs. St. Clair rattled on, hoping to escape the fatal subject; but, as she paused to take breath, inquiring 'what is the play to-morrow night?' Mr. Burgess answered:

'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and that keeps us to our subject; for it was not of Miss Elliott's engagement that I spoke, but of Miss Leslie's.'

'Hush!' Bertha interrupted, 'Claudia's cousin, recollect, is present; what an insinuation against Mr. Trevor's motives! Are you coming again to-morrow?'

'Oh! they are not very friendly, any way — but I wish to know the whole truth. Miss Latimer,' leaning over, and stretching his long throat. 'Miss Latimer, may I interrupt you one minute?'

'Helen, dear, do n't answer him. They will hiss us presently; the curtain is rising. Be quiet, Mr. Burgess, pray. There goes the prompter's bell.'

'Just one word. Is the engagement really one between our friends over there, Miss Leslie and Harry?'

'Yes,' Helen said, simply and with a smile. 'Do n't they look very happy?' and she glanced across the house at her cousin, her lover, and her friend — once so dear to her, all three, and now, separated from her by barriers that neither time nor circumstances could ever remove.

If there was 'intention' in Mr. Burgess's question, he failed in his object. A slight color rose to her cheek, and there it gradually deepened. Never had Helen Latimer looked so lovely as that night; never did she so look again! It was the last gleam of her youth and freshness — when 'the world' again saw her, they saw a different woman. The light of hope, of girlhood, was quenched forever; but this night it burned with a borrowed lustre, and

'PLEASURE's self might envy her
The mirth of her despair.'

Even Bertha St. Clair watched her with amazement and doubt; she almost thought that her 'dear Nelly' was after all a heartless little thing, and that her own sympathy was wasted. But such ideas vanished when the play proceeded, and when, while giving her attention to 'Julia,' she nevertheless was irresistibly obliged to cast an occasional glance at her friend. 'Master Walter,' says to 'Clifford,'

'Go to! thou art a boy,
Fit to be trusted with a plaything, not
A woman's heart. Thou knowest not what it is!'

Such a quick, spasmodic shudder thrilled poor Helen's frame; yet instantly, as the act here ended, she resumed her lively conversation, and met Bertha's anxious look with a frank, affectionate reply. 'But oh!' Bertha groaned inwardly, 'if it were only over, and we safe at home!' She began to think seriously of getting up a fainting-fit on her own account, and so dispersing the party. Never had an evening seemed so long to this little lady; and never had she listened with more dissatisfaction to the meanest performance in her whole life of theatre attendance than she now did to her hitherto worshipped idol, charming Mrs. Kean. Impatiently she turned her *lorgnette* from side to side of the crowded house; it seemed to her that hundreds of eyes were watching Nelly, just as hers did. She was not far wrong in such a supposition.

Curiosity was on the alert; 'society' *did* suspect that there was a

mysterious change of hands :
 jestingly alluded to the ivy leaf Nelly's e
 asked, since when the emblem
 bough of forsaken ladies ?

Helen had never been popular ; her gay and careless way of talking made her equally feared and disliked. She was called 'sarcastic,' a cheap form of dispraise commonly used by people who have not the faintest idea of what it means or they convey. Therefore, besides the natural pleasure all the world takes in running down its neighbors, a few private animosities were gratified in believing Miss Latimer to be a *bergère délaissée*.

It took all of Mrs. St. Clair's dearly acquired self-control, under which the vivacity, born with her, was constantly striving to break through—it took every atom of it, to hide her emotion now. How she loved Helen for her composure, and pitied her for the suffering which her observation read beneath the ever-increasing loveliness, the frequent laugh, the dimpling smile, the flashing eye, the brilliant repartee !

'Julia' enters, pacing the stage indignantly. 'Master Walter' pretends to sympathize with her anger, and she utters with scorn :

'WHY 't will go abroad,
 That he has cast me off. That there should live
 The man could say so. Or that I should live
 To be the leavings of a man !'

The whole house applauded. Helen said criticisingly :

'Very well ; but she does not quite enough convey the humiliation of that thought, eh ?' This was rapidly spoken, without a trace of personal feeling. Mr. Glenn agreed with her.

'Master Walter' leaves his ward, and 'Julia' exclaims :

— 'LOVE me ?
 He never loved me ; if he had, he ne'er
 Had given me up ! Love 's not a spider's web,
 But fit to mesh a fly — that you can break
 By only blowing on 't ! He never loved me !
 He knows not what love is — or, if he does,
 He has not been o'er chary of his peace !
 And that he 'll find when I 'm another's wife,
 Lost ! — lost to him forever ! Tears again !
 Why should I weep for him ? Who make their woes,
 Deserve them ! What have I to do with tears ?'

'Beautifully spoken,' said Helen softly. 'What a tone she has !'

'I can enjoy the play in front of me,' thought Mrs. St. Clair, who had caught the whispered words, the careless glance. 'But, to my

mind, there are two great actresses within these walls to-night. She'll stand any thing now.'

And so she did. Helen Latimer played out her rôle steadily, unflinching — no bravado, no unmaidenly display, no effort to seem unconcerned, which only shows the weakness scantily hidden; the most scrutinizing glass in that audience failed to find food for caviling and sneering comment, in the graceful composure, the playful sparkle, the high-bred ease of that broken-hearted, disillusioned, suffering woman!

Bertha turned her attention, during the next entire act, to the betrothed lovers, Harry Trevor and Claudia Leslie. Claudia was all herself. Trevor was ill at ease. He was restless, gloomy, silent. Mrs. St. Clair took a malicious pleasure in catching his eye, and bowing with her little mocking, profound air. Again, when 'Lord Tinsel' says :

'LADY, we come not here to treat of hearts —
But marriage; which, so please you, is with us
A simple joining by the priest, of hands;
A ring's put on; a prayer or two is said;
You're man and wife — and nothing more! For hearts,
We oftener do without, than with them, lady!'

a scarcely perceptible smile curled Bertha's lip, and she shot another glance across the theatre, that found its mark and sank.

The play ended: as they made their way through the crowd, accident brought them in contact with the Leslie party.

Impossible to avoid speaking; Mrs. Leslie nodded good-humoredly to Helen, and seemed perfectly unconscious of any awkward feeling. Helen deliberately put out her little hand and offered it to her aunt and cousin: hesitated but for a second, and then gave it coldly and simply to Harry Trevor. Not a blush, not a tremor; his thoughts were not enviable. As a selfish man he regretted the loving slave that he had lost; as a born gentleman, he could not be insensible at this moment, and for this moment, to the dastardly cruelty which he had practised; as a vain man, he saw that his power was over forever, and that the heart he had tortured, trifled with and cast aside, rose proudly superior to his insults. She had a right to despise him; there lived a human soul whose respect he had justly forfeited, and that only revenged itself by a silent and deserved contempt. It galled him; those slight fingers never rested again in his; but, not even his children's loving clasp, nor his wife's condescending pressure, ever effaced the memory of that fleeting touch. On his death-bed, ask him, he may acknowledge it then!

Who so gay as Helen Latimer at the supper-table, presently? Mr.

St. Clair, on whose right she sat
to the brim:

‘You are brighter than the

‘Hear! hear!’ cried Bertha, ‘a co in the
house!’

‘The head of the house? not so,’ replied her lord. ‘If the head
holds the tongue, I yield to you, madam.’

Bertha bowed. ‘I propose a toast,’ she said, with her ringing
laugh. ‘I have not mentioned this mighty fact before, because I dis-
like too many repetitions; still, Mr. Pelham has been so flattering to
my looks this evening,’ the gentleman in question had not opened his
lips, and stared aghast at such an announcement, ‘that I venture to
suggest, that on this happy day some few years back, my eyes first
looked upon this ‘weary world.’ My birth-day, my friends, the tenth
of December.’

‘The tenth of December!’ exclaimed Helen, faintly. Her lips
paled, her cheeks grew white, she tried to raise her glass, it slid from
her trembling hand, and Mr. St. Clair caught it as it fell.

‘Dear Nelly!’ cried Bertha, springing to her side.

‘It is nothing,’ Nelly said, ‘a little water. Thank you: I drink to
your birth-day, Bertha. Let us each make her a gift, a contribution
on the spot. Imprimis, I offer this.’

She took a jet bracelet, curiously fashioned, from her white arm
and clasped it on Bertha’s, who protested:

‘These good people will consider us in league, Nelly, and call this
a *guêt-à-pens*, to bring them innocently here to be fleeced! no, no.’

But the whole party enthusiastically applauded. Kitty Maxwell
gave a ruby-mounted seal from her cluster of *breloques*; one gentle-
man hastily divested himself of his pearl sleeve-buttons; another laid
his watch-chain of great enamelled balls on Bertha’s plate; another,
with a mischievous smile, held out a locket, (Mrs. St. Clair, *perhaps*,
had given it to him herself;) and finally, on the summit of this in-
congruous little heap of ornamental odds and ends, Mr. St. Clair
placed his pocket-book.

‘That’s practical,’ exclaimed Bertha, laughing, as she tossed it up
playfully and caught it again on her rosy palm. ‘Who gave this pen-
knife? Mr. Pelham? Ah! Mr. Pelham, won’t you respect my su-
perstitions? Allow me.’ And she gravely handed him a crooked
pin ‘to break the charm.’

Meanwhile, Helen saw, not the gay scene before her, but a quiet
lawn, with its grove of ancient oaks; a rising, half-spent moon; a girl
standing in the door-way of her father’s house, with an arm encircling

her waist; impassioned eyes fondly gazing into hers, and a deep voice, trembling as it slowly recites :

‘ Mine, to the core of the heart, my beauty !

Mine, mine only, forever mine ! ’

The tenth of December ! the day to be an anniversary, solemnly and sacredly kept so long as their lives lasted !

Miss Maxwell rose to go home ; her carriage was waiting — her little brother, too shy to come in, was doubtless getting very tired and very cold, fast asleep in the family coach.

‘ One song, Kitty, just one,’ Mrs. St. Clair pleaded.

Miss Maxwell was not averse to displaying her fine contralto voice. She turned to the piano, saying :

‘ Here is an old ballad, prettily set, which I have just found. It is new to me, and you know I dote on ‘ melancholy music.’ I exhaust any possible sadness of my own in this fashion.’

‘ Not to-night ; something gay to-night,’ cried Mrs. St. Clair, hastily. But it was too late. Kitty shook her head, and sang :

‘ THE dream is past, and with it fled
The hopes that once my passion fed,
And darkly die, ‘mid grief and pain,
The joys, which gone, come not again.
My soul, in silence and in tears
Hath cherished now for many years
A love for one who does not know
The thoughts that in my bosom glow.
Oh ! cease my heart. Thy throbbings hide !
Another soon will be his bride,
And Hope’s last faint but cheering ray
Will then forever fade away.

‘ They cannot see the silent tear
That falls unchecked when none are near ;
Nor do they mark the smothered sigh
That heaves my breast when none are by.
I know my cheek is paler now,
That smiles no longer deck my brow ;
’Tis youth’s decay, ’twill soon begin
To tell the thoughts that burn within.
Then let me nerve my sleeping pride,
And from his gaze my feelings hide.
He *shall* not smile to think that *I*
For love of him would pine and die.’

The rich and tremulous tones died away amidst profound silence.

Kitty struck a few bars plaintive. Bertha cleared her throat, but Helen interrupted her :

‘What a birth-night strain, I I I
should banish you from three
‘weeping to our beds.’ Listen to me.’

She swept Miss Maxwell from the piano with a playful gesture, and sang archly, brightly, charmingly :

‘WHERE is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour like this to live —
Full, to the brim, of life’s delights?
Look, look around
This fairy ground,
With love-lights glittering o’er,
While cups that shine
With freight divine,
Go coasting round its shore.

(‘Pass the punch,’ said Bertha, *sotto voce*.)

‘Hope is the dupe of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment’s flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what’s *now*,
For all that Hope may say?
No — Joy’s reply,
From every eye,
Is: ‘Live we while we may.’

‘Brava!’ cried every voice. ‘Nothing like Moore, when you wish ‘no more’ of such lugubrious strains as Kitty’s. Kitty, where *do* you find your songs? They are all elegies.’

‘I write them myself,’ said Kitty, mockingly indignant, and taking her leave.

They were all gone; the last lingerer put on his overcoat and lit his segar at the lamp in the entrance-hall, and not one, as he wended his way home, but thought with admiration of the sparkling grace and animated countenance of ‘sweet Nelly Latimer.’

It was her ‘moment of success,’ often remarked upon afterward, often recalled.

Bertha followed her friend to her room. The smile had faded from Helen’s face; she looked worn and weary.

‘Darling,’ Bertha said caressingly, ‘are you quite well?’

‘My head aches a little, not much.’ She gave her hand to Mrs. St. Clair; it was burning.

‘You have overtaken yourself.’

‘Yes.’

‘Let me prescribe for you.’

‘No drugs, no mixtures, Bertha. They are useless. Talk to me a little.’

‘May I venture ——’

‘Any thing. Say what you choose.’

‘Nelly, would that you could feel as I do, that this loss is your gain. That after a very little while you will be happier than you could ever have been — that he was utterly unworthy ——’

‘Hush!’ she laid her hand on Bertha’s lips. ‘That is too commonplace for you to say. Listen to what I feel; we can neither of us add to it, nor take away from it. I do n’t mourn the lover, I mourn the love, the faith, the illusion. I mourn my wasted feelings, poured out so lavishly, that I have but the dregs remaining. Some one says that there is no ‘wasted love,’ it but grows as you need it. It is a divine gift, like the few drops of oil in the widow’s cruse, which increased only because she used it: without faith it would never have been but the few drops. I do n’t feel this. I shall not ‘pine away and die,’ like the heroine of Kitty’s crooning ditty, but I shall never be ‘myself’ again, dear Bertha. This blow is not sudden; it came slowly, gradually, overwhelmingly — long withheld, but long since certain. I tell you with the truth of Truth herself, that I would not have this otherwise, and that it has destroyed my youth and the whole brightness of my life. You understand me. Let us never speak of it again.’ Then smiling feebly, she added: ‘I am the widow of a sentiment, not a husband; but my weeds shall be to the world bright enough to dazzle them, and my cap nothing less than a garland of roses. Good-night.’

Warmly she embraced Bertha, and gently turned away. Mrs. St. Clair sighed and left her.

It was the last page of the ms.; Mrs. Sutherland laid it down upon the desk, and placed her hand upon it.

Presently she looked up; Olivia’s eyes were moist, and tenderly fixed upon her.

‘The tale is told,’ Mrs. Sutherland said.

‘No. What has become of Helen? Did she marry? Where is she now?’

‘Did she marry?’ repeated Sylvia evasively; ‘why do we always conclude that a woman must or does marry? What do you think? conjecture? *did* she marry? Ought she to have married?’

‘Why not, pray? You would not have her live as an eternal mon-

ument to the glory of Mr. Tree or? grati-
fication of thinking that he was ex-
exercised a fatal influence over

'I set considerations for him
rupted, 'but for her own sake; could, as a
of delicacy, of fidelity to the present self, could
fancied her affections engaged, or bowed to two
heart —'

'Nonsense!' broke in Olivia, shrugging her shoulders. 'Her heart
ought not to have been broken, and if it were, as some writer says,
even the fragments of such a heart should be carefully gathered up;
as scraps, they are more valuable than most others still intact. But,
I guess your intention,' she added gently. 'You wish me to commit
myself by criticism on your—friend. Tell me the rest of Helen's
life, won't you?'

Mrs. Sutherland could not resist smiling.

'There is a letter which is a sort of a supplement to these sketches;
since you are so flatteringly importunate, I will read it to you. It is
from Helen to Mrs. St. Clair. The latter had been abroad for some
time. Here it is, and I warn you that it is very long.'

'Yes, dear Bertha, the news you have heard is true. I *am* about to
be married; more than that, to-morrow is my wedding-day. You will
naturally wonder why you should be the last to learn a matter so im-
portant; it is because I know beforehand all that you will urge, and
think, and say against my choice; consequently, I have spared us both
unnecessary waste of paper, pondering and parley. And I proceed to
do to-day what I have always intended — devote my last single hours
to you — and would have done it without your eloquent appeal, and
still do it, in spite of your little outbreak of indignation. Ever the
same, dearest Bertha, so quick to fancy that you are wronged! But
I forgive your petulance, thinking how furious you will be, that I
should dare forgive, when it is I who stand in need of pardon myself.

'To explain my position and reasons, let us go back four years, to
that tenth of December when we saw Ellen Tree in the 'Hunchback,'
and afterward, at supper, Kitty Maxwell sang us that song. The
next morning, as you well remember, instead of driving me back to
Oakland, your carriage was sent for poor mamma, who arrived to find
me very, very ill. My only wish was, that no one should know it,
and I believe few ever suspected that my subsequent visit to New-
York was to recruit after this slow, wearing fever, more of the mind
than of the body, and from which I arose like a skeleton.

'Kind as ever, you took me away, and I rallied amidst the sunshine

of that gay city, and returned some months after, well and strong; but I never recovered my elasticity of spirits nor my bloom. What mattered those two losses, since I became a greater belle than ever, (excuse the vanity of such a disclosure; there is no feigned modesty between us,) and my court increased each day. Singular, was it not? While anxious to please, I never had been appreciated as I now was, when, indifferent and bitter, I welcomed every new aspirant for my smiles with ill-concealed carelessness.

'I had several proposals, very good ones the world said, and mamma was evidently anxious that I should marry; but I was inexorable; and she had, dear soul, the distress of seeing me mount those fatal, flowery steps, which lead from twenty-one to thirty, without, seemingly, an idea of avoiding that rock of old-maidism so terrible to the eyes of many excellent people.

'Her life was further embittered by the event which had likewise blighted mine, only we received it very differently. She could not help showing me that the — that — pshaw! Henry Trevor's marriage was still, would ever be, the great disappointment of her calm existence. She never could see that no power of mine could have prevented it; she loved me dearly, she was very good, but felt herself ill-used. Dear mamma! I dreaded Aunt Leslie's visits!

'*They* had married, and had moved to New-Orleans before our return from New-York, you know — fortune favored them — speculations never failed; they were and are very rich. Aunt Leslie is justly proud and delighted; she heard frequently from her daughter, and could not resist speaking to mamma of Claudia's balls, and Claudia's child, and Claudia's wit, and Claudia's state of glory and grandeur. Sometimes she would check herself in mid career, and glance at me, which only made mamma more angry and uneasy. As soon as Aunt Leslie's portly figure had driven off, I would hear such a sigh from my poor mother, and a muttered, 'And all this Helen has thrown away.'

'It made me think of your story about the Melvilles, when you went to see them at Philadelphia, and found them full of the good fortune and splendor of a certain Mr. Drummond, a rejected suitor of their penniless niece, Lucinda; and who, having since married some wealthy man's daughter, and living very grandly, caused them constantly to exclaim: 'What a position this would have been for Lucinda!' Less dazzled by Mr. Drummond's horses and houses than themselves, it quickly dawned upon your intelligence that such regrets were rather useless; for, as you immediately remarked: 'My good friends, had Drummond married Lucinda, when could he have espoused Miss Elsey, and where would he have found his three hundred thousand dollars?' This easy solution dissolved the spell, and they were quite obliged to you for pointing it out.

'I might have told this to —
 'As for my father, he was ;
 regret what had happened. I
 after my return to Oaklevel, I
 draperies of my bed, 'my oi ke ev
 intimacy I did not absolutely to I: y
 my Nelly; she has saved you m a m able
 'He went to the wedding; le a h: me present to the
 bride; he really believed and what . He treated the
 bridegroom as he had always done, with cold politeness. Mamma did
 not go, I heard.

'My bitter regret, dear Bertha, is, that I long harbored resentment against my father. Alas! before I had quite learned to cease questioning in my inmost heart the justice of his feelings, he died. But he never knew how much I had dared to blame him; and he blessed me, and called me his dear, dutiful little Nelly, and passed away with my name upon his lips, my hand fondly clasped in his.

'Troubles now came thickly upon my head. As that fifth commandment is 'the first with promise,' so, I believe, that my unfilial resentment was visited sorely upon me. Mamma's health rapidly failed. One night I was aroused by that fearful cry of 'fire,' always alarming in a crowded city, where help is near and accessible, but doubly terrible in the country, far from relief or aid. Surrounded only by the frightened servants, one of whom had accidentally discovered our danger, we rescued mamma, carried her to one of the farthest negro-houses, and I stood with folded arms, after every thing had been saved that could be saved, and saw my dear old home burned to the ground; worse, there was a high wind, the oaks were like tinder, sparks fell among them, nine of the finest perished, and many others were hopelessly injured. But this you know.

'You know that the neighbors came at last with the kindest offers, and it was at Mr. Ellis', three weeks afterward, that mamma died, and I was left alone in the world! Alone indeed! I have no relatives but the Leslies; mamma was an only child. Your sympathy, dear Bertha, your house, yourself, every thing was pressed upon me. You delayed your European trip, you were eager to take me with you; but my double mourning was still too recent to permit me, even had I wished it, to participate in your schemes of pleasure, and I feared I should prove a check to your gayeties. I promised to join you after a while—six months since was the appointed time—you wrote impatiently, chiding my postponement, when I failed to keep our tryst. Now, I shall explain fully what I merely evaded then. My dear Bertha, I am a beggar.

'Recover from this shock, and let me go on. Papa made no will, had no debts. Mamma and I just went on as we had always done. I knew we were not rich, but we had always lived comfortably. After her death, I wished to rebuild our house; you opposed it: I was obstinate — considered myself old enough to live as I chose — consented to engage an ancient female distant cousin, good Miss Parsons, to come and 'watch-dog' me, (since you and the world thought me still young and pretty enough to attract 'wolves,') and you left me, at a private boarding-house, busy with plans and builders' estimates.

'My house was finished, a modest residence; and I called in my bills, and the inventory of my fortune. Debts paid — you know my horror of debts — I stand mistress of a brown stone cottage, neatly furnished, some relics of old plate and china, enough acres of land to raise vegetables and flowers, ten venerable domestics, whose united ages would amount to about eight hundred and ninety-nine years, and not one sixpence in any bank, or invested in any further shape.

'I could begin an Arcadian life as soon as I pleased on carrots and turnips during the winter, and continue this vegetarian diet more extensively during the spring. But summer-time, the working season of the industrious ant, would prove starving days to me. I could not live in the country, and how was I to live at Rutledge-super-Mare?

'My man-of-business, busy little Mr. Skerit, advised selling Oaklevel at a 'fancy price.' Sell Oaklevel! where my dear mother was born, Oaklevel which we have owned since before the Revolution! my eyes flashed so indignantly that the little man started in his chair!

'I wanted to know how we had always lived during my father's lifetime? Skerit was vaguely uncertain, and verbosely explanatory. I sent for Mr. Mulgrave, my father's old friend, yet his junior by fifteen years. He gave his time, which to a distinguished lawyer is very precious, his whole attention, and finally told me that papa was a bad manager, invested badly, each year had decreased his capital; Skerit was 'honest barely,' and I, a very poor, forlorn little woman. He did not say it in these words.

'Unobtrusively he gave sympathy, advice; he would have given, had I permitted it, his income. In a short time he did offer his home, his plantation, his bank-stock, his fame, his name, his heart, himself.

'He loves me, he has loved me since I was a wee girl. It is an hereditary love. He loved our poor Emily, and has only transferred that unacknowledged passion to me.

'Do I love him with the love I have loved? No. He knows it. I have faith in his tenderness, gratitude for his affection, esteem for his character, admiration for his admirable qualities, confidence in his truth,

hope for our future. Is this el to marry upon? I close my eyes, and leave the answer to that f

'I have been silent to yo my Mr. Mulgrave is so much ol er t n he yours; his gravity, his plain exterior you are a strong advocate for love, love only, in m I, you can feel that love. 'Then,' I heard you , ye tish, positive voice, 'do n't marry at all.' Wl I do, my 'To dig, I cannot, to beg, I am ashamed.' You will not I would marry 'any man, lord' in this view? You do n I ve what all our little world of this little city do, and say, that I : ever have been a 'heartless woman,' that I wind up my of fish conquests and frivolous trifling by making at twenty-fi a riage of convenience? The world and its sayings! I wi I was walking behind an unconscious couple who di as th went, my engagement. 'Just like her, said one, 'you know jilted Harry Trevor to marry Robert Glenn, and after all, G I didn't offer. Served her right.' 'Yes,' said the other 'Ch 'and poor Trevor is not the only man whose happiness she has destroyed. Flirt she was, and flirt she will be to the end of the chapter.'

'I write this name quietly now; without a falter in my pen. What of the state of my heart, my memory, rather, in that quarter? To such a question, I would answer frankly. My heart is like Oaklevel. The fire has passed over it, not a vestige remains of what it was. More, I could as well hope by laying tier upon tier of guano, to see springing up in my lifetime, with all their old vigor, that noble line of beautiful oaks; I could as well hope, by any effort of mine, to feel within my breast, the same wide-spreading, luxuriant, overshadowing freshness of passion and tremulous love, to hear again the wild melody of the birds in the branches, to listen to the wind-voice softly sighing among the leaves.

'No; scorched and withered, I dug up the very roots of those cherished trees, the friends of my childhood, the dear companions of my girlhood. I struck and spared not! Since their glory was destroyed, let every trace be banished.

'A smooth green lawn, and clusters of rose-bushes, osier baskets filled with violets, those are what you will see, dearest Bertha, when you visit Helen Mulgrave. The resemblance, the march of circumstances, is still more complete. I can no longer call this place Oaklevel, where oaks are none. 'My World,' I have christened it. Know us both under our new names, unchanged to you and yours. What more need I say? What more can I say? I have been sitting for hours, writing all this. I stand upon the threshold of a new life;

some misgivings I have, I don't deny it ; solitary I am ; but for very shame, I would weep now. Away with such feelings. I have the love of an honest heart, what more should I ask, or need ?

'Ever, dearest Bertha, dear and faithful Bertha, faithfully and
dearly yours, NELLY.'

Olivia's hand stole softly into her friend's. There was a profound silence, you could have heard the rain-drops fall from the roof, heavily, one by one.

The wind had risen, it moaned fitfully by gusts, around the northern end of the house. Sylvia went to the same window at which she had been standing hours ago. She put up the sash, threw open the shutter. The storm had passed, clouds slowly sailed across the sky, hurrying out to sea, with stately march. Streaks of faint crimson in the east show the approaching dawn, the lamp within the room burned low and flickering. 'Come here, Olivia ;' she pointed to Mars, the 'red planet Mars,' and winding her arm around Olivia's waist, slowly repeated :

'STAR of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possessed.

'And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

'Oh ! fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.'

'To suffer and be strong. I am not strong, Olivia. No concealments now. You know who 'Helen' is. Her life has been a series of mistakes and experiments. May God keep you from the same. If you can extract a wholesome moral from my story, your evening has not been wasted, nor this storm profitless. The morning is close at hand, ring the bell, my child, although we shall probably alarm the poultry-yard by such a sound, at such an hour. Do n't speak to me, now. I read in your eyes, in your expressive face, all that you would say.

The sleepy butler dragged in his weary feet, scarcely comprehending this long night-watching, and staring with winking lids, as his mistress gave her orders.

In a little while, every light was extinguished, and stillness settled, like a veil, over the deep calm of 'Sylvia's World.'

THIRTY PIGEONS IN THIRTY DAYS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

VARIATIONS ON A PARADOX.

If you are a son, your father has said to you: 'Work; an educated man can attain to any thing.' If you are a father, you have said to your son: 'Study; a good education is worth a fortune.' Be it so!

On the fifteenth of September, 1837, at eight o'clock in the morning, a post-man entered a house in the Rue Meslay, one of the quietest streets in Paris, although it crosses one of the noisiest quarters in the world, and laying down a letter on the porter's table, said, while stretching out his hand to receive the price of the said letter: 'Monsieur Lebrun! Three sous.'

'There are your three sous,' said the portress, placing the letter in the box of the tenant to whom it was addressed.

Have you sometimes meditated on the contents of a letter which you could not open, on that paper sphinx, folded square, and which will carry from one point of earth to another the joy, the sorrow, the hope of some one, while remaining silent for those between whose hands it passes before reaching its destination? Have you appreciated the benefit of a letter? You have said to yourself, a letter is the momentary approach of distances, it is a shake of the hand across mountains, it is the invisible chain which binds the worlds together. A letter, like Janus, has two faces; it is a babler and dumb, contains every thing and says nothing; it is full of interest, of heart, or of wit, for him or her to whom it is addressed; it is absurd and unintelligible for a third party who reads it by accident. Take twenty letters at hazard and read them; one will be a business letter, this a challenge, that an invitation to dinner; and yet all of them, before being opened, had the same look, were folded in the same way, wore the same seal, that is to say, the same mask. Is it not an image of life? What different emotions under that envelope which is called man, and which is always the same! Under that seal which is named the heart, and which does not vary! Then one day you take the letter which caused you the greatest emotion when you received it, and throw it into the fire; its characters writhe and grimace for a few moments under the deadly kiss of the flame, and all is over; not even ashes remain of that burned-up past. So with your heart. One day, when opening it with curiosity, you found in it a name, and were happy; then this name disappeared, and you became indifferent. But in order to destroy that name, you had no need to burn your heart like a letter; the name effaced itself, and the written page has

become once more a blank page, yet one which perhaps would fall to dust if you wished again to write something upon it.

On the fifteenth of September, 1837, then, a letter was brought for M. Lebrun, Rue Meslay.

Who was this M. Lebrun, and what did this letter contain? That is the question. M. Lebrun was a corpulent man of about forty-five, who had made a small fortune in linens, had had a wife, and still had a daughter. There you have reasons already for his receiving a letter. M. Lebrun was ugly, but his daughter was pretty; M. Lebrun was stupid, but his daughter was sprightly; lastly, M. Lebrun was selfish, but his daughter had feeling. Accordingly, in spite of all these defects, Mlle. Lebrun led M. Lebrun by the nose, as the vulgar saying is.

When M. Lebrun's servant-maid went down-stairs to go out and make the morning's purchases, the portress gave her the letter which she had just received, and she, on her return, gave it to her master, who was seated before his desk, enveloped in a dressing-gown of a palm-leaf pattern, in imitation of cashmere, and was writing letters, too, in his turn. M. Lebrun had long been in business, as we said just now, and during all that time he had been accustomed to do his own correspondence, and to write from eight in the morning to his correspondents in the provinces and abroad. For four years M. Lebrun had now done no business with any one, but he was convinced that he still did some, and would not have let a morning pass without writing four or five letters at least. What he put in that correspondence none could have told, not even himself; but he wrote, he looked busy, it was all he wanted.

M. Lebrun had even hit upon a phrase on this subject which pleased him, and which he often repeated, accompanying it with his retired-tradesman smile: 'I know very well when I shall die,' he would say. 'When shall you die?' people would ask him. 'I shall die on the eve of the day, when I shall write no more.'

M. Lebrun was at his desk then, and in order to see better what he was writing, he had raised his spectacles upon his forehead; for, as you have doubtless remarked, when a man who wears spectacles wishes to see a thing distinctly, he raises his spectacles half-way up his forehead, or lowers them down to the end of his nose, so as to see above them or below them.

I have noticed this so often, that I have come to believe that it is only people pursued by the police, and who wish to disguise their appearance, who persist in wearing spectacles and ruining their eyes by forcing themselves to look through a glass.

By the merest chance in the world, Julia was at her father's side when the servant brought the letter which the portress had given her.

Of course Julia was the Christian name of Mlle. Lebrun. We say by the merest chance in the world, because usually Julia did not rise before half-past ten, so as to breakfast at eleven. A slight blush, which colored her cheeks when she saw the writing of the letter which her father was going to open, would perhaps have indicated to an observer, had one been present, that this morning's letter was no stranger to the chance which caused Julia to find herself up at eight o'clock.

We said that Julia was charming; we are now going to prove it. She was of the middle height, had black hair and blue eyes, a rose complexion and white teeth, well-rounded shoulders, and a slender figure, well-shaped arms and delicate hands, rounded limbs and a little foot.

O ye kind mysteries of nature or civilization! that give pretty daughters to very ugly fathers, be blessed without discussion and received without inquiry!

'Stay!' said M. Lebrun, trying to make out the address of the letter in question, 'I don't know that hand-writing.'

And M. Lebrun, throwing himself back into his morocco-covered arm-chair, bit the end of the fore finger of his right hand, and continued to study the handwriting of the letter.

'Open it, papa; you will soon see from whom it comes,' said Julia, laying her arm on the back of the chair and leaning toward her father with a violent beating at the heart.

'You are right,' said the father; and he undid the seal. We are particular about the word 'undid,' because M. Lebrun belonged to that class of men who, being convinced that every word in a letter is of the highest importance, never tear it open but undo the seal gently, so as to not lose, by too much haste, a single word of the missive, which word might, by its absence, take away from the letter, or at any rate from the sentence out of which it was taken, a part, or even the whole of its meaning.

'Ah! it comes from M. Léon,' said M. Lebrun, going directly to the signature.

'Ah! indeed,' said Julia.

'What can that agreeable young man have to say to me? Let us see.' And M. Lebrun read aloud:

'Sir: you will think my letter very strange, and my request is a very bold one.'

'What a fine hand the fellow writes!' cried M. Lebrun, stopping short; 'what a hand for a book-keeper! Unluckily for him, he is not one. Let us go on.'

'And my request is a very bold one,' M. Lebrun repeated, dwelling on the words. 'But I can no longer resist the desires of my heart,

and if I am to die, I would rather die of your refusal than of suspense.'

'What does that mean?'

'Go on, papa.'

The linen-draper went on reading.

'I love your daughter, and Mlle. Julia, I think, loves me.'

M. Lebrun gave a spring in his chair on reading this sentence.

'He loves you, and you love him!' he cried. 'Have I read right?'

'Yes, papa.'

'So you own it?'

'My mother loved you, and surely I can love M. Léon.'

'It is true; but then I was in business.'

'Well, papa,' Julia replied, with the greatest coolness, 'if that is why my mother loved you, it is for the opposite reason that I love M. Léon.'

'But what does he want?'

'He wants my hand.'

'Upon my word, his request is a bold one. But how do you know that he wants your hand?'

'Because he told me yesterday that he would write and ask you for it.'

'So you were talking to one another in secret?'

'Yes, papa.'

'Often?'

'Very often.'

'Oh!'

'He said he would love me all his life.'

'And you answered him?'

'That I would love him to the end of my days.'

'And when did you talk together in that style?'

'When I was pouring out your tea.'

'And that went on under my eyes?'

'Always.'

'And I saw nothing of it?'

'You could not see any thing, papa; you always had your spectacles on.'

'Very good,' said M. Lebrun, rising and folding up the letter without finishing it, 'very good, Miss; you will go back to boarding-school.'

'What shall I do there?' asked Julia, in a tone which proved that she was not the least in the world afraid of her father's threats, and that she was certain of having the best of the bargain.

'You will stay there till I have found you a husband.'

'Of your own choosing, papa?'

'Of my choosing.'

‘Ah! then I won’t marry him.’
‘You won’t marry him?’
‘No, papa.’
‘Because?’
‘Because it will not be M. Léon.’
‘Ah! then you mean to have M. Léon?’
‘Yes, papa.’
‘You won’t have any one else?’
‘No, papa.’
‘And you think I will consent to the match?’
‘Yes, papa.’
‘I shall write word to M. Léon not to set foot in my house again.’
‘Oh! I shall see him all the same.’
‘And where, please?’
‘At my window, and I will write to him.’
‘You’ll write to him! And what will you write to him?’
‘That I love him, that you are a tyrant, and that, when I am of age, I will marry him in spite of you.’
‘And where did you get those fine principles?’
‘I read them.’
‘In what book?’
‘In the Code.’
‘In the Code! Who would ever believe that that tabernacle of the rights of man and of the laws of society contains such things!’
‘Article 227, chapter on the rights of major children.’
‘Do you know what dowry you will have when you marry?’
‘Yes, papa; sixty thousand francs.’
‘I will suppress your dowry.’
‘You cannot. It is my mother’s fortune. When I come of age you will have to give me my accounts. Article 86, chapter on guardianship.’
‘And who told you that all those things were in the Code?’
‘M. Léon; you know that he knows every thing, papa.’
‘And that he has nothing, on the other hand.’
‘No matter, he will make his fortune.’
‘Never.’
‘You have told him so yourself.’
‘I!’
‘You; I have heard you compliment him a score of times on his good education, and add, that with that he was certain of the future. Come, my little papa, sit down again and let us chat.’
M. Lebrun sat down again, and Julia on his knee.
‘You love me dearly, don’t you?’ said the young girl, arranging the knots of her father’s cravat.

‘Yes, and it is only——’

‘Because you love me that you do n’t want me to marry M. Léon; is n’t that it? Well then, I tell you papa, this marriage must take place.’

‘No; M. Léon has nothing. You cannot be happy if you keep house on three thousand francs a year, even supposing you can get five per cent for your sixty thousand, which is difficult now-a-days; you will not have the hundred and twenty thousand francs, which are my fortune, before my death, and, thank God, I have good health; consequently, you need a husband who will bring you at least what you will bring him, sixty thousand francs.’

‘M. Léon will make them.’

‘Let him make them; we will see about it afterwards.’

‘If you had gone on reading the letter, you would not have got so angry, and we should have understood each other immediately.’

‘Then you know what there is at the end of this letter?’

‘Certinly, for I have a copy of it in my pocket.’

‘Oh! what imps you girls are!’

Monsieur Lebrun took up the letter again.

‘To be the husband of your daughter is the only ambition, the single aim, of my life. But I wish to make her happy, and she can only be so, if she is in a condition to want for nothing, and to be able to satisfy all her wants, all her caprices even. You know how well educated I am, and how many resources education and the arts offer to one who has studied them. Grant me a year. During that year I will set to work, supported by the hope of the result, and at the end of that year, I will come and ask Mlle. Julia of you; for, in that time, if I do not sleep, if I live on bread and water, I shall have laid up fifty thousand francs at least, and that will be a beginning. *Labor omnia vincit Improbus.*

‘What does that phrase mean?’

‘Stubborn toil triumphs over every thing,’ said Julia.

‘You understand Latin, then?’

‘Yes, papa.’

‘You understand Latin?’

‘Yes; it was M. Léon who taught it me, so that he could correspond with me in a language which you did not understand. B finish reading the letter.’

‘If in a year,’ M. Lebrun continued, who could not get over daughter’s understanding Latin, ‘I have not succeeded, then, Sir, can dispose of the hand of Mlle. Julia, and nothing will any longer main for me, except to die.’

‘Well, what do you say, papa?’

‘It is reasonable enough.’

'That is good ; so you consent ?'

'I suppose I must, as you wish it.'

'In a year you will give M. Léon my hand ?'

'If in a year M. Léon has made and brings to me fifty thousand francs.'

'He'll make them. So I can announce this good news to him, and tell him to come up and thank you.'

'What !'

'He is waiting for your answer, below in the street.'

'You've seen him there ?'

'I know he is. He told me yesterday he would be in the street at nine this morning, and there's nine o'clock striking.'

Julia approached the window, opened it, and moving her finger quickly two or three times in succession towards her eyes, she had thus made the gesture which in all parts of the world means 'come ;' and he to whom she had made this gesture, and who leaped with joy on seeing it, rushed into the house.

CHAPTER SECOND.

'THANK my father,' said the young girl, pushing Léon towards M. Lebrun ; 'he accepts your offer.'

'Many thanks !' cried Léon, taking the father's hands.

'So you really love my daughter ?'

'With my whole soul, Sir.'

'And you think you will attain your object.'

'I am certain of it.'

'What do you possess already ?'

'Nothing.'

'Yet you have a situation ; you have told me so several times.'

'Yes, Sir ; in the office of the Minister of Finance.'

'What do you get a month ?'

'A hundred and thirteen francs seventy-five centimes.'

'That is not enough.'

'I am going to leave the situation in consequence.'

'Take care ! Perhaps you will not make as much as that, with all your education.'

'Undeceive yourself, Sir. Happily, we live in an age when labor finds its reward.'

'Still, so far you have only found a hundred and thirteen francs seventy-five centimes, a month.'

'So far I had not loved, Sir ; and that slight sum sufficed for my simple tastes.'

'Well, you know a great many things,' said M. Lebrun, with the admiration of the man who has never known any thing but his own

‘Yes, and it is only ——’

‘Because you love me that you do n’t want me to marry M. Léon; is n’t that it? Well then, I tell you papa, this marriage must take place.’

‘No; M. Léon has nothing. You cannot be happy if you keep house on three thousand francs a year, even supposing you can get five per cent for your sixty thousand, which is difficult now-a-days; you will not have the hundred and twenty thousand francs, which are my fortune, before my death, and, thank God, I have good health; consequently, you need a husband who will bring you at least what you will bring him, sixty thousand francs.’

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‘It is reasonable enough.’

ragged man, who had not tasted food for two days, was Léon, who was on the point of blowing out his brains.

A letter lay on the table. This letter bore the name and address of Julia. It contained only these words :

‘I have done every thing to make the sum which your father asked. I am poorer than when I last saw you ; and I have not tasted food for two days. When you receive this letter I shall have died thinking of you. A pistol-bullet will have done what hunger would have effected if I had still dared to hope.

‘May you be happy, Julia ; this will be my last wish before dying.

‘LÉON.

‘18th July, 1838.’

Léon read the letter again for the last time and sealed it.

‘Come,’ said he, ‘let us spare ourselves the six weeks which still separate me from the fifteenth of September, 1838 ;’ and he loaded the pistol which he held in his hand, preparing himself to put it to his forehead ; for he who knew every thing, knew that it is at the temple, and not in the mouth, that you must fire a pistol, if you wish certain and instant death.

At the moment that he was about to pull the trigger, his door suddenly opened, giving entrance to a burly man with a pimply face, wearing a cloth waistcoat and a white apron, tucked up on one side. This human mastodon was the keeper of the tavern where Léon lived, if it can be called living.

Léon’s first movement, that movement which one can never control, was, not to pull the trigger, but to withdraw his hand from its position, and to hide his weapon behind his back.

But this movement did not escape the tavern-keeper, who walked up to the young man, and said to him : ‘What are you about there ?’ And he drew towards him the hand and the pistol. ‘You were going to blow out your brains ?’

Léon made a sign to the affirmative.

‘And the forty shillings you owe me ?’

‘I have not got them.’

‘So you not only do n’t pay me, but you are actually going to shoot yourself in my house ; that is, you will bring disgrace on my establishment, and leave a dead man on my hands ? Give me your pistol.’

‘Why ?’

‘Why ! To hinder you from killing yourself before you pay me. After that, it will be a matter of perfect indifference to me, but still you will have to do it away from here.’

‘So I have not even liberty to die.’ Léon murmured ; for the wretchedness, despair, and hunger, and the emotion which precedes

suicide, had thrown him into a state of complete prostration, and, scarcely knowing what he did, he gave the weapon to his host.

'After all,' he said, 'I owe you money, I belong to you, do what you like with me. Have me arrested if you think fit.'

'You are very unhappy, then?'

'Ah! indeed I am.'

'You can't do any thing, then?'

'I can do any thing?'

'Any thing?'

'Yes, any thing, from Arabic and Greek down to the way to make economical soap. Well, then, I am dying of hunger.'

'Oh! hang it! That's not the stuff to get a living by, and you are not the first.'

'I wished to give lessons; I was offered twelve hundred francs a year! Twelve hundred francs for spending all my days in trying to teach a parcel of idiots from eight to twelve years old, every one more ignorant, more disagreeable, more ugly, than another.'

'What next?'

'After that, I made a translation of some Arabic songs, magnificent songs, entirely unknown in Europe, and capable of transforming the whole of northern literature.'

'Well?'

'Well, the publisher wanted two thousand francs to print my translation.'

'You ought to have tried something else.'

'So I did. I asked for work from the French government, a copy of a picture.'

'You got it directly? They say that in France, governments attend to nothing but encouraging the arts.'

'I was offered eight hundred francs to copy a Velasquez, and there was a year's work in it.'

'Ah! that's very amusing! Go on,' said the host, placing his hands on his hips, and appearing to take the greatest interest in all that he heard.

'Ah! it amuses you, does it?'

'Vastly.'

And the tavern-keeper sat down, for he had just reflected that he should be more comfortable sitting than standing.

'I addressed myself to a journal,' Léon continued, 'with a view to translating the foreign news, and writing scientific articles. At the end of a month I had made eighty francs, and I received orders not to write on science again, the subscribers having written to say that it was tiresome.'

'Ah! yes, scientific articles; one can't stand that sort of thing,' and the inn-keeper gave a stupid laugh.

'I then scraped together all my resources and came to England.'

'You did right.'

'Speaking English perfectly, I counted on giving French lessons to young gentlemen; but I had the thoughtlessness to pronounce the word 'chemise' before a lady, the mother of one of your countrymen, and the same day I was dismissed.'

'And since then?'

'Since then I have done nothing. I came to live at your house, and I owe you forty shillings.'

'You ought to have been content with the first place you got, that at twelve hundred francs.'

'Content with that? I would have died first.'

'I am contented with what I have, I am sure,' said the tavern-keeper, with pride, 'and for these twenty years I have done my own cooking.'

'I should perhaps have been contented if I had not been in love.'

'You are in love?'

'Yes; and to win the girl I loved, I was obliged to make fifty thousand francs in one year.'

'Fifty thousand francs in one year, when I, I have even now only a thousand pounds, the half of what you wanted, and after twenty years! You are mad, my friend!'

'And in six weeks the year expires. That is why I preferred dying to-day, to waiting for that time.'

The inn-keeper appeared to be deep in thought.

'I have an idea,' he cried suddenly.

'You?'

'I! You want fifty thousand francs?'

'Yes.'

'If I get you sixty thousand, will you give me ten?'

Léon looked at the inn-keeper as one looks at a madman.

'I am speaking seriously.'

'You can procure me sixty thousand francs?'

'Within a month of this.'

Léon rose and sprang at his host's neck, but he repulsed this familiarity with his hand, and continued:

'Have you a good appetite?'

'Excellent! But what does my appetite matter?'

'Have you committed any excesses?'

'Never.'

'You will marry the girl you love.'

'What?'

'Be brave, that's all you need.'

'What do you mean?'

'Dress yourself.'

infusions of leaves ; second, coffees, or infusions of seeds ; and third, cocoas, which are thin soups or gruels rather than infusions.

A tradition respecting the origin of the tea-plant, handed down from the third century, runs thus : ' A pious hermit, who, in his watchings and prayers had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eyelids closed, against his will, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, he cut them off and threw them on the ground. Well pleased with this mark of his devotedness, a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes and possess the wonderful gift of hindering sleep.'

A similar tradition exists concerning the origin of the coffee-plant.

The Chinese claim for tea that, 'it is of a cooling nature, and if taken in excess, produces exhaustion and lassitude.' It increases the flow of animal spirits, and imparts a feeling of cheerfulness. Its three principal ingredients are theine, tannic acid, and a volatile oil. The first contributes its enlivening properties ; the second, its astringency ; and the third its narcotic principle, which last is very powerful in recently prepared tea. The Chinese never use that which is less than a year old, thus allowing the volatile oil partially to escape. This oil is not a natural constituent of the plant, but is generated during the roasting process. Tea lessens the loss of the system by perspiration, arrests the metamorphic decomposition of the tissues, and thereby lessens the quantity of nutriment necessary to the repair of the body.

Coffee resembles tea in its chemical constituents, theine or caffeine, for the terms are synonymous, and a volatile, empyreumatic oil forming the prominent principles. As is the case with tea, the oil is produced during the roasting process. Chemists have assayed to determine to which of these substances the peculiar effects of the beverages are due ; but, practically considered, such investigations are no better than scientific nonsense. When the devotee of the bowl raises the potion to his lips, he does not pause to ask what part of the chemical formula for alcohol ($C_4 H_6 O_2$) it is that burns his palate, nor does the hungry man care whether it be empyreumatic oil or oil of vitriol that satisfies his craving as he sips his cup of coffee. In the same manner as tea, coffee lessens the excretions and arrests metamorphosis.

The ingredients of cocoa are similar to those of tea and coffee, with the addition of cocoa-butter and a greater proportion of starch and gluten. A volatile oil is produced by roasting, as with tea and coffee, and a peculiar principle, called theobromine, corresponds to theine. Cocoa has no qualities superior to those of the two beverages already mentioned, with the exception that it is more nutritious. On account of the large percentage of cocoa-butter, it taxes the digestive organs more than either of the other beverages.

Every thing in the great realm of nature has been created, and is

sustained on the principle of growth and decay, of supply and waste. Reverse this law and the result is destruction and death; and just in proportion as this process is retarded does the organism suffer deterioration. In the vegetable kingdom the process is continually repeated. Without it neither man, nor beast, nor tree could exist for a single day. Without constant change, a process of inhalation and exhalation—to use a more classical term, a perpetual metamorphosis—the human body would soon become a loathsome mass of putrefaction. The old and worn-out particles must be thrown off to give place for new material, which, in turn, after performing its office in the vital laboratory, is displaced by a new supply. As soon as the supply is stopped, the vital domain suffers. Emaciation and dissolution result from its protracted refusal. It follows, that any substance which serves to arrest the constant waste and renewal of the tissues, while it actually diminishes the quantity of nutriment necessary to the support of the system, it vitiates the quality of the tissues by causing them to retain particles which are effete and should be excreted. The rule will hold good in every case, and with all substances: just in proportion as we decrease the *quantity* of material necessary to supply the waste of the system, do we depreciate the *quality* of the tissues. These beverages tax the organs of excretion by furnishing new substances, theine, tannic acid, etc., to be expelled; and these latter in their eliminatory passage serve to constrict and clog the excretory ducts, thus causing other extraneous matters to be retained. It may be laid down as an axiomatic aphorism in physiology that, whatever is gained in quantity is lost in quality, if the gain be through the agency of arresters of metamorphosis.

Again, we must beware of accepting the abnormal action of the system consequent upon the use of stimulants as the direct action of the stimulants themselves. Vital action and reaction must not be mistaken for specific action. Increase the ordinary load of your draught-horse slightly, and he will step a little more firmly; double it, and he will put forth uncommon effort and move faster than with an ordinary load; apply the whip, and he will strain his muscles to their utmost, and probably break his harness; but it would be absurd to argue that the increased demand for exertion and the prompting of his driver produce a corresponding increase in the strength of the animal. The human organism acts upon the same principle. It performs its ordinary labor quietly. The vital machinery, if unimpeded, moves with very little friction from the dawn of life until stopped by the chill of death. When any substance, deleterious to its delicate tissues, is introduced into the system through the digestive organs, intelligence is at once telegraphed to the capital of the vital domain, and an extra force is dispatched to defend the structures and dislodge the intruder.

'I have none; I was employed in a government office, and I left my situation to turn my knowledge to profit in another way.'

'You are a man of learning, then?'

'I have received a pretty good education.'

'We have in our society a distinguished Hellenist, Lord Bourlam.'

'I have heard speak of him; but he has made many mistakes in his translation of Orpheus.'

'We have Lord Gastrouck, the Orientalist.'

'Who has fallen into many errors in his studies on the poet Sadi.'

'You speak Arabic, then?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Then we have a great archæologist.'

'Lord Storley. If I had the honor of his acquaintance, I would point out to him that he is mistaken two or three times in the dates which he assigns to the Egyptian monuments.'

'Do you know Lord Galby, too?'

'The astronomer?'

'Yes.'

'Perfectly; at least by his works.'

'Has he made mistakes, too?'

'More than the others; while I have discovered a star, whose existence he has never suspected, and which I will show him when he pleases; a star of four times the circumference of the earth.'

'Why, Sir, you know every thing, it seems.'

'Almost, my lord.'

'And now you wish to know if you can eat thirty pigeons in a month?'

'No, my lord; I wish to gain, by any means whatever, so long as it is honestly, fifty thousand francs within a month of this, for on this condition alone can I marry the woman I love.'

'Well, Sir, I will do still better for you; if you win the prize, I will myself present you to the king, and I will get you admitted into our society.'

Léon bowed in token of thanks.

'We say, then,' Lord Lenisdale resumed, 'profession, none?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'You were born?'

'In Paris.'

'And you now live?'

'At the Black Lion Hotel, Hornble street.'

'Very good. Now here are the clauses of the treaty. You will be free to eat and drink whatever you please; but every day, for a month, at six o'clock, you will eat a roast pigeon. Two of us will be present at your repast, and will draw up an account of the manner in

which it passes. The pigeon
renounce the attempt, you will
consequence of this diet you
you for the expenses of your
candidates of whom I just s] to you, you v
expense of the society, and th of your d
on your tomb.'

'Thanks, my lord, for all these instructions; but be k
allow me to put a question to you?'

'Speak.'

'Has your society not proposed a prize for the solution of some
scientific problem, either in agriculture, or in astronomy, or in history,
or in languages?'

'No. All that has little interest for us. We aim, above every
thing, at informing ourselves as to the capabilities of the human body.'

'You understand, my lord, that I would rather have utilized my in-
telligence than my stomach.'

'Are you not in need of fifty thousand francs?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Well, it is your only way to get them. The positions which our
scientific men have reached, are purely honorary positions, in which
their self-love only gains any thing. So this is clearly agreed on;
thirty roast pigeons,' said the nobleman, insisting on this clause,
'from to-day, the thirty-first of July, to the first of September
next.'

'Where shall I take this meal?'

'Where you please.'

'At my house,' said Peters.

'Yes,' said Lord Lenisdale.

'And will my lord permit me,' asked Peters, 'if this gentleman
wins the prize, to issue prospectuses of my establishment, and to state
in them this extraordinary fact?'

'I will consult the society on the subject.'

'My lord is very good!'

'Farewell, Sir,' the peer of England continued, 'may you succeed!
I wish it fervently, for your sake and for the sake of science, and, as
I think I have already told you, if you succeed, the king's favor will
be secured to you, and the greatest houses of London will be open to
you.'

'Come,' said Léon, on his return, still accompanied by Peters, 'it
was well worth while to learn Latin, Greek, Arabic, Italian, Spanish,
German, English, history, geometry, astronomy, agriculture, natural
history, natural philosophy, chemistry, and Moldo-Wallachian, to be
reduced afte all to eating thirty pigeons in a month if I wish to

whom his family and his interests recall to Paris, refused the offer with regret, adding, moreover, that he should find a second attempt impossible; what he had to suffer, during this month of pigeons, being beyond all expression.

On the fifteenth of September, 1838, Léon presented himself at the house of Mr. Lebrun, whom he found with his daughter in the same room where a year previously he had taken leave of him.

'Well?' said the father to him.

'Here are seventy-five thousand francs,' Léon replied, taking from his pocket seventy-five bank-notes.

'Twenty-five thousand francs more!' cried M. Lebrun, wonder-struck, while Julia's cheek grew pale with emotion and rosy with joy.

'Yes,' said Léon, 'not only have I made the money, but I have received presents which I have sold, and which are represented by the twenty-five thousand francs.'

'And is it to your education that you owe this?'

'Yes,' said Léon, with a sigh; for he did not care to acknowledge the source of his fortune.

'Then,' said Julia, throwing herself on the neck of her betrothed, 'if we have any sons we must make learned men of them.'

'Devil take me if I even teach them to read!' said Léon to himself. And he married Julia, and he was very happy, and he had two sons, who, in spite of the oath which their father had taken, are already two prodigies, and have entered on the road which leads to the Academy of Inscriptions and Literature.

Now that Léon has no longer any need of his knowledge for a living, he seeks to make it useful. He has already published his translation of the Arabic songs, which has gained him a name among translators, and brought him in thirty-two francs fifty centimes; his agreement with the publisher being to the effect that he was to share the proceeds with him, and the book having already produced a net gain of sixty-five francs.

Does this story prove that we ought to despise learning? No. It simply proves that you must seek from it only what it can give; toil always, renown sometimes, obscurity often, fortune never.

Do we despise love, which requires still more, and yields still less?

Does it prove that we ought to despise the freaks of the English? No. For, as we see, the freaks of some can subserve the happiness of others, and all the roads which a man takes to reach happiness are good, provided he reaches it.

'Then what does it prove?'

It proves nothing.

Ah! yes. It proves that pigeons are heavy diet, and that Providence uses all means to come to the help of those who have nothing with which to reproach themselves.

Several men of science had come from Scotland to see Léon; but they had only been able to see him through the key-hole, and had been obliged besides to give Peters at least a pound.

On the second of September the prize was won.

Master Peters sold to an English tourist, who had bought the two hundred and thirtieth cane of Voltaire, the coat which Léon had worn all the time that the experiment had lasted. He sold this coat for a hundred guineas, and the collector would not have parted with it for a thousand.

At last, on the third of September, the *Times* contained the following:

‘Our readers have doubtless heard of that young Frenchman who presented himself, a month back, as a candidate for the pigeon-prize offered by Lord Lenisdale and all the members of the Scientific Society of London.

‘We have the happiness to be able to announce that this prize has been at length carried off by the young Frenchman, under whose window for the past week, and at this very moment, a curious and enthusiastic crowd has gathered.

‘The thirty pigeons have been eaten in their entirety, and the bones have been preserved, to be offered and made over, with a report establishing the fact, to the Cabinet of Natural History.

‘It will be remembered that before this young man, more than a hundred and fifty candidates have renounced the competition, after a struggle of eight or ten days, and three of the number even died.

‘This young man must therefore be endowed with a very good digestion, and a vast amount of energy. Yesterday, the prize, together with a gold medal, was decreed to this young Frenchman, M. Léon —. Here, then, is an important problem solved for the future. A very fine discourse was pronounced on the occasion by Lord Bourlam, our great Hellenist. Lord Lenisdale himself replied to this discourse by a very beautiful theory on the Origin of Religions and the Birth of Languages. We are happy to be able to apprise our readers that M. Léon — is not an ordinary man impelled to this experiment by the hope of gain; he is a man of the first rank in science and letters. Accordingly he has made this experiment out of pure curiosity. This is proved by the fact that he has given ten thousand francs to the tavern-keeper who roasted the pigeons. The same evening he was presented to the King. His Majesty gave him a snuff-box set with diamonds, and questioned him for a long time on the different sensations which a frequent repetition of pigeon can produce in the human organization. The Spanish Ambassador wrote immediately to his Queen, to ask for M. Léon the cross of Isabella the Catholic. Prince Kourzoff offered fifty thousand roubles to the successful candidate, if he would go and repeat the experiment in Russia; but M. Léon —,

infusions of leaves ; second, coffees, or infusions of seeds ; and third, cocoas, which are thin soups or gruels rather than infusions.

A tradition respecting the origin of the tea-plant, handed down from the third century, runs thus : ' A pious hermit, who, in his watchings and prayers had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eyelids closed, against his will, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, he cut them off and threw them on the ground. Well pleased with this mark of his devotedness, a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes and possess the wonderful gift of hindering sleep.'

A similar tradition exists concerning the origin of the coffee-plant.

The Chinese claim for tea that, 'it is of a cooling nature, and if taken in excess, produces exhaustion and lassitude.' It increases the flow of animal spirits, and imparts a feeling of cheerfulness. Its three principal ingredients are theine, tannic acid, and a volatile oil. The first contributes its enlivening properties ; the second, its astringency ; and the third its narcotic principle, which last is very powerful in recently prepared tea. The Chinese never use that which is less than a year old, thus allowing the volatile oil partially to escape. This oil is not a natural constituent of the plant, but is generated during the roasting process. Tea lessens the loss of the system by perspiration, arrests the metamorphosic decomposition of the tissues, and thereby lessens the quantity of nutriment necessary to the repair of the body.

Coffee resembles tea in its chemical constituents, theine or caffeine, for the terms are synonymous, and a volatile, empyreumatic oil forming the prominent principles. As is the case with tea, the oil is produced during the roasting process. Chemists have assayed to determine to which of these substances the peculiar effects of the beverages are due ; but, practically considered, such investigations are no better than scientific nonsense. When the devotee of the bowl raises the potion to his lips, he does not pause to ask what part of the chemical formula for alcohol ($C_2 H_6 O_2$) it is that burns his palate, nor does the hungry man care whether it be empyreumatic oil or oil of vitriol that satisfies his craving as he sips his cup of coffee. In the same manner as tea, coffee lessens the excretions and arrests metamorphosis.

The ingredients of cocoa are similar to those of tea and coffee, with the addition of cocoa-butter and a greater proportion of starch and gluten. A volatile oil is produced by roasting, as with tea and coffee, and a peculiar principle, called theobromine, corresponds to theine. Cocoa has no qualities superior to those of the two beverages already mentioned, with the exception that it is more nutritious. On account of the large percentage of cocoa-butter, it taxes the digestive organs more than either of the other beverages.

Every thing in the great realm of nature has been created, and is

T E A A N D C O F F E E .

So universal has the use of infused beverages become that, in America at least, one cannot sit at table, public or private, without replying to the question: 'Tea, or coffee?' Not in the sense of 'Do you wish tea or coffee,' but which do you prefer? At many private tables throughout the country, if one happens to be abstemious, or has conscientious scruples as to the moral effects of artificial drinks, or from any cause desires to quench his thirst with 'the nectar which Jupiter sips,' he must put the hostess to the inconvenience of sending for a pitcher of water; and then, ten to one, he must swallow a weak solution of carbonate of lime, with nothing to disguise its raw, earthy taste. Doubtless many timid reformers are deterred from teetotalism by its inconvenience, and by the extra trouble they must necessarily occasion others, in order to its practice.

A popularity so universal have the infused beverages attained, and so great an influence do they exert upon the human race, that the question of their use, abuse, or disuse, is worthy the consideration alike of philosopher and philanthropist. Their use can be superseded and their influence overcome neither by the enthusiasm of the radical reformer nor by statistical appeals to the economy of the race. The fact that the annual expenditure for tea and coffee in the United States alone, is upwards of twenty-five millions of dollars, does not prevent the poor widow from purchasing her ounce of tea, though she possesses but a handful of chips with which to steep it. It is useless to tell the *gourmand* that his luxuries cost more than his necessities, for men ever have expended and ever will expend most for the gratification of their governing appetites. So long as human nature retains its humanity, nothing else can be expected. Habits and appetites inculcated during a lifetime, whose predisposing causes may well dispute priority with the cradle itself, are not so easily eradicated, even though conscience be pitted against them; and until the appetite for stimulants, which is none the less strong because it is abnormal, be overcome, reformers may have science, experience, and economy entirely in their favor, and yet labor in vain. The stimulant users of the present day were born, speaking in a general sense, and ninety-nine in a hundred of them will die with their present appetites and indulgences. The change — for undoubtedly, sooner or later, change will come — must be effected through the rising and future generations. In their behalf, and in behalf of those who have not yet wholly surrendered themselves at the shrine of habit, let us examine the question candidly and in the light of science and reason.

The infused beverages are divided into three classes: first, teas, or

infusions of leaves ; second, coffees, or infusions of seeds ; and third, cocoas, which are thin soups or gruels rather than infusions.

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Every thing in the great realm of nature has been created, and is

sustained on the principle of growth and decay, of supply and waste. Reverse this law and the result is destruction and death ; and just in proportion as this process is retarded does the organism suffer deterioration. In the vegetable kingdom the process is continually repeated. Without it neither man, nor beast, nor tree could exist for a single day. Without constant change, a process of inhalation and exhalation—to use a more classical term, a perpetual metamorphosis—the human body would soon become a loathsome mass of putrefaction. The old and worn-out particles must be thrown off to give place for new material, which, in turn, after performing its office in the vital laboratory, is displaced by a new supply. As soon as the supply is stopped, the vital domain suffers. Emaciation and dissolution result from its protracted refusal. It follows, that any substance which serves to arrest the constant waste and renewal of the tissues, while it actually diminishes the quantity of nutriment necessary to the support of the system, it vitiates the quality of the tissues by causing them to retain particles which are effete and should be excreted. The rule will hold good in every case, and with all substances: just in proportion as we decrease the *quantity* of material necessary to supply the waste of the system, do we depreciate the *quality* of the tissues. These beverages tax the organs of excretion by furnishing new substances, theine, tannic acid, etc., to be expelled ; and these latter in their eliminatory passage serve to constrict and clog the excretory ducts, thus causing other extraneous matters to be retained. It may be laid down as an axiomatic aphorism in physiology that, whatever is gained in quantity is lost in quality, if the gain be through the agency of arresters of metamorphosis.

Again, we must beware of accepting the abnormal action of the system consequent upon the use of stimulants as the direct action of the stimulants themselves. Vital action and reaction must not be mistaken for specific action. Increase the ordinary load of your draught-horse slightly, and he will step a little more firmly ; double it, and he will put forth uncommon effort and move faster than with an ordinary load ; apply the whip, and he will strain his muscles to their utmost, and probably break his harness ; but it would be absurd to argue that the increased demand for exertion and the prompting of his driver produce a corresponding increase in the strength of the animal. The human organism acts upon the same principle. It performs its ordinary labor quietly. The vital machinery, if unimpeded, moves with very little friction from the dawn of life until stopped by the chill of death. When any substance, deleterious to its delicate tissues, is introduced into the system through the digestive organs, intelligence is at once telegraphed to the capital of the vital domain, and an extra force is dispatched to defend the structures and dislodge the intruder.

The channel of ejection is determined by the nature and potency of the substance introduced. Sometimes the repulsion is attended with very little commotion : a slight perspiration, or slight increase through some other of the excretory channels, as in case of weak stimulants and 'tonic' preparations; sometimes with violent perturbations throughout the whole system, as in case of strong narcotics and small doses of poison; and sometimes the vital forces are entirely overthrown, as in case of fatal poisoning. In every case the action is forced and abnormal.

An old physician—and old physicians are too often deemed the best authority, simply on account of age—is said to have replied, when asked if tea really is a slow poison: 'Certainly, very slow indeed; I have been dying of it myself for the last seventy years.' He told the truth, though in a metaphorical way, for it matters very little with the result whether we vitiate or abbreviate life. To those having a high ideal of physical purity, there is no avoiding the inference; and the moral is more nearly allied to the physical than most men care to admit.

After all that can be said against the use of these beverages, the fact that nature will adapt herself to circumstances continually contravenes the philosophy of the radicals. Almost unlimited provision has been made for the exigencies and emergencies of this physical life. The human constitution is well-nigh invincible. Abuse it as we may, still the machinery of life moves on, not generally without complaint, but always with fidelity. Adepts in the art of arsenic-eating perceive no inconvenience from doses which would prove fatal to an inexperienced taster; and thus, whatever habits we may indulge, or in whatever circumstances we may be placed, if the former are regular and systematic, and the latter are permanent or habitual, we shall find our natures gradually accommodating themselves to their condition, even though it be not strictly physiological.

A K I N D O F F E R .

'I'LL follow thy fortune,' a termagant cries,
Whose extravagance caused all the evil;
'That were consolation,' the husband replies,
'For my fortune has gone to the devil.'

MADAM WHARTON, OR BALL-ROOM C

'It's a curious affair altog I it y
lieve it or not, as you please; only
tic as it seems, I, who am any thing but) I
of it. One reason of my faith I suppose in
as a sort of an accessory, with two or three I I
life. And how oddly sometimes we find ourselves in
affairs of total strangers; of no more consequence, I I
surrounding upholstery.

When I first came to Europe, about twenty years ago, on board the same packet was a widow lady with her daughter—this same Madam Wharton, my dear. She, the mother, I mean, was not at all what men call pretty, but she was a nice-looking person, with a self-possession of manner, and a resolute air that almost amounted to dignity. Her child, this Thekla you are so taken with—and who is not, to be sure?—was as charming a little creature as one could imagine, exceedingly pretty and graceful, not more than eight or ten years of age.

'Mrs. Wharton and I grew to be quite sociable and chatty. I found her more communicative than I had expected. Her reserve arose from shyness; when that was overcome, she was *au fond* a little too *bourgeoise* to keep up any thing like dignity, and being forced by circumstances to push her own way in the world, she was constantly maturing her plans by thinking them aloud.

'She had small means, but great ambition. What her ambition desired seemed scarcely definable. I could not exactly make out her end, nor do I believe she had a positive one; but it was very evident she looked to her daughter to fulfil all her visions, and a more unsuitable person for her purposes, it appeared to me, she could not have chosen or relied on.

'Thekla, pretty name, is it not? Her mother told me she had named her from Schiller's heroine. 'Piccolomini' and 'Wallenstein' she had read the winter before the child's birth, and used to even dream imaginary scenes connected with these marvellous dramas. She does not look fanciful, that's true, but the most prosaic of us have our romantic seasons some time in our lives, and we generally do something that makes us remember them in our after-years of sober common-sense, which 'something' is apt to make us feel a little silly, if not worse. Mrs. Wharton's resolved itself into her child's fanciful name, Thekla. Happy Mrs. Wharton, if she has nothing else existing as evidence of that dangerous season.

'She was a curious compound, that Mrs. Wharton. She had good

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(‘What is it, my dear? What was I saying? Nothing; only telling A—— the curious history of Madame la Comtesse. Speak louder or come nearer, I can’t hear you, that woman in the music-room is making such an awful racket. Where shall you find me after supper? Oh! here, of course; the crowd is too great to move about much; I have no fancy for tearing my beautiful lace flounces, I assure you. They show to fine advantage on this gold-colored brocatelle of the sofa, and that mirror opposite gratifies my vanity sufficiently. But pray, you dear, good creature, do n’t let us keep you; A—— and I can take care of ourselves very comfortably. By-by.)

‘It does men no good to hear one abuse them, my dear. Take my advice and never do it. Think what you please of them, and say it, too, if they do n’t hear it; but never expect to do them any good by telling them of their faults; as we say at home, they are ‘too set in their ways.’ You do n’t know any thing, my friend. You have never been married, and no woman does until she has been. To be sure, you may saucily think it’s like old Beller’s charity boys’ alphabet — going through a great deal to accomplish *such* a little! I shan’t discuss with you about it, for maiden ladies are as ‘set’ in their notions as men; only if you really do think so, never marry.

‘But about Mrs. Wharton and Thekla. Our pleasant voyage came to an end, I bade them good-by in Havre, and years rolled around before I ever saw them again.

‘One night at a grand rout given by Mrs. B. in Florence — you remember her, that pretty Mrs. P.’s sister — who should turn up but my old acquaintances, Mrs. Wharton and Thekla, both a little older, and both very much improved.

‘At first Mrs. Wharton did not recognize me, but Thekla did, a little to her mother’s annoyance, I fancied, and I was about to drop them, when I discovered that what I took for annoyance was preëccupation. All her European association with what she considered grand society had not been able to take out of her that *bourgeoise*, straightforward display of the idea she was pursuing or feeling that was working on her at the instant.

‘She evidently wished to keep her eye on Thekla, who showed the same old instinct for pleasure, and was quite ready to trip off with any one of the beaux, who for some reason or other thronged around her. I had only just arrived in Florence, and I did not know of her marvellous musical gift; so knowing she was not wealthy, and a little *nigaude*, I attributed her belledom to her beauty. She had developed into a really handsome girl, and so I said to the mother, as I watched her in the mazourka with a handsome Russian, who was turning the heads of half the girls in that set in Florence. He was like Laura’s friend in Beppo :

'A Count of wealth, inferior to his quality,
But then he was a Count, and then he knew
Music and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan.
He was a critic on operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin.'

'At first I thought Mrs. Wharton had not heard my compliment to her daughter's good looks, she was so intent on watching her movements, and her face wore an anxious, preoccupied expression which gave to her peculiar cast of features a very sage, foxy sort of look. Suddenly she said abruptly, as if my words had just reached her:

'She is clever, too, immensely clever. Sings divinely. Paturzo of Naples, her master, says she is better than Cruvelli. She has quite a talent that way, I assure you. Pray tell me,' she added, in her old, keen, business-like tone, 'do you know who that Russian is with whom Thekla is waltzing?'

'Aha! I thought, that's the bother. Finding I had no information to give her, she continued in her droll, naive way of thinking aloud:

'He is a stranger, lately arrived, not very rich they say, but of very high rank, the Emperor's god-son; well presented. Lady A —, who is excessively particular, and Mrs. Steele, who is a perfect dragon of propriety, receive him. But I don't like his looks. Do you?'

'I laughingly admitted that I did; that is, I thought him handsome after a certain style — of the Corsair order *par exemple*.

'Ah! you are not a mother,' she said, with a laugh that was intended to be free and easy, but whose sharp tones sadly belied its intentions, 'that is, you have no daughter to look after, or you would know that such sort of hero-like looking men are the most unavailable things to be met with; and so injurious in their effect, quite destructive of a healthy taste in girls.'

'For a proper, sensible, well-to-do marriage,' I interrupted, with a saucy laugh.

'Ah! one must live, you know,' she replied, 'and how fit is a poor, pretty girl like Thekla to make a luxury out of her marriage, I'd like to know? Thekla, my dear,' she cried, starting up just as that young lady was about disappearing on the arm of her waltzing companion into one of the ante-rooms, 'here is your *sortie du bal*, love. You are too warm to venture on a change of atmosphere. You know it always thickens your voice, and the music will soon commence.'

'Thekla submitted with a better grace than one might have expected in such a young, pleasure-loving girl, but I saw she was one of those happy little ones who never fretted, and evidently acted on the principle that what could not be enjoyed one time could another.

Comte Karesnkin, for that was his name, looked immensely bored and impatient. The French call *l'amouraché* with the same love with her; what a delicate difference that expression conveys. He did not know Italian to her, a language which the mother did not speak well enough to catch the meaning of a smooth translation, for clever and quick as Mrs. Wharton was, her versatility in languages was certainly not one of her accomplishments. "Do you understand Italian?" she said to me, showing so plainly the drift of her thoughts. I was not if I had any more self-control now?

"I did, and as I told her so, she looked at me with the eager gaze of hunger, so much did she covet my knowledge, and I was positively afraid she would next ask me to interpret to her all the passionate compliments the gallant Giaour-like lover was pouring into the pretty Thekla's willing ear; so I contrived an excuse to separate myself from them, half-amused and half-sorry.

"While I was in Naples the following winter, I heard Thekla sing in character at a private operatic representation. It was a treat you can well imagine, you who have wept such bitter tears over her 'Violante' and 'Alice,' and who have seen the most fastidious European audiences rise *en masse* in their admiration, just think what it was to hear that superb voice when the gift was just opening within her; it was like catching the first fragrant breath of an opening gelsomino bud.

"The Prince of S. gave, just before Lent, a series of private theatricals; a delightful affair, to which our kind, courteous minister, Mr. —, got us an invitation. The Duchess S —, you know, acts marvellously well, and her sister-in-law, Sadowsky, is one of the finest actresses on the Italian stage at present. The first night they played together in Martini's 'Femme de quarante ans,' Sadowsky taking the rôle of Frédéric to the exquisite 'Malvina' of the Duchess. It was charming. The next evening, however, was the crowning treat. Don Giovanni, with Comte Karesnkin as the naughty hero, and Thekla as 'Zerlina.' All the singers were amateurs; the 'Donna Anna' was the poor Comtesse G., who has more rank than voice, and more money and ugliness than either, and the 'Elvira' was only passable; but they all served as foils to set off Thekla, who sang and acted marvellously.

"I never see Thekla now in that part without recalling that evening. The naïve delight she displayed while listening to the seductive wooing of her Russian Don Juan, was called fine acting, and she does it the same way now. You remember that pretty little bird-like look

she puts into her eyes, glancing askance with a half-curious, whole-charmed air, when Don Giovanni leads her to the side front of the stage, and commences the 'La ci darem la mano.' Then the triumphant air, like the victory of a child, with which she listens to

'Vieni mio bel diletto,
Io cangiero tua sorte,'

singing the 'Mi fa pieta Mazetto' almost mechanically, as if the saying of it satisfied her conscience; and the first bursting out of 'Presto non son piu forte,' with that curious expression of face and voice which is a mingling of vanity, curiosity, and almost complete intoxication; then the little cunning prudery that follows as if instinct had told her she was yielding too soon. And the voluptuous hurry she puts into the repeat, the pretty nodding of her head, as if perfectly convinced of the propriety of the affair, when she sings in duo, 'Andiam mio bene andiam, le pene a ristorar,' so soft and seductive, and the cunning little natural forté she throws into the last words 'd' un innocente amor,' continuing to nod her head, and trying to look innocent, while all the little Satan within her dances in her eyes and trembles on her lips. I tell you that night's acting Nature taught her, and she cunningly keeps the memory of the lesson, making capital of it. It is not often one makes such good use of one's mistakes; but geniuses are akin to fools in more ways than one, and Providence protects them both.

'The Russian sang well, but looked and acted to perfection his part. The whole affair was a triumph, and Thekla was the idol of the court circle. Poor Mrs. Wharton! If her ambition was gratified, she certainly found it a very thorny affair, for a more uneasy, anxious woman I never saw.

'Yes, she sings and acts superbly. She ought to. No one knows the pains and trouble I have taken with that girl,' she said, in reply to my congratulations on her daughter's success, looking all the while searchingly around. 'Did you see where Thekla went to?' she continued.

'She left me abruptly, just as the words dropped almost hot and hissing from her lips, without waiting for a reply, for we both just caught sight of Thekla in the distance, slipping very quietly into the illuminated garden, leaning on the arm of her Russian Don Giovanni; evidently as anxious to get away from her mother as, when personating the naughty Zerlina, she had been to avoid poor Mazetto. Mrs. Wharton darted off, and I never saw the same Mrs. Wharton again, for I cannot tell you how much she has altered, unless you see the difference between my description and that stately quiet old dame who is talking French platitudes to the Prince.

'The next morning when everybody' talking of the actual el Comte Kareshkin.

"Eloped!" I cried.

"Yes, my dear," said an English lady, whose great angular daughter croaked like a raven in singing, 'that's what comes of these clever, exhibiting daughters. I never should let my Élise sing in public. If the Prince de S. and the whole royal family were to ask in person, I should never consent. It's dangerous business. I say to Elise: 'No, my dear; though you are gifted, you are a lady. You must never forget that, never forget that.'

'The anxious look of poor Mrs. Wharton came up before my memory, and with something of her *brusquerie*, I interrupted my English acquaintance in the account of her marvellous self-denial in regard to her daughter's talents and gentility; I was so eager to hear some detail of the affair; all that I could gather was, what had been told me at first; Thekla had eloped with the Count. The night before, when her mother went to hunt her in the garden, they were already making off as fast as they could, and succeeded.

"And pretty 'innocente amor' they'll make of it, my dear," continued my amiable English acquaintance, for whose extreme enjoyment of the sad affair I could have boxed her ears soundly. 'It's all up with Miss Thekla now, for he cannot marry her, you know, without his Emperor's consent, which is hardly worth while to get now, of course, since *she* has dispensed with it.'

"And Mrs. Wharton, where is she?"

"Oh! she's post haste off to Rome, where they say the Don Juan and his captivating Zerlina have gone. If madame la mère finds her, Miss Thekla can sing 'Batti, Batti' with redoubled effect. Good morning, my dear, yours is a wonderful nation to be sure, and your young people are quite carrying out that 'spirit of your institutions,' which that poor, innocent little Chargé you used to have here was always talking about, for they are certainly free and independent enough—a little too much so, I fancy, for the comfort of their *mamas* and *papas*.'

'Poor Mrs. Wharton pursued Thekla to Rome, I afterward heard, and then to Florence, and then to Venice, and came very near catching her at the Baths of Lucca the following summer, but it was not until the beginning of the next winter she found her. Then she received a penitent letter from her, asking her to come on to see her at Genoa. She went, found her daughter ill, and the Count a little tired of the affair. As soon as Thekla grew better, Mrs. Wharton began, of course, to inquire into the morality of the affair. They had been married, but the marriage was of course a perfect farce, as it had

The channel of ejection is determined by the nature and potency of the substance introduced. Sometimes the repulsion is attended with very little commotion : a slight perspiration, or slight increase through some other of the excretory channels, as in case of weak stimulants and 'tonic' preparations; sometimes with violent perturbations throughout the whole system, as in case of strong narcotics and small doses of poison; and sometimes the vital forces are entirely overthrown, as in case of fatal poisoning. In every case the action is forced and abnormal.

An old physician—and old physicians are too often deemed the best authority, simply on account of age—is said to have replied, when asked if tea really is a slow poison: 'Certainly, very slow indeed; I have been dying of it myself for the last seventy years.' He told the truth, though in a metaphorical way, for it matters very little with the result whether we vitiate or abbreviate life. To those having a high ideal of physical purity, there is no avoiding the inference; and the moral is more nearly allied to the physical than most men care to admit.

After all that can be said against the use of these beverages, the fact that nature will adapt herself to circumstances continually contravenes the philosophy of the radicals. Almost unlimited provision has been made for the exigencies and emergencies of this physical life. The human constitution is well-nigh invincible. Abuse it as we may, still the machinery of life moves on, not generally without complaint, but always with fidelity. Adepts in the art of arsenic-eating perceive no inconvenience from doses which would prove fatal to an inexperienced taster; and thus, whatever habits we may indulge, or in whatever circumstances we may be placed, if the former are regular and systematic, and the latter are permanent or habitual, we shall find our natures gradually accommodating themselves to their condition, even though it be not strictly physiological.

A K I N D O F F E R .

'I'LL follow thy fortune,' a termagant cries,
Whose extravagance caused all the evil;
'That were consolation,' the husband replies,
'For my fortune has gone to the devil.'

MADAM WHARTON, OR BALL-ROOM CAN-CAN.

‘It’s a curious affair altogether. I’ll tell it you, and you may believe it or not, as you please; only rest assured, unnatural and romantic as it seems, I, who am any thing but credulous, believe every word of it. One reason of my faith I suppose is, in having been connected as a sort of an accessory, with two or three striking events in her life. And how oddly sometimes we find ourselves mixed up in the affairs of total strangers; of no more consequence, may be, than the surrounding upholstery.

When I first came to Europe, about twenty years ago, on board the same packet was a widow lady with her daughter—this same Madam Wharton, my dear. She, the mother, I mean, was not at all what men call pretty, but she was a nice-looking person, with a self-possession of manner, and a resolute air that almost amounted to dignity. Her child, this Thekla you are so taken with—and who is not, to be sure?—was as charming a little creature as one could imagine, exceedingly pretty and graceful, not more than eight or ten years of age.

‘Mrs. Wharton and I grew to be quite sociable and chatty. I found her more communicative than I had expected. Her reserve arose from shyness; when that was overcome, she was *au fond* a little too *bourgeoise* to keep up any thing like dignity, and being forced by circumstances to push her own way in the world, she was constantly maturing her plans by thinking them aloud.

‘She had small means, but great ambition. What her ambition desired seemed scarcely definable. I could not exactly make out her end, nor do I believe she had a positive one; but it was very evident she looked to her daughter to fulfil all her visions, and a more unsuitable person for her purposes, it appeared to me, she could not have chosen or relied on.

‘Thekla, pretty name, is it not? Her mother told me she had named her from Schiller’s heroine. ‘Piccolomini’ and ‘Wallenstein’ she had read the winter before the child’s birth, and used to even dream imaginary scenes connected with these marvellous dramas. She does not look fanciful, that’s true, but the most prosaic of us have our romantic seasons some time in our lives, and we generally do something that makes us remember them in our after-years of sober common-sense, which ‘something’ is apt to make us feel a little silly, if not worse. Mrs. Wharton’s resolved itself into her child’s fanciful name, Thekla. Happy Mrs. Wharton, if she has nothing else existing as evidence of that dangerous season.

‘She was a curious compound, that Mrs. Wharton. She had good

any thing better than that; it was a burst of nature, however, that her mother would have been willing to have had out of the programme, I am certain, but Thekla's heart was up, and under such excitements geniuses do splendid things sometimes. The scene is not through yet, my dear. After thus snubbing her husband, she fell at the Emperor's feet, saying in a broken voice:

'God bless you, Sire, for doing justice to a wronged woman.'

'But the excitement was too great even for the vigorous, naughty Thekla; she reeled, attempted to take Nicholas' hand, which he was extending to lift her up, and fainted.

'That afternoon Count Nicolai Kareshkin received peremptory orders to join the army at some distant frontier post. Mrs. Wharton and Thekla remained in St. Petersburg only until the latter was able to travel. The Emperor called on them in person, and when they left he sent Thekla a superb set of diamonds with other handsome presents, and from the Empress she received that set of sapphires and pearls she has on to-night, and a costly suit of sables. You have seen her wear all these royal gifts in costume, for her stage dress is noted for its splendor.

'Thekla and Mrs. Wharton disappeared from all notice for a year or more, although the account of her marriage, with all its melodramatic accessories, was in some adroit way or other most carefully circulated in all their old places of resort.

'They went to Paris, took quiet lodgings, and Thekla put herself under the training of Alary for the Theatre Lyrique, and about eighteen months after her marriage, to the amazement of 'every body,' who likes nothing better than to be amazed, the Countess Kareshkin made her *début* in the character of 'Violante,' at the Theatre Italien, in Paris, under the name of Madame Nicolai, by the express consent and distinguished approval of the Emperor of Russia, who, it was said, had requested her to take that as her professional name.

'Her success is historical, and when some future Fétis writes her biography, he will say it was 'unparalleled,' as all great successes seem to be until followed by another. After that she sang with *éclat* in all the European capitals. The last winter of Nicholas' life he sent for her to come to St. Petersburg. While there, she was received at Court, according to her rank, and had as brilliant success off the stage as on.'

'And her husband?'

'Oh! he has attempted, it is said, repeatedly since the Emperor's death, to be reconciled with her, but she is inexorable.'

'And how about the fascinating tenor, Grupetti?'

'*Chi lo sa.* You know all I know now. The is coming out of the supper-room leaning on the Russian Ambassador's arm. Well, it must be admitted that she is a handsome creature.'

A WEARY THING.

THE dreary wind bends down the maple leaves,
 And sweeps the rain-drops from them as it goes ;
 The gentle night floats o'er the harvest sheaves,
 And bathes in sleep the lily and the rose ;
 Low on the hill-side lines of quiet lie,
 Through the broad meadow comes the breath of flowers,
 While the pale star-light falling from the sky,
 Steals through the shadows to the forest bowers.

Beneath the shelter of the woodbine's leaves,
 (The old, old woodbine that has blossomed well,
 Creeping up slowly to the cottage eaves,
 Where early dews and sunshine soonest fell,)
 Young AMY stands, with wistful, earnest eyes,
 Gazing across the meadows, through the lane,
 Down to the valley where the village lies,
 For one she loves, who cometh not again.

She hears the flutter of the night-bird's wings,
 She hears the rustle through the tall grass creep,
 The murmur of the brook — a thousand things,
 That make the pulsés of her being leap.
 From off her parted lips there falls no sound,
 The welcome lingers on them as of yore,
 But ah ! the darkness draweth closer round,
 And deeper seems the silence than before.

For long, long weeks has AMY watched at night,
 For him who waked the first blush on her cheek,
 For him, who cast the glow of love's young light
 Across her pathway, once so bare and bleak ;
 He taught her simple heart, unlearned and poor,
 (Save in the language of its daily prayer,)
 How rich it was, how great its happy lore,
 Its love's intensity, its strength and care.

And she, with wonder in her downcast eyes,
 Listened unto the music of his words
 In dangerous silence, while in still surprise,
 Her young heart fluttered like a forest bird's,
 Until she loved him, and with simple pride
 She bound anew the tresses of her hair,
 Where gold and sun-light wavered side by side,
 That she might come before him still more fair.

She wandered with him through the green old woods,
 Within whose covers twilight slept and dreamed,
 Where restless shadows danced in waving floods,
 In quiet dells where sunshine never gleamed.
 But when the red leaves fluttered down the air,
 Golden and brown, with many a scarlet stain,
 He left her, with the promise sweet and fair,
 That with the spring flowers, he would come again.

Yet when the winter sped across the plains,
 Leaving the sunny woodlands bare and gray,
 And spring came sweeping down in pleasant rains,
 Scattering wild blossoms by the forest way,
 He came not back unto the quiet place,
 Where AMY listened for his voice again ;
 While hope came slowly blushing o'er her face
 As oft she gazed adown the meadow lane.

In weary watching wore the spring away,
 And AMY wept and hoped, yet wept the more,
 Until the queenly summer, proud and gay,
 Stood 'midst the lilies by her cottage door.
 And every evening, when the twilight's kiss
 Fell on her cheek, unnoticed and forgot,
 She said : ' Ah ! me, a weary thing it is,
 To watch and wait for one who cometh not ! '

And still she stands beneath the woodbine's leaves,
 When the last sunbeams to the twilight yield,
 Watching the shadows creeping o'er the sheaves
 Of yellow wheat, out in the harvest field ;
 Gazing across the meadow by the spring,
 Down to the valley with its peaceful homes,
 Saying : ' Alas ! it is a weary thing
 To watch for one who never, never comes ! '

We *all* are watching as the days go by,
 For some loved footstep which may come no more ;
 The memory of its sounding lingering nigh,
 O'er paths leaf-covered, rustling as of yore ;
 We sit beneath the moonlight cold and chill,
 In some remembered and familiar spot,
 And with our pulses waxing faint and still,
 We watch and wait for one who cometh not !

What matters it, if in the silent tomb,
 Folded in slumber the beloved one lies ;
 Unmindful of the pressure of the gloom,
 Or of the darkness on the quiet eyes ;
 What matters it, if o'er the ocean's swell,
 The one most precious in a strange land roams ;
 We wait his coming, though we know full well
 We watch for one who never, never comes !

What if unspoken ills — and better thus —
 Part us forever from the ones we trust ;
 And the green paths through which they came to us
 Lie buried in the long moss and the dust ;
 We see the shadows flitting to and fro
 Across their memories, and their silent homes ;
 Oh ! 'tis the saddest thing the heart can know,
 To watch for one who never, never comes !

STEAMING ON THE 'SANTA MARIA.'

ON the thirty-first of December, 1858, I landed from the brig 'Costa Rica,' Captain Chapman, in the queer little city of Aspinwall, which has the appearance of standing guard to prevent curious travellers from penetrating into the pathless mangrove swamp at its back, and from which it has been lately reclaimed.

I was to pass the winter on the Isthmus, as the South-American correspondent of the New-York ———, and after spending a day or two at this seemingly out-of-the-way point, where I was politely received and entertained by the gentlemen of the Panama Railroad, who are justly celebrated for their hospitality to that unfortunate class of human beings, newspaper reporters, whenever fate blows them into the tropics, via Aspinwall, I took my seat in the cars for Panama one fine morning, and after a delightful ride of three hours, over a fine, substantially-built railway, which wound through a dense tropical forest, around lofty volcanic peaks, across rivers and ravines, the train came to a stand-still in the passenger-dépôt at Panama. I hurried down to the shore, and for the first time in my life saw the waves from the great Pacific dashing at my feet.

During my ride that morning, I had been introduced to the commercial agent of the road, Mr. William Nelson, one of the oldest and most favorably-known foreign residents on the Isthmus, and in the course of half-an-hour's cozy chat, he informed me that he had been getting up an exploring and hunting expedition to the Santa Maria River, which empties into the Pacific about one hundred miles down the coast from Panama, and that a glorious party of American and Spanish gentlemen were to accompany him. The Company had placed their new steam-tug 'Flamingo' at his disposal, and abundant creature comforts had been provided for the cruise. Would I join the party.

I gladly accepted the polite invitation, and at six o'clock the following evening presented myself on board the 'Flamingo,' duly equipped with pistols and rifle, and presently after she cast loose from her moorings, and, with a ponderous iron launch in tow, steamed gracefully down the beautiful bay, dotted here and there with its strange cone-shaped islands, the prow pointed for the 'ever-peaceful ocean.'

It was a novel position for me, and I remained on the fore-castle as we swept on past Flamingo toward Tobago, watching the dark, irregular line which indicated the whereabouts of Panama's old crumbling walls, and the distant lights, which one by one disappeared, and there was only to be seen the quiet, moon-lit bay.

Steaming on the 'Santa Maria.'

[December,

The morning dawned, we were still moving down the coast, distance from it, but sufficiently near to mark all its promises. From the shore broad, sun-scorched plains stretched radially rising as they receded, until they formed the base of ant mountains. Ahead of us huge rocks shot up perpendicularly from the sea, relics of the volcanic action which, in times past, started this coast; and away in the distance, a low peninsula led far out into the bay, covered to the water's edge with the dense pathless forest through which I had journeyed in my ride as the Isthmus.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we rounded the point above referred to, and sighted what appeared to be the mouth of a small river. Our native pilot assured us it was the Santa Maria; so we stood in with the flood-tide over an extensive sand-bar, which scraped acquaintance with our keel, and entered the river.

It was a strange-looking stream, and bounded by a strange-looking shore. So far as we could see, the river had no current save that made by the tide which was now setting inland pretty strong, as it here has a rise and fall of from eighteen to twenty-two feet. The bank no where gave any indication of having been worn away by washing, and the stream was entirely free from snags and sawyers. These circumstances awakened some doubts in the mind of Mr. Nelson, whether our pilot had not mistaken the place and brought us into an estero or elongated cove, frequently to be met with on the South-American coast, making up for miles into the country, but at high tide forming a respectable river, and at low tide nearly or quite destitute of that essential article to navigation — water.

On every side of us, stretching away further than the eye could reach, was one vast unbroken forest. The shore was lined with a tangled growth of mangrove bushes, and innumerable strange birds with long necks and legs were paddling around us; and huge alligators were reposing their disgusting lengths in the mud, until at our approach they disappeared with a sudden plunge, and we presently saw their scaly backs gliding through the water toward the other shore.

About six miles from the mouth of this singular stream, we came anchor for the night opposite a little opening in the forest, cove with sand hills, and supporting a few stunted trees, resembling so what the burr-oak of the States. Soon the tide began to turn, and two hours we were high and dry in the mud of a mangrove swar.

Our pilot now confessed that he was lost, and that he knew no of the location of the place we were seeking. So, as soon as the turning tide would permit, Mr. Nelson took a couple of negro the life-boat and pushed up the estero. He returned about dark

with an old Indian he had called
all about the country, and had
Our new pilot was a queer-looking
have been five feet one inch
and was, without exception, the
dress consisted of the remains of a pair of
to his knees, and a shirt worn like a farthingale
quite intelligent, and seemed well acquainted
that he gained our confidence, which we afterwards
been misplaced.

A little after flood-tide we again got under way, and steamed rapidly down the estero, anxious if possible to get over the bar at the mouth with that tide; but not daring to venture at slack-water, as we could not hope to get off if we grounded under such circumstances. As we swept round a bend in the estero, a mile or two below our anchorage, three beautiful red flamingos, a bird now seldom seen, flew up and alighted on a tree within long shot-gun range. Our sportsmen were mostly collected on the fore-castle, where they had been dealing destruction to the various birds with which the stream abounded, and a perfect broad-side was opened upon the flamingos, but as the range was long, without effect; when I gave them a shot with my rifle and brought one to the water. We wanted to secure it as a specimen, but the tide was rapidly running out, and we were afraid to stop the steamer. I received the congratulations of my friends upon making, under the circumstances, a fine shot, doubtless, a — chance one.

But we grounded on the bar after all; and a hunting-party went on shore, and returned with a fine supply of game just as the tide came in and released us: about four P.M. we got under way for the Santa Maria once more, then distant about twelve miles, almost in a straight line.

The little steamer behaved admirably, and just before sun-set we were off the mouth of the river, which, like the estero, was guarded by an extensive sand-bank, upon which we grounded; and the launch, having the wind fair, hoisted her immense mainsail and stood in on her own account, and soon disappeared round a curve in the stream. In the course of an hour we got off, and entered the Santa Maria with three hearty cheers and a 'tiger,' and a general discharge of fire-arms, while the engineer concluded the entertainment by performing a solo on the steam-whistle, which echoed and re-echoed through the deep, solemn forest which had never heard such a sound before.

It was a beautiful night, such an one as is only seen in the tropics. The moon had just risen, lighting up the splendid river which had never before been disturbed by a steamer's prow; and the dark forest

we grounded, and were frequently obliged with infinite labor to get out heavy hawsers and attach them to large trees on the shore, to keep the knife-like little steamer from careening completely over when the receding tide left her high and dry, as it did many a time, and it was the wonder of all how we had ever passed up the stream so safely.

It was indeed a rub and a go getting over the bar at the mouth. For more than a mile the keel left a muddy wake, and on more than one occasion we almost gave her up for lost. For lost she would have been had she grounded there. But finally she reached deep water in safety, and we steamed away for Panama. Early the next morning we sighted Tobago, the English steamship anchorage, and stood in. We had just coal enough to take us in; it would not have taken us another mile, however, and provisions were pretty well used up. Dirty, sun-burnt, and tired, we pulled ashore in the life-boat, and were received with genuine English hospitality by the Company's gentlemanly agent, Mr. Jameson, who informed us that serious fears had begun to be entertained for our safety in Panama, owing to our long absence, and the steamer Columbus, Captain Dow, had been detailed to go in search of us that afternoon.

After a splendid impromptu entertainment at Mr. Jameson's hospitable board, and our other wants had been supplied, we bade our entertainer a reluctant 'good-by,' and steamed away for Panama fifteen miles distant.

Several of our party had touches of the Isthmus fever afterward in consequence of the exposure to the burning sun, but no serious results followed; and having had the satisfaction of being the first steam-voyagers on a beautiful river which winds through a beautiful wilderness, seldom visited by white men, we never regretted having joined Mr. Nelson's expedition to the Santa Maria, and hold ourselves in readiness to join him in any South-American land-cruise he may have in anticipation for the future.

M A N K I N D .

THE world of fools has such a store,
That he would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and shut his door,
And break his looking-glass.

fenced it off into all manne
 moved on in advance, and p
 hurrying forward, I found l
 which was a number of the l ge b
 He had killed one and wounded anot
 hand. Selecting the largest, I gave n a rifle
 tol-shot, neither of which appear have y
 his locomotion; then I gave l ot r
 ball, the last through the he: which tu him,
 his tail round a limb in such a manner that his
 'taut,' and I lost another specimen.

Some six miles above the first anchorage our further progress was arrested by a reef; but as the launch could clear it, she was detached to explore the river a few miles further up, and a volunteer party, consisting of Mr. Lee, Señors Goganza, Maños, and the Bishop joined her.

For the next two days those of us who remained with the steamer made such explorations in the adjoining country as the dense, tangled forest, which extended on every side, would admit of; but finally some changes in the appearance of the tide awakened Mr. Nelson's fears that we might have trouble in getting out over the bar at the mouth of the river, and he deemed it expedient to communicate with the captain of the launch, direct him to return at once and get under way for Panama as soon as possible: we had already been gone much longer than we at first intended.

The Indians were still with us, and for a couple of dollars agreed to pull up the river in their canoe and carry a note to the captain of the launch; but just as they were going over the side, R —, the waggish correspondent of the *New-York Times*, approached and informed them in their own language that 'the eyes' (the opera-glass) could see four hynos, and the rifle could shoot the same distance, and that 'El Capaten' would watch them, and if they loitered by the way a ball would certainly follow them. Tough as the story was, they believed it, and pulled off with a will; but they had also believed, when they saw the sparks from our smoke-pipe when we first entered the river, and heard the unearthly scream of the steam-whistle, that a terrible monster or bad spirit had come to burn up the forest, and one of them we afterward learned, had been with difficulty restrained from drowning himself in the river from actual terror, and I do not know that one belief was more absurd than the other.

At midnight the launch reached us; she had penetrated as far as it was safe to venture, (and the steamer had, as it proved, ventured rather too far,) and as soon as the tide was right, we fired up for home.

Two days were consumed in reaching the mouth of the river, every bend of which now seemed to be guarded by a sand-bank upon which

we grounded, and were frequently obliged with infinite labor to get out heavy hawsers and attach them to large trees on the shore, to keep the knife-like little steamer from careening completely over when the receding tide left her high and dry, as it did many a time, and it was the wonder of all how we had ever passed up the stream so safely.

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have been five feet one inch in
and was, without exception, the thinnest
dress consisted of the remains of a pair of trousers, but, drawn
to his knees, and a shirt worn like a skirt. He was
quite intelligent, and seemed so well acquainted with the country
that he gained our confidence, which we afterwards found to have
been misplaced.

A little after flood-tide we again got under way, and steamed rapidly down the estero, anxious if possible to get over the bar at the mouth with that tide; but not daring to venture at slack-water, as we could not hope to get off if we grounded under such circumstances. As we swept round a bend in the estero, a mile or two below our anchorage, three beautiful red flamingos, a bird now seldom seen, flew up and alighted on a tree within long shot-gun range. Our sportsmen were mostly collected on the fore-castle, where they had been dealing destruction to the various birds with which the stream abounded, and a perfect broad-side was opened upon the flamingos, but as the range was long, without effect; when I gave them a shot with my rifle and brought one to the water. We wanted to secure it as a specimen, but the tide was rapidly running out, and we were afraid to stop the steamer. I received the congratulations of my friends upon making, under the circumstances, a fine shot, doubtless, a — chance one.

But we grounded on the bar after all; and a hunting-party went on shore, and returned with a fine supply of game just as the tide came in and released us: about four P.M. we got under way for the Santa Maria once more, then distant about twelve miles, almost in a straight line.

The little steamer behaved admirably, and just before sun-set we were off the mouth of the river, which, like the estero, was guarded by an extensive sand-bank, upon which we grounded; and the launch, having the wind fair, hoisted her immense mainsail and stood in on her own account, and soon disappeared round a curve in the stream. In the course of an hour we got off, and entered the Santa Maria with three hearty cheers and a 'tiger,' and a general discharge of fire-arms, while the engineer concluded the entertainment by performing a solo on the steam-whistle, which echoed and re-echoed through the deep, solemn forest which had never heard such a sound before.

It was a beautiful night, such an one as is only seen in the tropics. The moon had just risen, lighting up the splendid river which had never before been disturbed by a steamer's prow; and the dark forest

in this room day and night, ready for any emergency short of an earthquake. I was the only employé of Messrs A —, I — and Company, with the exception of such persons as acted for them in the way of brokers, to buy whatever floating lots of precious stones might chance to be offered. I also was a buyer, being pledged in my articles of agreement to buy only for the 'house,' this being to prevent my entering on any private speculation for myself. That this stipulation was a necessary move for my principals, I soon learned, as under their instructions, I was directed to the manner of obtaining many fine gems in distant cities very much below their real value. Many will wonder at this, but the wonder will cease when once it is known how great is the ignorance respecting gems, especially away from the larger cities. Diamonds and gems are a commodity easy to circulate, and the holder and wearer, themselves sometimes ignorant of their real worth, are as likely to be compelled to part with them at some distant second-rate city as they would be at New-York. The point to be attained, is simply finding out into whose hands they have gone; and the chances are very large that they can be bought much below their real value, should a judge of the article see them. In this way I bought in Boston a gem worth eight hundred dollars for seventy-five dollars, the pawn-broker who sold it declaring he had been possessed of it for several years, which story I did not doubt, though it seemed wonderful that during this time he should not have learned its real value. Again, in Baltimore, I bought for one thousand dollars, the accumulation of gems from a pawnbroker, who acted as though he felt guilty of swindling me in the transaction, grasping the money and shoving away the worthless baubles in great haste; they were gems of every shade, size, cut, and setting, and were worth more than double the price the Hebrew demanded, and I willingly paid.

It was a painful thing oftentimes, this buying of gems—many of them perhaps wrung from the owners at the last point of agony for a mere pittance—the cherished relic of a parent, a brother, a sister, or one still dearer. I have lingered many times over the imagined history of these waifs that were soon to be divested of their setting and re-mounted in modern style, to grace the beauty of some fashionable fair.

The transitory ownership of diamonds in this country, has always been a matter of marvel to me: I scarcely expect them, as in Europe, to pass from father to son, or from mother to daughter; but the larger stones can so readily be traced, and so flit from hand to hand with such short periods intervening, that it seems strange any one should buy to possess for so short a period. A well-known lady of fashion once said: 'Own no diamonds, it occasions so much pain to part with them.' If this be true, then must Americans suffer great pain. I

have frequently been astonished at having offered me for sale, perhaps in Savanah or some other distant city, the same diamonds that within the year I had known sold in New-York, having possibly passed through several hands before being offered me.

New-Orleans, Mobile, and the Southern cities generally, are considered the best markets for diamonds; and it was to these spots generally my steps were bent, oftentimes bearing precious treasure with me in gems, and bringing back large amounts in money. My charges from the house were very strict to be always on the watch, and never to trust myself alone in any spot having the least air of suspicion. I had even without these charges invariably adopted every precaution, depositing my valuable cargo in banks, or in the safe of the hotel, whenever I arrived in a city; and never going by night or day into any unlighted or lonely part of the place carrying any thing of value. Coupled with this, I carried a revolver, always ready, in the breast-pocket of my coat, handy at a moment's notice. I flattered myself that these items of care were quite sufficient.

It was in the summer of 1857, and I was in New-Orleans, just preparing to start North. I was to come by the Mobile and Montgomery route. I did not consider coming up the river safe, when carrying value—the largest and best managed of the boats always swarming with thieves and blacklegs—as well as from my preference of the land route, and its being much the shortest. I had a large amount of money to bring with me, much of it in gold; a portion of this I had strapped in a belt around my body, the balance in a leathern bag, which I carried in my hand, never allowing it to leave that custody night or day, eating, drinking, or sleeping. I was all ready to start, looking around my room to see that every thing was packed, when a telegraphic message was brought me. I opened and read:

‘Be very careful and watchful coming up. You are followed, and may be robbed.

A —, I — AND COMPANY.’

This was not a pleasant anticipation for the long journey between New-Orleans and New-York; nevertheless, I was glad of the warning, and determined to keep both eyes open. I started, looking right and left, like a boy fearing ghosts. I believe that I never before tried so hard to analyze my fellow-travellers as upon that trip, or for the first two days of it. For forty-eight hours, I am convinced, I did not close my eyes, but on the third night nature gave way. I had taken the precaution to secure my leathern bag about my body with a cord I had provided for that purpose, and wrapped my travelling shawl well about this, after which, looking to my revolver, and curling myself into the most defensive position I could assume, I fell asleep, and

oh! for the tragic portion of my story, I awoke unrobbed, and finally arrived in New-York with my treasure in safety. I relate these circumstances to show that but for that telegraphic message, which caused me to take more than usual steps for defence, there can be no doubt that I should have been robbed, perhaps murdered, on that trip up, as my first greeting, when I arrived at the office, was the intelligence that I had been followed to New-Orleans and back by one of the most expert and desperate of New-York professional thieves.

This information had been communicated by a fellow who had formerly been on the police, but having been discharged, was then, and is now, acting as a policeman on his own responsibility, combined, as I believe, with thieves and burglars, using the rogues as long as it suits his purpose, and handing them over to justice when he has no further use. This man, whom I shall call Grabber, for shortness, was sent for and introduced. One look was enough to make me understand the fellow. There was no doubt the information he gave was true, but the question was, 'Why did he give it?' He could certainly have done better for himself by allowing me to be robbed, and then sharing with the robber the plunder. I thought of all this while Mr. Grabber was giving me the items, and felt sure there was something which I did not understand, but I strongly calculated on my ability to see my way clear in time. He informed me that a certain professional who prided himself on his dexterity and extensive mode of business, never 'touching' any body, as Mr. Grabber expressed it, for any thing small, had some how got wind of the fact that I carried large amounts of value; this knowledge of course on the gentleman's part could only be followed by but one resolve, which was to attain that value and carry it for me — a most laudable ambition. With this in view he had followed me to New-Orleans and back, fortune so favoring me that he got no chance on the entire trip.

There was a council of war held as to the best plan to be pursued, and the conclusion was arrived at that I must by some means see this professional gentleman. Mr. Grabber thought this could easily be managed, and the next evening was proposed as the time when he was to conduct me where I could have an opportunity of spotting the man, that I might know him by sight should he again attempt to follow me.

The next evening, in accordance with the advice of Mr. Grabber, I made my appearance in an entire different suit from my usual wear, a false mustache and whiskers, with a few other well-managed theatrical effects, indeed so skilfully done that I rather debated in my own mind, like that historically famous little woman who, while peaceably carrying eggs to market, fell asleep on the king's highway, and suf-

ferred curtailment of her garments by a ruthless peddler bearing the name of Stout, I debated my own identity.

We started away from my rooms, Mr. Grabber being eminently conversational, questioning me closely as to my habits while travelling, how much I generally carried, how I carried it, and various other little questions which I some how suspected from the first Mr. Grabber would ask, and for which I had answers cut and dried. This information I think must have served him little if he relied on its truth. I thought by this time I saw through Mr. Grabber, but presently he noticed that the ring I had worn the day before, a very large and fine diamond, was not on my finger. Of this he spoke, and got in answer the fact that I had taken all my valuables, even to my watch, out of my pockets, only reserving a few dollars sufficient to pay for our supper when through. I could see Mr. Grabber's countenance fall on this, but why I cannot imagine; I can hardly believe that there was any intention on his part to make an attempt at me that night for the small amount he would have got, even had I kept on my watch and ring. Something there was in it, though to this day I have not been able to unravel it, unless the hypothesis is correct that it was his intention to hand me over in some indirect way to the tender mercies of a professional gentleman, trusting to the future to recompense him in a larger way.

After a smart walk we entered a place in Greene-street, a spot well known to the police as a noted resort of thieves, and still existing as such. It was plain to see that Mr. Grabber was at home, as within ten minutes he had dispatched three or four confidential conversations, and taken as many drinks with certain anxious questioners. While Mr. Grabber was engaged, I was made the subject of special attention by one smart young gentleman of the party. He first approached me with the question: 'What's up?' I respectfully declared, 'Nothing,' whereat the young gentleman consigned his soul to perdition, and repeated the question. I thought the matter might be getting serious; I therefore answered that I came there to wait for Mr. Grabber. With this the young gentleman looked at me inquiringly and said: 'What, not copped?' I did not exactly know what 'copped' meant, but felt rather certain I was not 'copped'; I therefore said so. 'Then,' said the young gentleman, 'drink.' Under all the circumstances, I thought it best to drink, feeling rather sure that my friend must be of a sensitive nature, and perhaps the refusal might offend. I did not seek information from the young gentleman, nor did he proffer much. His principal communication seemed to rest on Grabber's private character, of whom he made several strong hints, such as stating him to be 'downy,' 'a high old bird,' and several other observations of this nature, convincing me that my friend did not en-

any very high opinion of Mr. Grabber. In a few minutes a gentlemanly man of about thirty entered the room; he seemed immensely popular and perfectly easy; he nodded to Grabber, and a passing glance at me; something whispered me directly that was the man I was brought to see, and so it proved, Mr. Grabber immediately notified me of that fact as soon as he could communicate with me without the gentleman's observing it. Presently Mr. Grabber brought the gentleman to the next table from the one where I sat ostensibly reading the newspaper, and strange to say, propounded the identical question that was offered to me, 'What's up?' to which, stranger still, the professional returned the same answer, 'Nothing.' Then Mr. Grabber said: 'You did n't get in on that New-Orleans arrangement?' The professional said he did n't, and seemed to fight rather shy of Mr. Grabber, as though he had known enough of Mr. Grabber, and was slightly suspicious. By this time I was getting a little uneasy, remembering the old adage that 'a dog that fetches a bone will carry a bone,' slightly distrustful myself, as it were, of Grabber, and counting over mentally what might be the result if it were known to these professional gentleman that I was a spy in the camp. I considered my business finished when I had once studied that man so that I might recognize him. This I had accomplished, and even more, I think; I had studied most of the professional gentlemen in that room, so that if I should meet any of them in time to come, I would be likely to know them again. With this end reached, I slipped quietly out, rather hoping in my own mind as I returned to my room, that some of them would discover the traitor in their camp and give him his deserts. No such good fortune awaited Mr. Grabber, as he turned up the next day as natural as life, a little the worse for whiskey, and deeply regretting that I had not staid awhile longer, as it was his intention to have brought the matter out fully for my satisfaction. He however retailed the compliment to me that this professional gentleman declared I was too wide awake for him so far, but he would 'fetch me yet.' Mr. Grabber was anxious in his inquiries as to the period of my next departure, which I, with remarkable openness, told him would occur on that day week, at same time resolving to get away the next night, in which I succeeded starting in the evening train for Richmond, Virginia, where I was on business.

I kept my eyes well about me all the way down, concluding the next night, as I went to my room at the Ballard House, that I had at this time given the professional gentleman the dodge. I transferred my business and came up to Baltimore, where I was obliged to stay over night. The next morning I was issuing from the office with my gun, leather bag in hand, about taking my departure, when

should I see quietly walking backward and forward through the entry but my professional friend. If I did not jump physically it was not because I did not feel like it mentally. I wandered back to the office and called out one of the book-keepers with whom I was acquainted, describing the gentleman, and requesting that he would go into the hall, take a look, and let me know if he was stopping there, and how long. The book-keeper was back in an instant, pointing out the gentleman's name on the register, and giving the information that he had arrived in the same train as myself the night before.

I certainly had respect for that professional gentleman; I could not help it. If it were only for the deadly cool manner with which he saw me pass out on my way to the cars, even as though he were resolved upon a stay in Baltimore for at least three months, and I were one whom he had never before seen, and he had not set his life upon the hazard of my leathern bag.

After this, I was sure the professional gentleman was after me, though I did not see him any more until I arrived in New-York, where upon the third day of my stay I had the pleasure of meeting him full upon Broadway, in the broad glare of the sunshine. Two days after this I left New-York for Canada via Buffalo; the spirit of the professional gentleman was with me, and my bag on this trip well worth his acceptance. I began to feel a wild hilarity in the chase. I was detained in Buffalo one week, Toledo one week; at Toronto, while transacting business I saw the gentleman on the street. Ha! ha! unearthed again. By Jove! I began to love him. Away for Montreal. A long detention; almost three weeks; I hoped the professional gentleman's purse would stand the delay: I sincerely trusted he would not be obliged to give it up for the want of funds; I would much rather myself have been his banker than have the expedition fail from such an ignoble cause. Whether it was with this intent, or what my object might have been, I looked for my professional gentleman every where; I was at the hotels, in the parks, the promenades, the drives, and at church. I thought no certain calculation could be made on that gentleman; he might as readily turn up in church as elsewhere. I could not find him, and I was obliged, as I believed, to leave Montreal without him. Over by Rouse's Point, down the line to Burlington, from Burlington to Springfield. Ah! I have not lost my friend; I have the pleasure of dining with him at the Massasoit House. He is an epicure, by-the-way, wants birds, and sends for olives with his sherry. Perhaps, I thought, the poor fellow's business anxiety has been so great that this is the first good dinner he has eaten since he left New-York. Not for the world would I disturb it. How painfully unconscious was he of my presence; I trust I played my part as well, but I am afraid not. Away we went, my friend and I, (for I presume he travelled with me

though I did not see him,) to Boston; another detention in Boston; bad for my friend; if this goes on much longer he will not be able to dine on birds and drink sherry. I must hurry my business or I shall weary my friend and he will be obliged to return home without me.

At last I left the fair town of Boston behind me, having spent almost a month in its hospitable shades, during which time I had only had the pleasure of meeting my friend the professional once: that time it was over the glove counter of a fashionable dry-goods establishment in Summer-street. So fearful was I previous to this time that he had deserted me, and so gratified at meeting him again, that I could have thrown myself into his arms with a thrill of pleasure. I almost fancied there was a flash of intelligence passed between us as our eyes met.

And so I reached home after an absence of ten weeks: I relieved myself of my charge, run up my accounts, brought all square and right, related my adventures with my friend the professional, 'shouldered my crutch and showed how fields were won,' and engaged myself to dine with the elder partner of the house that evening. I had only about time to return to the hotel, wash, bathe, dress, and beautify. I considered myself now at home for a holiday of two weeks at least; no more watching necessary, no more sleepless nights, no more finger-ing of revolvers in breast-pockets. That article was carefully laid away, divested of its caps, for a rest after its arduous duties, while I should play the gentleman.

A very pleasant dinner we had. I was called on for the story of my professional friend; his perseverance was praised, and his retiring modesty made the subject of eulogy. His absence was lamented, but in his absence we drank his health and better success to his next adventure. It was a pleasant dinner, therefore we sat late into the night; I am pretty sure it was after midnight when I bade the old gentleman 'good-night' on the stoop; he had been cautioning me not to relax my vigilance even now while I was off my duty, as I could not make any calculation in the matter; this man, he said, might imagine that he could not take me amiss at any time; that he was not to know that I left all matters of value away from me while in the city, and perhaps might strike a blow when I would not be on the look-out. This was putting the matter in a new light, and I must admit a most uncomfortable one. I thought of it as I turned out of Thirty-first street on to the Fourth Avenue, but soon dismissed the idea. The cars did not overtake me, and I walked on; I thought of my professional friend, and the trouble I had been to him without any reward. I thought how bad was the miscarriage of his speculation; three months' time, and countless sums of money for birds and sherry, without any return,

unless he had been fortunate enough to pick up some trifles on the way. All this I was revolving in my mind when I heard a soft step coming close behind me; I was passing under a gas lamp at the time; I turned my head quickly, and the blood stood still at my heart. One moment only. There stood my friend the professional!

I trust I shall not lose character by this confession, but that it will be taken into consideration that my nerves were considerably shattered by three months' travel and — my professional friend. I cast one long, lingering thought to that revolver lying uncapped in my trunk at the hotel; I took a sudden mental inventory of my pockets and — oh! that I should make so dreadful a confession — ran! ay, Sir, ran!

I have never seen my friend since that evening. I freely confess that I was frightened, and thought it entirely useless to attempt to show what I did not feel. 'The better part of valor is discretion,' and I showed this latter quality. I have frequently been asked how it could be that this rascal could have kept himself so well advised of my movements. I do not pretend to account for it beyond the supposition of his treating it as a business, and by making his inquiries properly among the servants in a hotel, who are always ready to act as spies for a fee, he managed to keep the run of my departures. Combined with this, he could pretty well understand the routes I would take; perhaps sometimes he would lose me, then he would chase me up again. In this way, by devoting his entire energies to the matter, it is not strange that he kept my track so well.

Since that time I have had several attempts made to get possession of that leather bag, but none of them held any importance beside the efforts of the man who followed me over the land for nearly four months in all. Peace be with him!

F O R B E A R A N C E .

'CALL me not, Love, unthankful, or unkind,
That I have left my heart with thee, and fled:
I were not worth that wealth which I resigned,
Had I not chosen poverty instead.

'Grant me but solitude! I dare not swerve
From my soul's law — a slave, though serving thee.
I but forbear more grandly to deserve:
The free gift only cometh of the free.'

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

ALMOST A HEROINE. By the Author of 'Charles Auchester,' 'Counterparts,' etc. Boston: TICKOR AND FIELDS. 1859.

THE signal merit of 'Almost a Heroine,' as of the previous novels of the unknown but certainly very young authoress, is that it dwells in a region of peculiarly refined sentiment and thought. The characters move in a world of delicate sympathies and motives, of which we read with something of the interest that we take in the garden of Eden, the halls of the Valhalla, the isles of the blest, or the millennial ages. Yet, the book is not a light romance of the ideal and impracticable; it is written with great intensity of feeling, and exhibits very peculiar and remarkable power; and it is plain that the authoress thought she was treating this life, and dealing with it to a purpose. But though the temper, style, and meanings of her last are precisely the same as of her earlier novels, the execution seems to us far less elaborate and matured. Indeed the whole work is an example of a glorified nebular state. The unresolved nebulae of music, mesmerism, temperaments, sympathetic marvels, and romantic motives make the staple of the story, and ideas as distinguished from impressions, a plot as distinguished from a succession of moods, or characters as distinguished from the obedient subjects of certain weird and, for aught we know, astrological and alchemistic influences, are not to be found in the volume. It is only the mental power of the writer, the serious persistency with which she dabbles in the metaphysics of the passions, the charming *à plomb* with which she announces her mystical doctrines, as if they were solid human interests, and a conviction that her mental and sentimental tendencies are in the main right and admirable though adapted only to persons of a certain literary and social culture; it is only these considerations that can induce the reader to be interested in her eccentric characters, who are almost universally doing, so far as they are doing any thing, just what nobody in the world would ever think of doing. There is one eminent

exception. The reader, Mr. MAJOR, who does the literary work for a great London publishing-house, is perhaps the most real character the authoress has ever drawn, and forcibly reveals the kind of habits and discipline under which the abounding literature of our time is produced. Altogether, 'Almost a Heroine' pleases us as the freak of a very serio-romantic and interesting person.

BOOK OF THE CHESS CONGRESS. By DANIEL W. FISKE. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

Now, when the star of CAIISA is more completely in the ascendant than ever before, when the triumphs of MORPHY and the petulance of STAUNTON, the graceful submission of continental champions to their youthful conqueror, and his own quite as graceful acquiescence in the blushing honors so thickly heaped upon him, have made the theme of this volume familiar in men's mouths as household words, its author has been most timely in his labors; its appearance is at once welcome and significant. The intellectual and absorbing game that Mr. FISKE here celebrates is worthy of the chronicle which he bestows. Its history is curious and interesting in the extreme, full of odd and romantic incidents connected with events in the career of hundreds of distinguished men and women; it has given rise to innumerable bon mots; it has been the subject of disquisitions and discussions by people of learning and taste; it furnishes now the topic for one of the most readable volumes recently issued from the teeming press of the metropolis. Those who fancy that only chess-players would find this 'Book of the Chess Congress' worth looking at, are vastly mistaken; indeed the title does no justice to the scope of the work or the toils of the writer. The 'book,' it is true, contains a minute and elaborate history of the proceedings of the famous Chess Congress in 1857, that occurred in New-York, and first made PAUL MORPHY's fame continental or hemispherical; it details from inception up to its triumphant conclusion the entire enterprise; it sets forth all the problems and their solutions; it furnishes a record of the great games then lost and won between such players as MORPHY, PAULSEN, LICHTENHEIN, MEEK, STANLEY, FULLER, and RAPHAEL; it is indeed invaluable to the chess student, by thus initiating him into the practice of the masters of this noble art. But others than those devoted to the game may find here information such as they would look for elsewhere long and in vain, but such as once found, will well repay the search.

The introductory sketch of the history of chess is extremely readable; crammed with out-of-the-way bits of intelligence, curious anecdotes; down-right fascinating too by the enthusiasm of the writer and the hearty, the almost irresistible manner with which he carries you along. Then the incidents in the history of American chess constitute an exceedingly able chapter, one that just now will have a peculiar appropriateness, and probably be read not only at home,

but abroad. People will wait to know more about the antecedents of the chess public which has produced a man not only able to cope with the greatest intellects of Europe, but whose deeds throw into the shade whatever has been done before his day in this field of exertion, acknowledged every where to test the highest powers of mind. Not only MORPHY, however, but BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AARON BURR, even HAROUN AL RASCHID, CHARLES XII., EUGENE BONAPARTE, PHILIDOR, CHARLEMAGNE, the Siamese, the Japanese, as well as occidental people, are all made tributary to the interest of the volume.

What, perhaps, will interest the general reader more than any other portion, is the narrative contributed by Professor ALLEN, of the University of Pennsylvania, of the 'Automaton Chess-Player's Career in America;' this is in fact the most original part of the work. It is told in clear and sometimes elegant language; and is the story of one of the most singular successes that have ever occurred, full of incident, affording glimpses at character and insuring the attention of the reader quite up to its close.

We find no censure with the book; we allow it unstinted praise, for the best reason in the world; we can't find any thing to carp at; and its positive merits are quite as positive as we are in setting them forth. To chess-players and students, and they are legion now, it must be considered indispensable, and other lazy people, ladies who abhor the profound mysteries of the sixty-four squared board, and desultory readers, will thank us for calling their attention to a story-book as entertaining as a novel, or a volume of information as valuable as a chapter in the 'Curiosities of Literature.'

THE RECTORY OF MORELAND: OR MY DUTY. Boston: J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY. 1860.

CLERGYMEN are becoming favorite subjects with the novelists, and many of them would be much advantaged if they should make a careful study of the characters which romancers assign them. They would thus not merely see themselves as others see them, but see themselves as they are seen, by the most intelligent and thoughtful persons who listen to them. For the authors, and especially the authors of novels, now form a corps rivalling the clergy in intellectual and moral power and in popular influence, and some of the recent romantic illustrations of the clerical character are among the finest types of human devotion and heroism. Such an one is the Rev. Mr. MARSHALL, the rector of Moreland, and the central figure in a group of characters that represent the better features and circles of American domestic and social life. The 'Rectory of Moreland' is a happily conceived story told with effect, and though containing all the romance of love, it is studiously suggestive of religious and moral ideas. In respect of paper and typography, this is the handsomest novel of the season.

JESSIE ALLISON: OR, THE TRANSFORMATION. By MARY A. RICHARDS. With an Introduction by Mrs. BRADLEY. New-York: SHELDON AND COMPANY. 1859.

WE have, we believe, in this pleasant story, by the wife of our popular artist and author, T. ADDISON RICHARDS, the first published production of her pen. The scene is laid on the banks of the Hudson. The various characters are well delineated, and the interest sustained to the last. Four spirited illustrations add considerably to the little volume, which we heartily commend to our juvenile readers.

RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS. By HENRY MORFORD. New-York: H. DEXTER AND COMPANY, Number 113 Nassau-street. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS.

MR MORFORD is a feeling and effective lyricist. He has thoughts 'that breathe' of affection, and inculcate good and kindly influences, if he has not 'words that burn.' We commend his handsome volume to the attention of our readers, for many merits, which they will be at no loss to discriminate upon perusal. We select two examples of his manner, which present a fair criterion of his powers. The first is entitled '*Sadness of the Evening Rain*:'

'ALL day long against the casement
Has the heavy south wind beat;
All day long the pools have widened
In the wet and dreary street;
But the night has thickened o'er us,
And I listen to its sound,
As if something, long departed,
With the night was gathering round.

'Sadness stealth o'er my spirit,
Silent sadness, not of pain,
Such as ocean's murmur bringeth—
Coming with the evening rain.
I am lonely, very lonely,
But I would be so an hour,
And let by-gone thoughts and feelings
Bring their saddening, soothing power.

'I will stand amid the rain-drops,
With the night wind round my head,
And call up departed faces
Of the absent and the dead.
I will shut my eyes and see them
As they looked so long ago,
I shall hear their pleasant voices
In the rain-drops murmuring low.

'I will think of thee, my mother,
In thy grave of many years;
I will think of thee, but never
With the grief that bringeth tears;
For thou hast not lived to sorrow
O'er my ways, so weak and wild;
Thou hast never known the footsteps
Of thy poor and wayward child.

'Close beside thee in the church-yard
Sleeps the fairest of our line;
Loved and lost, my dove-eyed sister,
Half of earth and half divine.
But two years our darling lingered,
When the mother's voice had died,
And she passed away in autumn,
And we laid her by thy side.

'O'er your heads the rain is falling,
O'er your graves the wind is chill;
But your memory has not left us,
And your presence lingers still:
And we think of you when evening
Has its robe of darkness on,
When the rain is in the heavens,
And the happy stars are gone.

'I will think of pleasant faces
That have shone across my way,
That have faded in the spring-time
And gone back again to clay;
Old time friends, and loved companions,
Buried in their early prime,
All, whose death has cast a shadow
O'er my spirit's morning time.

'They are here, as once I knew them;
I will shut my eyes and dream
That the touch of time and sorrow
Has not made us what we seem.
They are gone, and I am lonely,
Musing in the evening rain,
Of all by-gone times and seasons
That will never come again.'

'*The Wail of the Mother*,' in a different measure, is not less felicitously executed, and is replete with true feeling :

'Our child, in the beautiful robes of the dead,
Lay calm on his last white pillow,
And the grief that he left us broke wild
overhead,
As o'er the lost wreck breaks the billow ;
It seemed that our hearts in the desolate
grave
Should be laid down to perish beside him ;
We felt that our pleadings no longer could
save,
Nor our hands from corruption divide him.

'They laid him away in the cheerless hall,
Where the cold of the winter was creeping,
Where the curtains flapped on the bare
white wall —

So unlike the warm couch of his sleeping ;
And the poor mother spoke, as they hid his
dear form,

That one moment most bitter and trying :
'I have kept him so long in my own bosom
warm,
And now in the cold he is lying !'

'They covered the coffin, and dark fell the
cloud

As we stood the dead sleeper surrounding,
And we saw the thick sky with the heavy
rain bowed,
And we heard the loud storm-wind sound-
ing.

Then the grief of the mother broke forth
with a wail —

The last heavy outburst of sorrow :
'They are taking him from us, all frozen
and pale,
It will rain on his grave to-morrow.'

'Oh desolate mother ! O bitterest grief
That troubles the deep heart of woman !
It is well that God's hand holds the coming
relief,

That our pains like our pleasures are hu-
man.

It is well that we know that the cold beats
in vain

On the spirit unchained and immortal,
And that falls the broad sunshine, as well
as the rain,
On the grave which is heaven's own
portal.'

The volume is executed with much typographical neatness, and is farther embellished with a finely-engraved likeness of the author.

GERMAINE. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated from the French, by MARY L. BOOTH. Boston : J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY. 1860.

THIS is one of the latest and most perfect novels of EDMOND ABOUT, who is certainly, in respect of style, one of the best living writers. The reader is immediately struck by the precision, delicacy, and grace of the dialogue, which never touches an irrelevant subject, and scarcely tolerates a superfluous word, and which consists not so much of a succession of mere statements as of a series of witty and delicate explosions. The whole cast of the work reveals that high intellectual and artistic power which can grasp an idea, a character, or a phase of life, and work it out into well-defined beauty and order apart from the chaos of things in general. The plot has much of the usual French wildness about it, and reveals some very curious social concatenations. It begins with an odd passion on the part of Count VILLANERA to marry a wife who shall die no matter how soon after the marriage. GERMAINE is found, given over to the consumption by her physician ; the marriage ceremony is performed, but the bride begins from that time to recover, and before the close of the book, she is proof against even arsenic. The disappointment occasioned by her recovery brings several interesting plans to a climax, not the least of which is that of a most accomplished and fascinating Parisian villain, Mme. CHERMIDY. The wonderful purity and beauty of the style of the original reappear in the translation, which proves the skill and taste of the lady who undertook the task.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LATE CHARLES M. LEUPP. — Our first acquaintance with the late lamented CHARLES M. LEUPP began many years ago, as was mentioned in a brief reference which we made to his death, in our last number. We were both bachelors and fellow-boarders at Mrs. P — n's, number 286 Broadway, then directly opposite the old 'WASHINGTON Hall' Hotel, now STEWART's renowned dry-goodshery. At first we took a singular disaffection toward each other — a sort of 'I do not like you, Dr. FELL' feeling, which neither of us could ever afterward explain to our mutual satisfaction. It was a company of choice spirits, that 'band' of bachelors, which bound together the well-spread tables of Mrs. P —; who, with her two daughters, contributed not a little to the true 'home feeling,' so generally absent from what are usually termed 'fashionable' boarding-houses. Dinner at five, always, and a cold supper from nine till ten. One night we came 'home' about half-past nine — we had closed negotiations for the purchase of the KNICKERBOCKER that very day — and sat down at the table; there was a rubbing of hands, a spreading out of the napkin, a smacking of lips, and general APICIAN eagerness to devour the cold chicken, partridge, etc., *represented by* the fat legs and other 'terminations,' which protruded from beneath the silver covers. They were removed, when lo! the trick of the laughing fellow-boarders around us stood revealed. No vultures could have made cleaner work. There was no aliment, no nutriment, no 'black' meat or 'white' — 'no nothing!' The joke, however, was as good for us as it was for our jeering comrades; and leaning back, disappointed though we were, ours was the heartiest guffaw of them all — it was such a ridiculous display for so small a result! We soon had our cold supper, however, and our subsequent revenge also; for we sent the whole jubilant party, a night or two after, down Broadway to witness an exhibition of '*The Educated Fleas*,' a 'show' which we pronounced the most 'remarkable' that we had ever seen; and 'humbugeously' speaking, it *was*. When they returned, they looked as if the 'cover' had been removed for *nothing*! From this time forward, the ice between us and our lamented friend

was broken forever. He was at that time a clerk for Mr. GIDEON LEE, the largest leather-dealer in the 'Swamp,' as was Mr. LEUPP, who succeeded him, in the same locality, at the time of his death. How many of our older readers will remember the pleasant gatherings at the cheerful, hospitable residence of the departed, in Amity-street; the elegant, unostentatious entertainments; the instructive, entertaining, enlivening converse! There were to be met the members of the old 'New-York Sketch-Club,' and of 'The Column;' and there, one night, twelve of 'us' opened the ball for '*The Century*:'

'CHILL November's surly blasts
Make fields and forests bare'

as we write: and as we hear them, we cannot choose but think, in this season of 'passing away,' of many of those whose names were upon the little half-sheet of paper drawn up on that occasion: two of whom, so much alike in varied and liberal culture, in generousness, lovable natures, and retiring worth, are long gone hence — DANIEL SEYMOUR and JOHN NEILSON, Jr. Others, too, who were then present, have also departed; but we mention these, because their facile and fertile pens often enriched the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER.

And for how many '*Good Things*' were we indebted to our appreciative and mirth-loving friend, LEUPP! Seldom did we meet him, that he had not some 'good thing' which he 'had kept' for us — whether we encountered him in Broadway, or in his old familiar street in the 'Swamp,' as we were on the way to our printing-office, in the same locality. Let us recall one or two of these 'Good Things' which came to us in his manuscript, written years ago. He caught the salient-points of a character or an incident with a quick eye, and had the power in narration to transfer either to your mind in a twinkling. A single 'specimen' will verify our assertion:

'I STUMBLED on a character the other evening,' writes a friend, 'on board a steam-boat, which presented some traits that I thought rather original and unique. I daguerretyped him on the spot. I had just finished supper, and was quietly enjoying my cigar on the deck, when I heard an individual declaiming in a loud tone of voice to some two or three attentive listeners, (but evidently intended for the benefit of whomsoever it might concern,) on pathology. Being as it were thus invited, I also became a listener to something like the following: '*There it is now!* Well, some people talk about *seated* fevers. I don't know any thing about *seated* fevers; there aint no such thing as *seated* fever. A mosquito-bite is a fever; cure the bite, and the fever leaves you. So with a *bile* — just the same thing; there aint no *such thing*, I tell you, as *seated* fever. The fact is, your regular doctor *prac-tizes* according to books. I *prac tize* according to common-sense. Now there was Dr. RUGG, of our village, the SAMRSON of the Materier-Medicker. Well, *he* treats fevers according to the books; consequence is, I get all the patients.: and he *says* to me one day, says he, 'why,' said he, 'how *is* it, you get all the fever cases?' And I told him exactly how it was, and it *is* so. 'Well, Doctor,' interrupted one of the listeners, 'how *do* you treat fevers?' 'Well, *there it is*; you ask me how I treat fevers! If you had asked me when I first commenced *prac-tizing* I could ha' told you; can't tell you now. I treat cases just as I find 'em, according to common sense. And *there it is*: now there was Mrs. SCUTTLE; she was taken sick; all the

folks said she had the consumption; had two doctors to her; did n't do her a single mossel 'o good. They sent for *me*. Well, as I went into the house, I see a lot o' tanzy and a flock o' chickens by the door: felt her pulse: says I, 'Mrs. SCUTTLE, you aint no more got the consumption than I've got it. Two weeks, an' I cured her!' 'Well, Doctor, how did you cure her?' *How* did I cure her? *There it is* ag'in! I told you I see a lot of tanzy and a flock of chickens growing at the door. I gi'n her some of the tanzy and a fresh-laid egg — brought her right up. It's *kill or cure* with me! In fact, I call myself an officer. My saddle-bags is my soldiers, and my disease my inimy. I rush at him; and 'ither he or me has got to conquer. I never give in!

'My cigar was out; and while lighting another, the doctor vanished: possibly hastened by the influence of one of his own prescriptions.'

We wish we could lay our hand upon a sketch which Mr. LEUPP also sent us, describing a toothless old fellow at Blossom's Hotel in Canandaigua, trying to devour the claw of a lobster, a fish he had never 'tasted on afore,' and the '*peth*' of which, when he had drilled down to it, he said he 'kind o' liked!' It was *very* rich: and so is this:

'THERE was much surrounding cachinnation where this circumstance was mentioned the other evening: A man who was 'somedele' fond of lobsters, was wistfully regarding a basket of them in the market, with his dog by his side, while another by-stander was sticking the end of his cane into one of the disengaged claws of a big fellow at the top. 'How he does hold on!' said the man with the cane. 'Yes,' responded the man with the dog, 'but it's because he '*dents* the cane. and his claws won't slip on the wood. But he could n't hold on to a critter, or you or I, in that way. When he feels any thing *givin'*, a lobster always stops pinchin'.' 'Guess *not*,' said the owner of the basket: 'you put your dog's tail in that there claw, and you'll see whether he'll hold on't or not.' No sooner said than done: the lobster-lover lifted up his dog, dropped his tail into the open claw, which closed instant, and the dog, 'as smit by sudden pain,' ran off howling, at the top of his speed. 'Hello!' exclaimed the owner, 'whistle back your dog: d—n him! he's runnin' off with my lobster!' 'Whistle back your *lobster*!' rejoined the other; 'that dog aint coming back; that dog's *in pain*. I can't git him to come near me when he's in pain!' That humane citizen dined that day upon as fine a lobster as there was in *that* basket, 'any how!'

The very last time that we met Mr. LEUPP, certainly not six weeks before his death, we were on our way to 'GRAY's, whose vast establishment fronts on the short street which ends, downwardly, directly opposite the spacious 'old stand' of GIDEON LEE, late that of his successors, 'CHARLES M. LEUPP AND COMPANY.' Sitting in an arm-chair near the delivery doors, he detained us a moment to mention an amusing anecdote which he had heard the night before. It is 'strange, passing strange,' *now*, to think, that in his mind, even at that period, must have been transiently, those 'vague imaginings of an undefinable terror,' which afterward took entire possession of his wandering thoughts: the walls and lofty ceilings of his noble mansion were toppling down upon him; enemies were encamped about him; and he 'trembled at armed men.' Surely, 'there is no ruin like the ruin of a noble mind!'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—Our old friend and *umquhile* frequent correspondent, (he has been 'faulty' to compel *us* thus to write, by not having written more for us *himself*), sends us the following from his Parisian sanctum :

'DEAR KNICK: Some few of your readers may possibly recollect a certain Greek controversy that raged once upon a time, one of the points involved in which was the scene of *Æschylus'* *Agamemnon*. To such, the opinion of one of the most accurate and accomplished of living scholars, Mr. W. G. CLARK, of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the question, will not be uninteresting. I therefore inclose, without further preface, the following extract from his late work, '*Peloponnesus*.' Though I cannot claim Mr. CLARK as coinciding with my former views — indeed he seems to regard the whole dispute as rather a *skiomachy* — there are some passages, particularly the italicized one about the 'loose use of *Argos*,' which agree very closely with what appeared eleven years ago in your pages from the pen of

'Yours ever,

CARL BENSON.'

'THE mention of the *Agamemnon* reminds me of some body else's theory, that *Æschylus* meant the scene to be laid at *Argos*, not *Mycenæ*, because the summit of *Arachne*, the last link in the fiery beacon-chain, is visible from the former, but not from the latter city. Such rigorous exactness, I am convinced, is quite alien from the spirit of *Æschylus*, and of all the old poets. *Æschylus*, and every one of his audience, saw daily the top of *Arachne* towering preëminent among the *Argive* hills. No one's sense of probability would be shocked by the natural supposition, that it would be seen from *Mycenæ*, which lay almost at its feet. We must not fetter the free mind of the ancient poets by such matter-of-fact laws, nor, as readers, expect them to observe restrictions which their auditors did not impose. Those who saw no absurdity in the arrival of *Agamemnon* only half an hour after his telegraphic message, were not likely to cavil on a minute point as to the topography of a foreign country. On the other hand, I do not venture to affirm that *Æschylus* laid the scene of his play not at *Argos*, but at *Mycenæ*. The scene is 'before the palace at the *Atreidæ*, and I question whether he wasted a second thought upon its site. There is not in all the play the faintest allusion to the scenery of the *Argive* plain, or the relative position of its cities. *Æschylus* had evidently been a diligent reader or hearer of *HOMER* — his characters, language, and allusions prove this — inasmuch that a saying was attributed to him, 'that his dramas were but fragments from the great Homeric banquet.' He could not, therefore, have been ignorant that *Mycenæ* was constantly spoken of by *HOMER* as the city and abode of the *Atreidæ*; and yet throughout the play there is no mention of *Mycenæ*. *Argos* occurs several times in the sense of the country, and *Argæioi* for the people. *Homer* uses '*Argos*' with four different limitations; first, as the city of *Diomed*; second, as the kingdom of *Agamemnon*; third, as comprising also the kingdom of *Menelaus*; and fourth, as a generic name for all Greece. Now, in the days of the *Attic* dramatists, the term *Argos* was by universal usage in common life applied only to the city; hence arose doubtless a certain confusion in the popular mind in regard of the Homeric '*Argos*,' and a disposition to credit the city with all that had been attributed to *Argos* in the wider meanings. And no doubt the citizens of *Argos*, as they transported the people of *Mycenæ* and incorporated them with their own body, were anxious also to appropriate their ancient legends and heroic fame. 'The *Agamemnon*' was represented ten years after this final destruction of the ancient capital of the *Atreidæ*. The fact that the poet does not mention the city, seems to indicate that its fate excited little notice or sympathy in contemporary Greece.

'If the Argive topography of *ÆSCHYLUS* is thus indefinite and negative, that of *SOPHOCLES* is elaborately wrong. In the opening scene of the *Electra*, the 'Pædagogus,' addressing *ORESTES*, says: 'Here is the ancient Argos you were longing for, and this the Lycean agora of the wolf-slaying god,' (to wit, the market-place of the town of Argos;) 'and this on the left is the renowned temple of Hera, and, at the place we are come to, believe that you have before your eyes Mycenæ, rich in gold, and here the blood-stained house of the Pelopidæ.' No one reading this description would infer that Argos was between five and six miles distant, and the Heræum nearly two. The truth was, that neither *SOPHOCLES* nor his 'Pædagogus' thought of administering a lecture on topography under the guise of a dramatic entertainment, as *MILTON* or *BEN JONSON* might have done; so far from it, he held the entertainment to be all in all, and made topography and every thing else give way to it. He wanted to produce an effect by bringing Argos, Mycenæ, and the Heræum within the compass of a single *coup d'œil*, and I warrant that not one of the spectators was pedantic enough to quarrel with him for it. He would not have taken similar liberties with the neighborhood of Athens—on the contrary, in the '*Ædipus at Colonus*' he is rigorously exact, because the audience were too familiar with the scene not be shocked at any departure from fact; and in that case the most powerful effect was to be obtained by adhering to it. I remember to have read a play of *M. VICTOR HUGO's*, called, I think, '*Marie Tudor*,' where the scene opens with the following stage direction: '*Palais de Richmond: dans le fond à gauche l'Eglise de Westminster, à droite la Tour de Londres.*' Not one of the audience would be shocked by this impossible compression, and therefore the poet was quite justified in annihilating space to make a thousand people happy. If either play would have gained a little by the change, *M. VICTOR HUGO* would not have hesitated a moment to make the *Abbey* and the *Tower* change places, nor *SOPHOCLES* to transfer the *Temple of Hera* from the left hand to the right.'

'*Pantamiga*' is the odd name of a desultory dish, with a foretaste of which a new correspondent has favored us. It is called after a sort of *salmagundi* which he and his fellow-students used occasionally to have at 'college-commons,' of the composition whereof they were 'mainly ignorant.' We extract some nice 'plums' from this dish; omitting such portions as are not to our taste, which for the nonce we assume to be also the taste of our readers. The days of sprites and elves, let us say to our correspondent, have well-nigh gone by; and if his 'fairy thoughts' are *not* to 'enter houses made with hands,' he might as well husband them unwritten. Our friend should be less 'subjective,' and more 'objective.' The little bird-incident is exceedingly pretty:

'I AM a quiet, dreamy sort of man, not given to much speaking, for which reason I am not a general favorite with ladies; more a student of nature than of books, though I confess to a fondness for the writers of a century or two ago; and withal a lover of the angle, a patient disciple of father IZAAC, an occupation to whose gentle influence I owe whatever of good my friends may discover in me.

'My religious faith, that there may be no fear of heterodoxy in any thing I write, you will find in pious old *WALTON's* last will and testament, and is so short that it may be quoted here. 'I do declare my belief to be that there is only one God who hath made the whole world, and me, and all mankind; to whom I shall give an account of all my actions which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my SAVIOUR JESUS.' There it is, and enough, too, to take you and me to heaven if we believe it, and *ST. PETER* will open the crystal gates to that talisman as quickly as to the Westminster Catechism, Thirty-nine Articles, and all the creeds of Christendom combined. And I tell you, dear *KNICKERBOCKER*, none but a fisher-

man could have made such a simple, concise, yet comprehensive exposition of his religious faith. It is the result of calm morning rambles by the brookside while 'night's viewless rain' yet glistened in the early sun-light, and the air vibrated to the song of the lark that 'quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth again, which she would not touch but for necessity,' or quiet evening sittings by the lake margin, when the nightingale calls the world to vespers, and the air becomes fragrant with the incense of prayer, and the 'still small voice' sounds like far-off music; and knowledge and insight of spiritual things fall upon the heart as imperceptibly as light or dew upon the earth.

'Blessed are they who study the CREATOR in His works, for unto them will He reveal HIMSELF; sometimes as JUPITER before SEMELE in thunders and lightnings, and the dread insignia of power; oftener in gentle forms that seem 'to witch the heart out of things evil.' God is continually covering the walls of Nature with a hand-writing that to the mass of mankind is as mystical as was the 'Mene mene Tekel Upharsin' to BELSHAZZAR and his lords, and with inscriptions, too, quite as startling, were it not that the fingers which write them are concealed. Nor is the prophetic gift of interpretation always found where you would most expect it. Now, as many years for a kindred revelation, not many wise, not many noble are chosen. There are DANIELS in what the world would call the lower strata of society, who fed on pulse and water all their days, yet in fairness of spiritual character, and natural knowledge and skill, excel those who have eaten at king's tables.

'Several mornings ago, while walking, I heard some one say: 'Did n' you hear them leetle birds a-singin' this mornin'? Guy! I know when a pleasant day's comin'. I turned, expecting to see some high-priest; some Roman vates clothed in his sacerdotal robes and seated on his mural throne. It was only a milkman dealing out his commodity in a pint-cup. But I felt a sympathy with him at once. A man who thus constructs an ornithological barometer, who judges the weather by the wild birds' song, must be learned in the varied dialects of Nature, though his tongue should be unschooled in MURRAY's rules. When I afterwards met him in another street, I bowed to him with a hearty good-will that fairly frightened him.

'An old number of your magazine, Mr. EDITOR, is before me as I write, and the sight of it reminds me that there are two things connected with it which I hope may never change, and they both are on the cover. Do what you please with the internal arrangements; despoil it of its flowers; drain from it the juice of wit and humor till it becomes as worthless as the refuse of the wine-press; nay, more, make it the organ of party politics if necessity requires, '*procul! procul! este profani!*' but spare, spare the old man and the name. I remember how, long ago, I used to gaze at that patriarchal picture on the cover. It always brought to mind the image of a venerated grandfather whose last days were spent at my home. Did you ever have a grandfather in the house? One of the old *régime*? Whose work on earth was done; whose life-statue was carved and perfected, and only left on exhibition here awhile as an art-study, ere it went beyond the great sea to take its place in the niche in heaven for which it was ordered by the divine collector of soul-sculpture? One in whom memory was fickle of present, but tenacious of past events? Whose heavenly virtues, as the evening shadows fell around, came forth as the stars? Whose whitened locks seemed a cheerful arraying for a tomb which to him was

"But a covered bridge

Leading from light to light through a brief darkness."

'Hour after hour have I sat with my head on such an one's knee, peering curiously up into those once piercing but then gentle eyes, that seemed like chapel windows, on which are the images of holy saints, and through which the light from the soul came soft and mellowed, and listened to the adventures of a wild early life, till the narrow walls that hedge in the present crumbled and faded away, and I found myself sitting with him

'By the shores of old Romance.'

'*Fuit sed nunc ad astra.*' The old chair, a sacred heir-loom now, is vacant; the pipe, as well as the 'golden bowl,' is broken; the grasshopper that became a burden has sung, and the snow has been sifted over his grave many times since then, yet my memories of him are as green as the grass now round his head-stone, and like the pressed flowers of an herbarium, still retain their fragrance. Do you wonder then that I love the old vignette that is so rich in suggestions?

'The name is not much less an object of my regard. I am sorry to say that I am not a KNICKERBOCKER, either by ancestry or name, but I have Teutonic tastes perfectly unaccountable. I have traced my father's line back to the customary three brothers, but they are all unquestionably English. My mother's race is direct from the May-flower party, and they are supposed to be of the same ethnological source. Here, however, I strike a thread that leads me out of this labyrinth, for it was undoubtedly during the Pilgrims' sojourn in Holland that these tastes were imbibed which have lain fallow so many years—the suppression of hereditary qualities being a well-established fact.

'No matter about that. I have endeavored as far as possible to overcome the accident of birth by training my natural propensities after the model of the noble sires whose history forms the golden and heroic age of this island. And here let me acknowledge my indebtedness to that voracious chronicler, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, not only for the preservation of those Dutch portraits, but also for the golden woof of philosophy that he has woven into the truthful work of his narrative; though I must confess that he has made a savorless salt of all other history. MACAULAY alone approaches him in some of his loftier flights, but I always feel—what I never do in DIEDRICH—that he would at any time sacrifice truth for a fine sentence or a strong antithesis. Read KNICKERBOCKER's description of the capture of Fort Christina. Is there in literature its equal? Compare it with any account of the battle of Montebello which HORACE VERNET is painting. KNICKERBOCKER is the VERNET of martial literature.

'In the way of personal habits I have made commendable progress. I have a fine collection of meerschaums, and have smoked myself into confirmed phthisis. I attend all the German festivals at Hoboken and Jones' Woods, and call for my '*Schweizer Käse und Lager*' in a tone so guttural as to frighten any friend who may happen to be with me. The German language I never could master, but in lieu thereof, I have, by means of a friend who studied it in the University of Dublin, cultivated a broken speech which I think does just as well. The fact is, the expressive sentence above, with the numerals from one to four, say six for extra occasions, Ya and Nein, is all the knowledge of that language essential, indeed comprises pretty much all the colloquial discourse of the nation.

'I find the greatest difficulty with my 'phigger' being of the Cassius order, and therefore as others stuff their coats and vests, I pad my pants to attain that pyramidal proportion for which a historical personage wore ten pair of breeches; and with

eyes like a lynx, I affect dimness of perception after four o'clock. So Mr. EDITOR, keep your name, for to me, unlike the rose, it would n't be as sweet by any other.

'And now to strengthen an already pretty good claim to the title I have chosen, I will relate an incident which occurred this morning of a somewhat similar nature, though with a happier termination, to one told by Dr QUINCY. Last night a little bird of plumage so rare and beautiful as to make them think it had escaped from bondage, flew into the servants' room at a certainly very unseasonable hour for such a small bird. After fluttering awhile, it was secured, and this morning I found it in the hands of one of the maids, and soon persuaded her to let it go; but as I went to take it, it escaped and flew for the open air. Unfortunately a pane of glass intervened, against which it struck with violence, and dropped apparently lifeless on the floor. With a sorrow such as the destruction of any form of beauty always awakens, I picked it up and carried it into the fresh air, hoping the faint beating of its little heart might be quickened thereby, but its eye glazed, its mouth opened, the head drooped, and the body waved to-and-fro on my finger. I went near the woods, thinking may be the familiar sounds of the forest might rouse it. For a while it seemed of no avail, when suddenly a peculiar note from an adjoining thicket acted like magic. The bird started, opened its eyes, and turned its head with a wild, doubting look. Again that sound sent a succession of thrills through the little body, plainly perceptible on my finger; the wings were shaken out as if to plume themselves for flight, and as the before brief, uncertain note changed to a prolonged madrigal, with an ecstatic chirp of joy the bird fluttered to the woods. It reminded me of the scene in 'La Favorita,' where LEONORA starts from the foot of the cross as she distinguishes FERNANDO's voice above the monks in the chapel. Had this bird been the favorite of some ornithological monarch, and palmed off on a feathered FERNANDO whose forgiveness she now went to crave? Did she hear his voice above the woodland choir in that leafy chapel? Or was it some truant lover, a pennigerous TOM JONES, perchance on a 'lark' the night before, who heard his pardon from, and recall to, the downy breast of his forest love? Or like the author of 'Sweet Home' dying in a foreign land, was this bird awakened only to momentary life by a half-forgotten strain of the music of other days? I leave these questions for some modern augur to answer.'

Very neatly told. - - - We believe that the KNICKERBOCKER — certainly with but one exception — was the first journal in this city, where they were first seen, which called public attention to the wonderful invention of *The Stereoscope*, now so greatly improved, and its marvels so remarkably increased. We sent up from the sanctum the other day some twenty or thirty specimens, in opaque glass and upon paper, for the examination of a neighbor, who in former years had visited the finest portions of the 'Old World,' and with a scholarly mind, and his quiet thoughts about him, had reaped the harvest of an observant eye. He returns the views, with the following note, which is so concise, so comprehensive, and so elegantly expressed, that we are unwilling to withhold it from our readers:

'L. G. CLARK, Esq.:

'Piermont, 22d October, 1859.

'DEAR SIR: I am very much obliged to you for making me acquainted with the wonders of the stereoscope. Beautiful magic! beautiful reality! Why should we any more waste our time in travel? Why encounter the risks of steam, the tedi-

ous monotony of wheels, the odium of tavern life and lodgings, the disgust of seeing offensive sights, hearing abominable sounds, and suffering intolerable fatigues and annoyances, to gain a view of any thing worth seeing, whether natural or artificial? Any one of the five stories of a modern lady's trunk would contain, in stereographic delineations, all the 'sights' worth seeing, which the 'Tour of Europe' promises and boasts of. These 'sights,' arranged on a parlor-table, may be seen at pleasure. Their peculiar beauties, condensed like thought in words, and rendered 'vocal to the eye,' may be studied, comprehended, enjoyed and reënjoyed. The 'tour of Europe' may be accomplished in an hour, without fatigue of mind or body. A student of Greek might as well get himself transported to Athens to read DEMOSTHENES in manuscript, instead of sitting down at home to a stereotype edition, as for a lover of natural scenery and of art to traverse oceans and continents to get an undiscriminating, momentary glance at scenes and objects with his unassisted eye, confused by surrounding objects, bewildered by indefinite generalities, and confounded by erroneous preconceptions and vague imaginations; instead of quietly taking up the stereoscope and studying each scene by itself, exhibited in its just proportions, with all its minute and exquisite details—studying and restudying and pondering it to his heart's content. I return the parcel, and am with special thanks,

'Respectfully your obedient servant,

E. L.'

Step into the MESSRS. ANTHONY'S, Number 308 Broadway, and look at the *Instantaneous Views* in Broadway, alike in rain and in sun-shine, with *every thing* represented for miles that was in that noble, multitudinous thoroughfare at the time, and thousands of others, from all parts of the world: do the same at the great publishing-house of the MESSRS. APPLETON, or at MESSRS. MASURY and WHITING's extensive Artists'-Materials establishment, at Number 111 Fulton-street, heretofore mentioned by us, and see if either the KNICKERBOCKER or our eloquent correspondent have at all too highly extolled the manifold attractions of THE STEREOSCOPE. - - - Mr. GEORGE R. TURNER, 'Penmanist,' of Lansing, Michigan, may not practise a good 'hand-of-write art' that is a merely mechanical art: but he is evidently a 'born poet.' We have the cover of one of his 'specimen' writing-books, in which six 'Rules' are given, in six separate eight-line verses. They glow with genius, 'as you shall shortly hear:'

'Sit gracefully up,

As though you were at dinner:

Support your left upon the left,

But keep the right arm free.

Now lightly, lightly touch the Pen,

Now point it toward your shoulders, men,

Be sure that you are right, and then

Go, go ahead!

'Now slide your right arm,

Just touching near the elbow,

And the two last nails, while you

The wrist always raise.

Now thumb and fingers freely bend,

While hand, and wrist, and arm extend,

And, in one mixed movement blend—

All right, go ahead!

'With sharp eye, first trace

Each letter slowly over,

Until each turn and shade you learn;

So trace, think, and write:

Give capitals but one bold shade,

With egg-shaped ovals, neatly made,

And their waving stems displayed—

So eye them again.

'The small letters form,

With angles gently rounding,

While all the Os, with care you close,

Make loops full and straight:

When joined, give all a level base,

With equal height, and slope, and space,

With uniform, flowing grace—

So trace, think, and write.'

Now, in all TENNYSON's writings, taking his very best, *is there any thing like this?* We confidently express it as *our* opinion that there *is not!* 'Penman-

ist,' you can 'take the hat!' - - - THE recent death of THORNTON MCGAW, Esq., at Bangor, in Maine, has been widely announced in the public journals. We add our sincere condolence to that which has been so fervently tendered to his afflicted family. It was our good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Mr. MCGAW for these many years past: many were the pleasant epistolary missives which were exchanged between us; many the agreeable passages from *his*, which found their way to our TABLE; and many, *very* many, the agreeable hours we have passed together. It seems but yesterday that he was at our little cottage on the Hudson, with his now bereaved widow, an accomplished lady, in all respects a fit companion for such a man, who must indeed feel the 'impotence of consolation' for his loss; and 'in the leafy month of June,' a happy party of four of us rode admiringly over the surrounding hills, and through the sequestered vales of 'Old Rockland.' Mr. MCGAW was a man of marked personal appearance, and of still more strongly-marked intellectual character. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College; studied law with two of the most eminent counsellors of the State; commenced the practice of his profession in Bangor, which he ever afterward made his home. Judge HATHAWAY, of the Penobscot Bar, in presenting the united resolutions of the adjourned courts, well observes of the lamented deceased:

'He was a most honorable counsellor; and more than that, he was an honorable man, inspiring the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He was a man of cordial and genial temperament, frank, affable, and courteous, and attractive in his manners as a companion and a friend.' . . . 'I first knew Mr. MCGAW in the prime and vigor of life, after he had commenced his professional career, and when by his skill in the management of affairs, by his accurate learning and ability, he had obtained a large and extensive practice. With the advantage which a liberal education confers, thoroughly read in the law, acquainted equally with its technicalities as with its more liberal and general principles, of unquestioned integrity, he soon acquired an eminent position in his profession. His habitual caution and prudence, his strong sense and legal acquirements, were all displayed in the sagacity of his professional advice, and in the wisdom of his judgment. Successful in early life in the acquisition of an estate amply abundant, he soon exchanged the harassing cares and annoying perplexities of forensic for the more congenial pleasures of social life, which his independent means permitted him to enjoy, and where his vigorous intellect, his liberal culture, his infinite wit and humor, made him one of the most attractive as well as one of the most instructive of companions.'

It seems strange that we shall see no more upon earth that tall form 'erect as a statue;' look no more into those liquid blue eyes, so full of feeling and expression; nor grasp again that friendly hand! - - - SINCE the time when JOHN PHENIX, in the absence of 'Bosron,' the editor of the *San Diego Herald*, took temporary charge of that now illustrious journal, and changed its politics in the very first number issued under his supervision — whence ensued that memorable battle, wherein the returned editor was so singularly worsted (!!) — since that period until the present, we have seen nothing in its kind more laughable than a little sketch which we have received, with the heading: '*Be Emphatic, Jones! — Touch 'em on the Raw!*' All papers, 'Republican,' 'Democratic,' 'American,' 'Whig,'

'Conservative,' all are full of '*Nigger*,' as we write in late October — 'Old JOHN BROWN,' 'COOKE,' 'Nigger' — 'Nigger,' 'COOKE,' 'old JOHN BROWN;' these are the changes which are rung in all the journals of the day, East, West, North and South. There is no political 'offence' in the sketch; and the Republicans themselves, we venture to say, will laugh at it as heartily as their opponents. We 'clip' here and there, but with no detriment to the story: 'JONES' was a journeyman-printer, upon '*The Genius*,' a Republican newspaper, nominally edited by a popular and able lawyer, who however, could not do his duty to his clients and the paper too: either his briefs or his editorials must come lamely off: and the paper suffered in consequence. The proprietor, who, although a good manager and a practical man, knew nothing at all about editing: he would n't trust himself to select a paragraph from another paper, or accept for publication any thing which did not emanate from the pen of the editor. And now behold he was in trouble. The neglect of the ostensible editor was greatly reducing the subscription-list. That worthy was out of town, engaged in an important law-suit: and the proprietor, being in despair, hastens after him:

'HE left the city hurriedly in search of his editor, but was himself delayed a day beyond his appointed time to return. In this state of affairs there was but one course to pursue. JONES was the 'clever fellow' of the establishment; and he was instructed to 'get out' the issue of '*The Genius*,' during the temporary absence of both editor and owner. The following is an exact copy of the 'letter of instruction' received from the absent proprietor, together with the postscript by the 'regular' editor.

'Poseyville, Oct. 2, 1859.

'DEAR JONES: Can't come home till morning. Get out best paper you can. Write short articles, and stir up the party for not giving their organs more assistance.

'H. E.

'P. S.—By the Editor — 'Be emphatic, JONES! — 'touch 'em on the raw!'

A. J. L.'

'*The Genius*' was a Republican paper, of the broadest 'stripe:' and *that* JONES did not exactly like, 'nor never did;' for he was a strong Democrat, and had on several occasions reasoned with the publisher upon the propriety and policy of changing the politics of the paper. No proposition of this sort, however, could be entertained. '*The Genius*' owed its existence to the Republican party. Its politics was its life-blood. Nevertheless, a very great privilege was here extended to JONES. He was instructed to 'stir 'em up,' to be 'emphatic,' and to 'touch 'em on the raw:' he had 'full powers.'

'At length 'the deed was done:' the next '*Genius*' appeared with the following startling editorial:

'THE NIGGER. — We admire him. We like him. We love him. We go in for him. We have but one idea, and that is nigger. We have but one dream, and *that* is ditto. We preach from but one text, and *that* is ditto. We sing but one song, and *that* is ditto. We play but one tune, and *that* is ditto. We go our full length on Nigger. We are all over ditto. We are ditto in the morning. We are ditto at noon. We are ditto at night. We are ditto all the time. We live on ditto. We sleep on ditto. We'll die on ditto. *And yet, would you believe it, reader, 'The Genius do n't pay!'*

While the writer of this 'stirring' editorial was enjoying, next morning, a

pleasing reverie at his success in editing, the office-door was thrown violently open by the exasperated proprietor:

"You infernal scoundrel!" he fairly roared, rushing toward JONES; but before he could finish his sentence, the latter had made his escape. The editor, however, arrived just in time to catch him at the street-door.

"J-o-n-e-s!" he shouted, at the same time shaking a copy of the paper in his face: "Look here! What have you done?"

"I reckon I have '*touched 'em on the raw*,'" said the bewildered JONES.

'By this time the proprietor, boiling over with rage, had joined the equally excited editor.

"You have killed the paper!" exclaimed the proprietor.

"You have ruined *me*!" followed the editor.

"How *did* you come to write such a savage article?" asked the proprietor.

"To '*stir 'em up a little*!'" mildly answered JONES.

"The thing is outrageous!" said the editor.

"It is a little *emphatic*," replied JONES.

'At this point there was a '*lively time*,' consequent upon a rush of Republicans and Democrats to the office of '*The Genius*.' The former were full of indignation, and stamped and raved; the Democrats, on the contrary, were jubilant. Each carried a copy of the paper containing JONES' fatal editorial; lauded it to the skies, and promised all sorts of assistance. The old friends of the paper swore eternal enmity, and commenced their onslaught by ordering their advertisements out and their names erased from the subscription-book. At length, after the greatest din and confusion, the '*regular*' editor was permitted to explain. He told the whole story; disavowed the authorship of the obnoxious editorial; condemned the sentiments therein expressed; promised to make ample apology in a succeeding issue; and assured the patrons of '*The Genius*' that he would give up the practice of the law, lay BLACKSTONE on the shelf, and remain permanently at his post. Accordingly, the next day the matter was set right. Poor JONES came in for some heavy shots for the trouble he had caused; and what was still worse, nothing but his removal from the concern would satisfy the outraged '*Genius's* patrons.' The Democrats of the town, however, came to JONES' rescue. They started a paper of their own; made JONES their '*regular*' editor, and to this day his business with his opponents is, to '*stir 'em up*, and '*touch 'em on the raw*!'"

Pretty well '*touched up*.' - - - SOME of our readers may remember the wealthy but eccentric English nobleman, who advertised for a servant in the '*Times*' newspaper. An inquirer called, and making known his business, was shown up to his Lordship. Among the duties which 'FLUNKY' said he could include as his, was blacking his lordship's boots. 'Oh, never mind *that*,' said the 'dry' old nobleman, 'I always black my own boots—always. But how much wages do you expect?' 'Sixty guineas a year, my lord,' replied FLUNKY. 'Sixty guineas!' exclaimed his lordship, with consternation: 'sixty guineas! Make it *seventy*, and I'll come and live with you!' The following '*scene in an Intelligence Office*,' from a recent 'PUNCH,' brought this to mind. BIDDY is in want of a place:

'BIDDY, (To the lady.) Do you keep two girls? Is the kitchen on the same floor

with the parlor? Have you a canvas carpet on the floor? Have you gas in the kitchen?

'LADY. Now, BIDDY, if you have got through, allow me to ask you a few questions. Do you speak French? Talk Spanish or Italian? Do you take tea out more than three times a week? Do you play the piano?

'BIDDY. Indeed, no ma'am.

'LADY. Then you won't do for me. I want a maid with all these accomplishments.

'Exit BIDDY in search of another office.'

THERE is, to our mind, a great deal of true, tender pathos, as well as undying Christian trust and hope, in the lines entitled '*A Little While*.' We know not who is the author:

'Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

'Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

'Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

'Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!'

Who is the author of these lines? - - - MR. BUCHANAN, the elected sovereign of our *universal* sovereigns, has been called all sorts of hard names, by all sorts of politicians, in all sections of the country. He expected this, we suspect; for from our FIRST PRESIDENT, down to the present moment, he forms, in this respect, no exception from his 'illustrious predecessors.' 'Well, what of it?' may be asked: why, *this*: that hereafter we do not intend for a moment to *believe* one half of what we hear against Mr. BUCHANAN, and we shall 'go nigh' seriously to doubt the other half. Our faith is thus grounded: our old-time handsome friend, and clever actor, 'Young VANDENHOFF,' in his new and lively volume, '*Leaves from an Actor's Note-Book*,' tells this story of our present 'National

Chief-Magistrate,' what time he was our Minister to England, and 'thus and there,' a guest at the Lord Mayor's Dinner—a great affair in 'The City,' always:

'I FIND in my note-book on that night, the following memorandum: 'Dinner capital; speechifying shy!' And so it was.

'Mr. Buchanan's hit.—The solitary flash that lit up the tables—the solitary stroke that told—came from the forge of Mr. J. BUCHANAN, the American Minister. In reply to some toast of the Lord Mayor's complimentary to the United States, Mr. BUCHANAN rose, put his hand, I think, into his broad, white waistcoat pocket, and began:

'My Lord Mayor, my lords and gentlemen: Republican as I am,' he paused for a moment, and there was rather a solemn silence at his formal and rather ominous beginning: *Conticuer omnes intentique ora tenebant!*

'Republican as I am, there is one institution of Great Britain for which I feel the deepest respect, and the most affectionate admiration. I fervently pray that, whatever changes may take place, whatever reforms may be carried out, whatever alterations may be wrought by public sentiment and opinion, whatever revolutions, even—which HEAVEN avert!—may take place in this country, I fervently pray that *one* institution, at least, may be spared—that *it* may continue to flourish, to grow, to increase and be strengthened and confirmed! I allude, my lords and gentlemen, to THE PUBLIC DINNERS OF GREAT BRITAIN!'

'Imagine,' continues VANDENHOFF, 'the surprise, the shouts of laughter, and the cheers that followed this unexpectedly humorous turn to the solemn and imposing opening of his republican exordium! The American Minister had made a *hit*: he clenched it by courteously acknowledging the hospitalities he had received in England; and proposing the health of the Lady Mayoress, sat down amidst general applause.' - - - 'Do you know,' writes a Baltimore friend, 'the Chinese potato? 'that's the question,' for if you do, you know that it grows to the length of three to four feet in good deep loamy soil, and grows, too, with the 'bottom down,' being larger at that extremity than at the top. DAVY R—, one of the agricultural and fruiticultural amateurs of our county, procured some of the aforesaid 'potatoes' and planted them in the rich soil of his kitchen garden. Last week he set his old darkey JOSH to dig up the fruit for exhibition at the coming Fair, and to his great surprise found one potato nearly four feet in length. Whilst the process of exhuming was going carefully on, and some three feet of the vegetable had been exposed, DAVY remarked to his servant: 'JOSH, do you know that these potatoes came from the other side of the world, and are growing 'up this way right under our feet?'' 'Bless goodness, Mass' DAVE,' replied the old negro, looking up from his task with the perspiration streaming from his forehead, 'I believe dis fellow's *done gone home!*' Extremely 'color'd pussony' that! - - - WE seem to feel the breath and inhale the perfume of the northern winds and woods, as we read weekly, in the Sing-Sing (Westchester County) *Republican*, the series of '*Letters from the Adirondacks*,' from the pen of an accomplished lady, by whose initials, 'H. L. P.,' we recognize an esteemed personal friend. We have never visited the Adirondacks; but these 'Letters' transport us once more into the central wilds of JEAN BROWN'S Tract, and bring back again before us, by the borders of the still lake,

or threading the tangled pass, scattered members of the 'North-Woods WALTON Club,' 'a-enjoyink of themselves' in that sweet-smelling, loon-halloo'd, (*pun*) trout-darting, trout-catching, and *trout-frying* region. The 'Letters' referred to are written with marked spirit, yet with simplicity, and are imbued with an unmistakable appreciation and love of 'Nature in her wildest moods.' - - - Try to imitate, reader, the rhythmical skill which characterizes these playful lines, from the London '*Once-a-Week*.' You will find it no easy matter. '*The Two Partings*' are they 'hight:':

'We parted once before. You wept
When I rose up to go, you did;
You prayed for me before you slept,
You little love, you know you did!

'And now no grief is on that brow,
Which then you said throbbed so, you did;
You loved me better then than now;
You cruel thing, you know you did!

'Do you remember what the sea,
I took you out to show you, did?
You made a pretty simile
You false of tongue, you know you did!

'You sighed, 'That life were like its crests
When sunshine breezes blow,' you did;
'To catch love's light before it rests!'
You cold, cold heart, you know you did!

'What have I done? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did;
You deem my homage now a bore;
You liked it then, you know you did.

'How blest,' you said, 'Were life with one
Who'd love me truly!' Oh! you did!
But, you thought I was an elder son,
You utter flirt, you know you did!'

This sounds very like 'TOM TAYLOR.' - - - WE have received an amusing but a good deal too long 'Squiblet,' depicting '*A Night in a Railroad Sleeping-Car*,' an 'excruciating' scene altogether! Our friend's troubles might have been obviated, and the desiderated repose and sleep secured, had he sat in the new '*Reclining Railroad Seat*' of Mr. C. A. SMITH, Superintendent of Car-Building for the New-York and Erie Railroad at Piermont. The seat is patented, and obtained the first premium at the last 'session' of the American Institute. The traveller, by touching a spring at his elbow, secures *perfect repose, at any angle he may desire to place himself*. The improvement is very simple, and as cheap as it is simple; for, although it can be made ornamental, it can at once be applied to the seats of old as well as new cars. - - - WE intended in our last number to refer to the Mount Washington Institute of Messrs. CLARKE and FANNING, 218 Fourth-street, New-York. The continued popularity of this Institute for young gentlemen and lads; the fact, that among its patrons are many of the most substantial families of the city, and the great number of successful young men who have graduated therefrom, speak well for the system of Messrs. CLARKE and FANNING, and are the best guarantee of their efficiency.

'PRESENTATIONS,' as they are called, which are not unfrequent among us, are not often of the high character of one which we see recorded in the journals of this morning. A superb portrait of the late City Chamberlain, A. V. SROUT, Esq., President of the Leather-Manufacturers' Bank, from the pencil of our most distinguished portrait-painter, Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, was recently presented to that gentleman, at his new and beautiful mansion, by the officers of the Police of the city of New-York, to whom, and to whose men he had proved so noble and timely a benefactor: for, when the city's funds were locked up by the decision of the Comptroller, he advanced four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, from his own resources, to save them from actual want. A noble act — and well might the Police be grateful. The occasion was one of marked interest. Mr. SQUIERS, on behalf of the Police, in presenting the admirable picture, brought tears into many more eyes than his own; and Mr. SROUT's modest reply, which was in the best possible taste, was also replete with deep feeling. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. - - - THE editorial staff upon APPLETON's great *Cyclopædia*, able as it has been hitherto, has been materially strengthened by the acquisition to the corps of CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., late of Philadelphia, but now, we are glad to be able to say, a resident of our metropolis. Mr. LELAND is not only a scholar, familiar with the ancient and modern languages, but he is a thoroughly-read man, up to our time, and conversant not only with books but with men. But *our* readers know what he is; and that his style is clear, copious without verbosity, and very attractive. - - - THE City Commissioner, having in charge, among his other duties, 'an eye' to the renovation and restoration of the venerable and memorable ancient and modern pictures, heretofore to be seen in the 'Governor's Room' at the City-Hall, has assigned that duty to Mr. CHARLES W. JARVIS, who is not only the *son* of an eminent artist, but *himself* a portrait-painter, who has been gradually establishing during twenty years, an artistic reputation, of which any painter might well be proud. No better selection could possibly have been made. Mr. JARVIS has an affection for his art: is thoroughly and practically acquainted with the minutest details of it: and will do '*loving justice*' to the invaluable pictures which have been committed to his care. - - - OUR Index, Title-page, and the application of the 'Clearing-House' system, in making preparation for our forthcoming new volume, has precluded from the present number the continuation of our 'Narrative-History of the KNICKERBOCKER.' It will go on in our January number; and we may hope that it will be none the worse for the delay. - - - WE believe it will be conceded by our readers, that we are not open to the charge of *puffery* in relation to what may constitute the attractions of the KNICKERBOCKER, present or prospective. But on this occasion, we can speak with the entirest confidence in regard to the truly splendid engraving, '*Merry-Making in the Olden Time*,' an 'Announcement' of which appears in the present number of our work. It is in every respect exquisite — faultless in execution, full of the truest sentiment and feeling, and as an artistic composition, full without being crowded or confused. It is *matchless* — *masterly*: and will be a noble ornament to any parlor or library: and it can be consulted with renewed gratification 'day by day, and from time to time.'

Illustrated Holiday Books.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY announce almost a library of splendidly illustrated works for the coming holiday season. Among them are 'Reynard the Fox,' after the version of GOETHE, by THOMAS J. ARNOLD: with sixty illustrations, from the designs of WILHELM VON KAULBACH; 'The Merry Days of England,' illustrated with twenty large engravings, from drawings by BIRKET FOSTER and other English artists; 'The Waverley Gallery,' being a series of engraved illustrations of portraits of characters in Sir WALTER SCOTT's romances; 'Dies Irae,' in thirteen original versions, by ABRAHAM COLES, M.D.; 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' by MILTON: with upwards of thirty illustrations, drawn and sketched by BIRKET FOSTER, the text printed in red; 'The Pleasures of Hope,' by THOMAS CAMPBELL: with twenty-five illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER and others; TENNYSON's Poem of 'The Miller's Daughter,' illustrated by A. L. BOND; BUNYAN's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with one hundred and twenty illustrations; SHAKESPEARE's 'Merchant of Venice,' illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER, in the style of GRAY's Elegy; and 'The Book of Modern Ballads,' printed in gold, and containing the gems of modern ballad-writing. To these are added 'Moral Emblems,' from JACOB CATZ and ROBERT FARLEY: with one hundred and twenty illustrations and vignettes; and 'Merry Pictures,' by COMIC HANDS: with over five hundred humorous illustrations, by PHIZ, CROWQUILL, DOYLE, and LEACH. We refer our readers to the advertisement of D. APPLETON AND COMPANY in our advertising sheet, for the prices, etc. of the above elegant works.

Musical Publications. New Music.

WE are bound to confess that we have paid too little attention to the new musical publications, and new sheet-music which have been sent us of late: but there was a reason for it. The piano, and accompanying voices, were still in the parlor: 'the girls,' who were our musical 'reminders,' were 'all gone'd away;' young 'vrouws,' making music in *other* parlors not far off, yet not *here*. We consoled ourselves, however, for our neglect, by the reflection that the KNICKERBOCKER was not, and was not intended to be, a musical journal; until at last CONSCIENCE whispered: 'If you do n't criticise, you ought at least to *announce*, and sometimes *describe*; to do less than this, can scarcely be fair.' '*That's so:*' and upon this hint we speak:

'OUR MUSICAL FRIEND': SEYMOUR AND COMPANY, 107 Nassau-street. This is the somewhat fanciful title of a weekly publication, each number containing twelve pages of music; price ten cents per number. This is the first successful attempt to popularize piano music. All previous attempts depended for success on economy in production, an economy which rendered the paper light, the pages small, the typography inaccurate and obscure, and the contents only worthy of the dress they wore. Messrs. SEYMOUR AND COMPANY's issues are distinguished for their neatness and accuracy, and the careful selection of the contents in every number thus far issued. It has been published for nearly a year now, and the result has shown the wisdom of its projectors, for nearly half a million of copies in all have been disposed of during the year. Of course, in a work of this kind, those 'difficult' pieces, that Dr. JOHNSON wished were 'impossible,' never appear; advanced players get their music elsewhere, but the large majority of non-professional



